MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

#331
DEC 2010

Kylmä Sota

$4 US/CAN

Articles of Faith • Total Abuse • La Merma • Doña Maldad
Frankie Rose and the Outs • Little League • Versificator
Plus Frankfurt Germany and Belgium scene reports

12
7 25274 99286 7

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

Subscriptions to *MRR*, back issues, bulk orders, ads, books, and shirts can all be purchased on our website: www. maximumrocknroll.com

SUBSCRIPTIONS & single issues (postpaid prices):

•**US Rate: $4 each for current issue.** ($3 for back issues.) **6 issue sub for $24. 12 issue sub for $42.** In California, send $4.34 for single copies, $26. for 6 months, or $45.92 for 12 months (w/tax).

•Canada & Mexico: Current issue $5 (Canada) or $7 (Mexico) 6 issue sub for $30 (air). 12 issue sub for $57 (air).

•Everywhere else: $10 each (air). 12 issue sub for $112 (airmail only). 6 issue sub for $59 (airmail only).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
179-181, 186-191, 195, 197, 202, 203, 206, 208, 209, 214, 218, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 230, 233, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 253-306, 308-320, 322-330

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $33
1/3 page long: (2.5" x 10") $90
1/3 page square: (5" x 5") $110
1/2 page: (7.5" x 5") $165
Full page (7.5" x 10") $400
Back Cover: get in touch for rates

AD DEADLINE: (with payment) is the 15th of the month. Issue comes out by the 2nd week of following month, and the cover date is the month after that.

AD FORMAT: Please send a JPEG or TIFF (300 dpi), EPS (w/ type outlined), or PDF (w/ fonts embedded)—or send on paper at the correct size.

AD CRITERIA: We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands.
We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time!

COVER: Kylmä Sota photo by Jussi Jänis

SELL MRR AT GIGS: In the US, get 5 or more of one issue for $2 each plus shipping, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders.

NEWSSTAND DISTRIBUTION through Disticor Magazine Distribution. For more information call (905)619-6565.

Also available from: No Idea, Ebullition, Revolver, Subterranean, AK Press, Last Gasp, Ubiquity, and Marginal. See pg. 5 for foreign distro info.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760

Phone (415) 923-9814
www.maximumrocknroll.com
mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- V/A-Brutales Mantanzas-LP
- FOGNA-Merda Come L'Oro-EP
- KRIEGSHÖG-LP
- DAWN OF HUMANS-EP
- NOMAD-Kogeki Kaishi-EP+live
- LAPINPOLTHAJAT-LP / DESKONOCIDOS-LP
- SECRET PROSTITUTES-Nevermind the KBD-LP
- BOG PEOPLE-side of split EP / VAASKA-LP
- URBAN BLIGHT-EP / HOLOCAUSTO POMADO-LP
- KRANG-EP / NIGHTGAUN-EP

BRACE BELDEN

- CIRCLE PIT-Bruise Constellation-LP
- RIVAL MOB-Hardcore for Hardcore-EP
- INSUBORDINATES-LP
- SNUFF FILM-EP
- FINGERS-Isolation-EP
- THE OUTDOORSMEN-To the Men of the...-EP
- DAN MELCHOIR UND DAS MENACE-Visionary Pangs-LP
- CRAZY SPIRIT-live
- JOE HEBERT BAND-I Don't Want to be a Preppy-45
- TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS-Shut Up...-EP

TIM BROOKS

- VAASKA-Ruido Hasta la Muerte-LP
- KRIEGSHÖG-LP
- RIVAL MOB-Hardcore for Hardcore-EP
- SECRET PROSTITUTES-Nevermind the KBD-LP
- BOG PEOPLE/VIVID SEKT-split EP
- JEFF THE BROTHERHOOD-Heavy Days-LP
- COP DE FONA-both EPs
- DESKONOCIDOS-En la Oscuridad-LP
- HEAVY CREAM-Danny-LP / BODIES-EP
- NEGATIVE LIFESTYLE-EP / TRANZMITORS-45

ROBERT COLLINS

- SNUFF FILM-EP
- BAVARIA BOOTKIOSK-Comeback des Jahres-EP
- BOG PEOPLE/VIVID SEKT-split EP
- CONFINES-Withdrawn-EP
- MIGRAINE-live / GODSTOMPER-live
- CONTRAST ATTITUDE/SEE YOU IN HELL-split EP
- DAWN OF HUMANS-EP / DESKONOCIDOS-LP
- GET RAD-12" / KRIEGSHÖG-LP
- NIGHTGAUN-EP / NOMAD-Kogeki Kaishi-EP+live
- PROTESTANT-LP / VAASKA-LP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- JEFF THE BROTHERHOOD-Heavy Days-LP
- TRANZMITORS-Sunday Morning/Jimmy's...-45
- THE MIDWEST BEAT-At the Gates-LP
- MORDERN ACTION-Molotov Solution-CD
- GESTAPO KHAZI-Escalators/The Atomic Kind-45
- BYRDS OF PARADISE-Omega Man/Members-45
- DESKONOCIDOS-En la Oscuridad-LP
- VAASKA-Ruido Hasta la Muerte-LP
- PROTESTANT-Judgements-LP
- DESTRUCTION UNIT-Eclipse-LP

LAYLA GIBBON

- VERONICA FALLS-Beachy Head/Staying Here-45
- V/A-Brutales Mantanzas-LP
- TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS-LP
- THE TIMES-Pop Goes Art-LP
- DESKONOCIDOS-En la Oscuridad-LP
- FINGERS-Isolation-EP
- FOGNA-Merda Come L'Oro-EP
- DAWN OF HUMANS-EP
- INSURGENTS-Fad Cash-EP
- JOE HEBERT BAND-I Don't Want to be a Preppy-45

DAN GOETZ

- BRAINBOMBS-both LPs
- CLOCKCLEANER-Auf-Wiedersehen-LP
- TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS-LP
- INSURGENTS-Fad Cash-EP
- NOMAD-Kogeki Kaishi-EP and live
- HOLOCAUSTO POMADA-Brain Cell Genocide-LP
- STALAG 13-In Control-LP / TIMEBOMBS--10"
- HPP-live / BLOODTYPE-Dropout-EP
- GIRLFRIENDS-Government Seizure/Creeps...-45
- VERONICA FALLS-Beachy Head/Staying Here-45

BOB GOLDIE

- MODERN WARFARE-EP / STALAG 13-LP
- FINGERS-Isolation-EP
- SECRET PROSTITUTES-Nevermind the KBD-LP
- ARTICLES OF FAITH-New Normal Catastrophe-LP
- BLOODTYPE-Dropout-EP
- STICKS AND STONES-Nineteen Eighty Seven-LP
- THE TIMES-Pop Goes Art-LP
- INSURGENTS-Fad Cash-EP
- NO PROBLEM-Your Eyes-EP
- RIVAL MOB-EP / RIGHT IDEA-EP

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

KENNY KAOS

- PLEXI 3-Calculated Romance-EP
- CLASSICS OF LOVE-World of the Known/Line...-45
- HEAVY CREAM-Danny-LP
- SUGAR STEMS-The Sweet Sounds of...-LP
- BODIES-Angel on the Nine/Open Your Eyes-45
- FINGERS-Isolation-EP
- TRANZMITORS-Sunday Morning/Jimmy's...-45
- FLESH LIGHTS-You're a Stealer/He Got Sent Away-45
- GIRLFRIENDS-Government Seizure/Creeps...-45
- FINGERS-Isolation-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- DRUGS DRAGONS-LP
- JOE HEBERT BAND-I Don't Want to be a Preppy-45
- COMBOMATIX-Cocktail Scandinavie-EP
- VERONICA FALLS-Beachy Head/Staying Here-45
- BAVARIA BOOTKIOSK-Comeback des Jahres-EP
- BLAST & THE DETERGENTS/GHOST HOSPITAL-split EP
- CIRCLE PIT-Bruise Constellation-LP
- SEX CHURCH-12" / BIG BLACK CLOUD-LP
- BLOTTO/HARD SKIN-split EP / BRAINBOMBS-both
- Gonerfest 7-so many great bands!

RAY LUJAN

- KNAVES GRAVE-I Don't Wanna Be Your AARP-45
- FULL OF FANCY-Hermit Love/Marriage-45
- BE MY DOPPLEGANGER-No Composure-LP
- HEAVY CREAM-Danny-LP
- TRANZMITORS-Sunday Morning/Jimmy's...-45
- PACER-No. 1-10"
- CLASSICS OF LOVE-World of the Known/Line...-45
- THE TIMES-Pop Goes Art-LP
- TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS-Shut Up-LP
- STICKS AND STONES-Nineteen Eighty Seven-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

"Everywhere working class men and women continue their struggle..."
RIP Bruce Roehrs 1950-2010

KEN SANDERSON

- WLOCHATY-Wbrew Wszystkiemu-LP
- KRIEGSHÖG-LP
- LAPINPOLTHAJAT-LP
- LA MISERIA DE TU ROSTRO-Savia-LP
- CONTRAST ATTITUDE/SEE YOU IN HELL-split EP
- VAASKA-Ruido Hasta la Muerte-LP
- VEINS-EP / COP DE FONA-both EPs
- HOLOCAUSTO POMADO-Braincell Genocide-LP
- PAHAA VERTA/YDINPERHE-split EP
- SECRET PROSTITUTES-LP / NEGATIVE LIFESTYL:E-EP

FRED SCHRUNK

- SLOÄ KNIVAR-Ingen Klass Ingen Stil-LP
- SLOÄ KNIVAR-Hemmakvalls Massakern-EP
- SOPORS-Golden Era #267-LP
- BLOTTO/HARD SKIN-split EP
- TOUCH ME SATAN-Festival of Lights-EP
- BIG BLACK CLOUD-Dark Age-LP
- HIS ELECTRIC BLUE VOICE-Black Veils/Animal-45
- SECRET PROSTITUTES-Nevermind the KBD-LP
- KRIEGSHÖG-LP
- DESKONOCIDOS-En la Oscuridad-LP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- VAASKA-Ruido Hasta la Muerte-LP
- KRIEGSHÖG-LP
- HOLOCAUSTO POMADO-Braincell Genocide-LP
- V/A-Brutales Mantanzas-LP
- FOGNA-Merda Come L'Oro-EP
- CONFINES-Withdrawn-EP
- NOMAD-Kogeki Kaishi-EP
- COP DE FONA-both EPs
- URBAN BLIGHT-Total Wat-EP
- NIGHTGAUN-Hopeful Helpless-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Dirty Alleys Dirty Minds / Ratcharge #18*
- *Tuff Town*
- *Life Fail #1*
- *Nuts! #5*
- *Limited Readership #1*
- *Proof I Exist #12*
- *Sugar and Heartstrings #4*
- *Brokeass #1*
- *Evil Minded #6*
- *Rigor Mortis #3*

MRR SHITWORKERS

Sam Alvarado
Michelle Barnhardt
Heidi Marshall Booth
Tim Brooks
Eric Butterworth
Robert Collins
Rob Coons
Arwen Curry
Helen Degenerate
Alex Dorfman
Sean Dougan
Robert Eggplant
Jonathan Floyd
Steve Funyon
Dan Goetz
Gemma Greenhill
Vernon Hadley
Aaron Hall
Mike Howes
Jill Hubley
Clara Jeffers
Kenny Kaos
Andy Larsen
Pat Libby
Michael Lucas
Jesse Luscious
Marissa Magic
Kevin McCarthy
Christine Morton
Ryan Murphy
Golnar Nikpour
Owen K Peery
Chris Pugmire
Randy Ransone
Casey Ress
Steve Scanner
Jess Scott
Martin Sorrondeguy
Maxwell Tremblay
Trash
Andrew Underwood
Max Wickham
Peter Avery
Matt Bleyle
Julia Booze
Dan Butler
Karoline Collins
E Conner
Sarah Crews
Craigums
Mark Dober
Brian Dooley
John Downing
Lowell Fletcher
Travis Fristoe
Hèctor Garcia
Bob Goldie
Danielle Gresham
Jason Halal
Ben Howell
Chris Hubbard
Sarah Janet
Ramsey Kanaan
Brad Lambert
Zoe Leonard
Mike Longshot
Ray Lujan
Hal MacLean
Jeff Mason
Chris Minicucci
Andrew Murphy
Paco Mus
Isaac Pirie
Chris Pratt
Spencer Rangitsch
Rotten Ron Ready
Ken Sanderson
Stuart Schrader
Cissie Scurlock
Dionne Stevens
Tress
Tosh
Thera Webb
XYosefX

CONTRIBUTORS

Osa Atoe
Chuck Barrels
Bryony Be ynon
Graham Booth
D X
Bill Florio
Juls Generic
George Impulse
Mattilda
Brontez Purnell
Ted Rall
Bruce Roehrs
George Tabb
Logan Worrell
Bobby S. Gulshan
Jussi Jänis
Josh Eaton
Mark Nelson
Marie Kanger-Born
Trooper
Ariel Awesome
Brace Belden
Mykel Board
Chris Corry
John Fahy
Fly
Felix Havoc
Carolyn Keddy
Allan McNaughton
Al Quint
Alex Ratcharge
Steve Spinali
Andrew Underwood
Marissa Magic
Tony Gunnarsson
Gilberto Húmar
Charlie Willhoit
David Ensminger
Kike Barona
Ricky Adam

DISTRIBUTION COORDINATOR

Fred Schrunk

WEB COORDINATOR

Paul Curran

ZINE COORDINATORS

Mariam Bastani
Layla Gibbon

A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waiffe, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Blueboods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Voetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan; SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oi!!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2.20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia.

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special. Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids, Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault, Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Elaköon Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#320/January '10. MRR Top Ten of the Decade, D-Clone, Broken Water, Complications, Control, Ian Glasper (The Day the Country Died/Burning Britain)

#321/February '10. Photo Issue. SOLD OUT!!! Sorry...

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratchärge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#329/Fall '10. Cock SParrer, UV Race, Veins, Kakka Hätä 77, Saint Vitus, Kontatto, De Hoje Hæle, Moonhearts, Irritones, Beyond Pink, French Scene Report.

#330/November '10. forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report

$3 EACH IN THE USA
$5 MEXICO/CANADA
$10 INTERNATIONAL

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL • PO BOX 460760 • SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
ORDER ONLINE AT WWW.MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM

BUY 5 THE 6TH IS FREE! (USA ONLY)

5 ISSUES FOR $20 FOR INTERNATIONAL ORDERS

FOREIGN DISTRO

BELOW IS A LIST OF NON-US DISTROS THAT CURRENTLY CARRY MRR. WE'RE PROVIDING THIS LIST SO THAT YOU CAN KNOW WHERE TO GET YOUR MONTHLY FIX OF MRR, BUT WE'RE ALWAYS LOOKING TO DISTRIBUTE FURTHER. WE DO OUR BEST TO COVER AS MUCH TERRITORY OUTSIDE OF THE US AS WE CAN, BUT WE STILL NEED YOUR HELP IN ESTABLISHING CONTACTS WITH PUNKS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN CARRYING MRR. IF YOU DO A DISTRO, WANT TO SELL MRR AT SHOWS, OR JUST WANT TO GO IN WITH A CREW OF FRIENDS TO GET A CHEAPER POSTAL RATE, EMAIL DISTRO@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM FOR MORE DETAILS!

EUROPE

AUSTRIA

FIST A FERRET
VIENNA
WWW.FISTAFERRET.TK
ELCH@ANARCHOI.ORG

CZECH REPUBLIC

PAPAGUJEV HLASATEL
ICO 7230+322
MRSTIKOVA 393
66482 TICANY U BRNA
CZECH REPUBLIC
WWW.PHR.CZ

SILVER ROCKET
PO BOX 378
111 21 PRAHA 1
CZECH REPUBLIC

DENMARK

HJERNESPIND
TOMMAS SVENDSEN
PO BOX #505
2200 COPENHAGEN N, DENMARK
INFO@HJERNESPIND.COM

FINLAND

COMBAT ROCK SHOP
VAASANKATU 7
00500 HELSINKI, FINLAND
INFO@FIREINSIDEMUSIC.COM

FRANCE

CRAPOULET RECORDS
102 RUE VERON
94140 ALFORTVILLE, FRANCE
COOL@CRAPOULET.FR

LA DISTROY
BP 1
26420 ST MARTIN EN VERCORS
FRANCE

STONEHENGE
B.P. 30005
33037 BOURDEAUX CEDEX
FRANCE
WWW.STONEHENGERECORDS.COM
SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE

SYMPHONY OF DESTRUCTION
SYMPHONYOFDESTRUCTION.ORG
CONTACT@SYMPHONYOFDESTRUCTION.ORG

VICIOUS CIRCLE SHOP
TOULOUSE
SHOP@VICIOUSCIRCLE.FR

GERMANY

ONKELTOMS
C/O TOM EINECKE
MEISTER-BERTRAM-STR. 15
22309 HAMBURG, GERMANY
TOM@ONKELTOMS.COM
WWW.ONKELTOMS.COM

PLASTIC BOMB
HECKENSTR. 35A
47058 DUISBURG, GERMANY
SWEBO@PLASTIC-BOMB.DE
SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE

SPASTIC FANTASTIC RECORDS
SPASTICFANTASTIC.DE
SUBS AVAILABLE

RUINATION RECORDS
PO BOX 10 58 24
28058 BREMEN, GERMANY
INFO@RUINNATION.ORG
WWW.RUINATION.ORG
SUBS/BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

LA FAMILIA RECORDS
FEHRFELD 4, 28203 BREMEN
GERMANY
STACHEL@LAFAMILIARELEASES.COM
WWW.LAFAMILIARELEASES.COM

STATIC SHOCK MUSIK
BURKNERSTR. 6
12047 BERLIN, GERMANY
SNUSMESTERE@WEB.DE

TAKEN BY SURPRISE
C/O KOPFECK
KLENZESTRASSE 89
80469 MUNICH, GERMANY
WWW.TAKENBYSURPRISE.NET

X-MIST
ZELLERSTRASSE 20/1
72202 NAGOLD, GERMANY
WWW.X-MIST.DE

GREECE

ASTMAZONE C/O MOUNTZA FANZINE
WWW.MOUNTZA.BLOGSPOT.COM
MOUNTZINE@YAHOO.COM

HUNGARY

DZSUKHELL
MAROSVASARHELY STR. 16/A
BUDAPEST, H-1182, HUNGARY
INFO@SHIRTHAZARD.COM

ICELAND

ANDSPYRNA
PO BOX 35
101 REYKJAVIK, ICELAND

IRELAND

HOPE
31 HAZEL RD, DONNYCARNEY,
DUBLIN 9, IRELAND
NIALL@THUMPED.COM

ITALY

AGIPUNK/TETANUS
C/O BORYS CATELANI
VIA A. DA SETTIMELLO 19
50041 CALENZANO (FI), ITALY
BORYSC@TIN.IT
WWW.AGIPUNK.COM

NETHERLANDS

CRUCIAL ATTACK DISTRO
C/O FRANKE VISSER
BURG. ALBERTSTR. 11
8715 JE STAVOREN, NETHERLANDS
WWW.CRUCIALATTACK.NL

DON'T BUY RECORDS
DONTBUYRECORDS.BLOGSPOT.COM
DONTBUYRECORDS@GMAIL.COM
SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE

NORWAY

TIGER SAFARI
PO BOX 8828 YOUNGSTORGET
N-0028 OSLO, NORWAY

POLAND

REFUSE RECORDS
C/O ROBERT MATUSIAK
PO BOX 7
02-792 WARSZAWA 78, POLAND
REFUSERECORDS@GMAIL.COM
WWW.REFUSERECORDS.PRV.PL

RUSSIA

OLD SKOOL KIDS RECORDS
PO BOX 64
109147 MOSCOW, RUSSIA
WWW.OSKRECORDS.COM
INFO@OSKRECORDS.COM

SPAIN

BOWERY RECORDS C/O SANTI
APARTADO 18104
28080 MADRID, SPAIN
BOWERYSHOP@GMAIL.COM

CINTES PODRIDES
C/O HECTOR GARCIA LORENTE
PO BOX 24042
08080 BARCELONA, SPAIN
CINTESPODRIDES@GMAIL.COM

DISCOS HUMEANTES
INFO@DISCOHUMEANTES.COM
WWW.DISCOSHUMEANTES.COM

FLYING PELUCA RECORDS
C/O MACKY CHUCA & MOSTROS
C/HEREU 34 4ART C
07014 PALMA DE MALLORCA
ILLES BALEARS, SPAIN
WWW.MOSTROS.INFO/FLYINGPE-LUCA.HTML
FLYINGPELUCA@GMAIL.COM

ANGEL FRESNILLO
AVENIDA DE ULIA 5 6IZQ
20110 TRINTXERPE GIPUZCOA

GATAZKA GUNEA - DDT BANA-KETAK
RONDA STREET NO.12, 48005
BILBAO, SPAIN
WWW.DDTGATAZKA.COM

SOLO PARA PUNKS
APDO. 1030
28905 GETAFE (MADRID), SPAIN
JORGE@RADIORUIDO.COM

SWEDEN

DELETED ART
ANGELHOLMSGATAN 14
214 22 MALMO, SWEDEN

BLINDEAD PRODUCTIONS
C/O MATHIAS KROGH
EDGRENSGATAN 27
671 50 ARVIKA, SWEDEN

SWITZERLAND

RINDERHERZ RECORDS
POSTFACH 6086
CH-2500 BIEL 6, SWITZERLAND
RINDERHERZ@GMX.NET
WWW.RINDERHERZRECORDS.CH.VU

UNITED KINGDOM

ACTIVE DISTRIBUTION
BM ACTIVE
LONDON WC 1N 3XX, ENGLAND
WWW.ACTIVEDISTRIBUTION.ORG
WHOLESALE/SUBS/BACK ISSUES/SINGLE ISSUES

AUSTRALIA/ASIA

AUSTRALIA

ENDLESS BLOCKADES
PO BOX 3023, SOUTH BRISBANE BC
QLD 4101, AUSTRALIA

MISSING LINK RECORDS
BASEMENT 405 BOURKE STREET
MELBOURNE, VIC 3000, AUSTRALIA
INFO@MISSINGLINK.NET.AU
WWW.MISSINGLINK.NET.AU
PH: 61 3 9670 8208

REPRESSED RECORDS
356 KING ST
NEWTOWN NSW 2042, AUSTRALIA
REPRESSEDRECORDS@BIGPOND.COM

NEW ZELAND

EL PASO RECORDS
XUTOX@ELPASORECORDSONLINE.COM
WWW..ELPASORECORDSONLINE.COM

MALAYSIA

ASAS/AHMAD
LBKL 64, 4TH MILE
GOMBAK RD, 53000 KUALA LUMPUR
ASAS13@GMAIL.COM

CACTUS DISTRO
CACTUSDISTRO@YAHOO.COM

NO/SO AMERICA

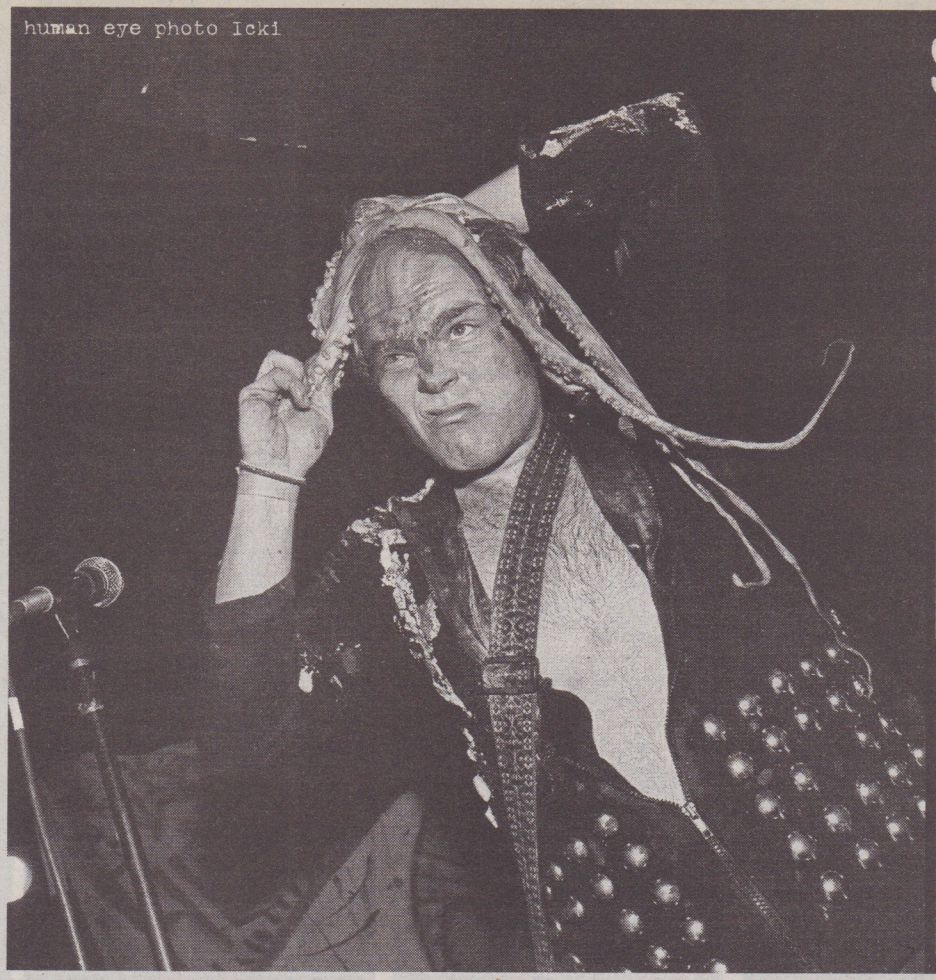
CANADA

ORDINARY SPOKES COMMUNITY BIKE SHOP
153 PROWSE AVE EXT.
ST. JOHN'S, NL, CANADA
JULSGENERIC@HOTMAIL.COM

BRAZIL

PEDRO CARVALHO
RUA FRADIQUE COUTINHO, 294
APTO 171B
05416-000, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL
XPEDROCARVALHOX@GMAIL.COM

RADICAL LIVROS
CAIXA POSTAL 2255
SAO PAULO, SP 01060-970 BRAZIL
RADICAL@RADICALLIVROS.COM.BR
SUBSCRIPTIONS/BACK ISSUES AV.



human eye photo Icki

SUBSCRIBE TO MRR!

12-issue subscription for $42
($45.50 for California Residents)
6-issue subscription for $24
($26.60 for California Residents)

Canada and Mexico Rates (airmail)
12-issue subscription - $57
6-issue subscription - $32

Everywhere Else in the World (airmail):
12-issue subscription - airmail $112
6-issue subscription - $59

Send checks/money orders, or concealed cash to: MRR PO Box 460760 San Francisco CA 94146-0760 or subscribe online: www.maximumrocknroll.com

NAME:
ADDRESS:

12 MONTHS? ☐ **6 MONTHS?** ☐

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL PRESENTS

25 songs recorded in 1983, nearly all previously unreleased - a blazing mix of Black Flag and early DRI showcasing a relatively unknown American hardcore band at their peak.

distributed by Revolver USA
www.midheaven.com
mailorder: maximumrocknroll.com

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR—
You ever listen back to a tape recording of your own voice and think, "Damn, do I really sound like that?" Getting interviewed is kind of like the print version of that. When my band, the Credentials, had an interview of us printed in *MRR* last month I had one of those moments. The moment in question: "when I go to some punk hippie house and someone's trying to sell me their pronouns to address them by… I'm not buying it." That doesn't sit quite right with me… in a bad way. But I sure did say it.

I've talked to a few people about my comment and how I felt really bad about it. It was discussed that it came out wrong and that's not what I was really trying to say. It was discussed that it was sort of taken out of context during the editing process. Really, though, those are just excuses friends help you make to deal with the fact that you fucked up. Usually when it smells like shit, looks like shit, and tastes like shit, it's not a "This Coke's gone bad" situation, so much as a "you ought to get your head out of the toilet bowl" situation. I put some stupid, hateful bullshit out into the world, and I ought to take responsibility for it.

To make a long story only sort of long, I was trying to reference an encounter I had with someone where upon meeting them, the first thing that was said to me was "My name is Otter. I go by pronouns 'zi' and 'zahn,' but if you can't remember that, you can just call me by my name." Not being familiar with the concept of transgender pronouns at the time (aka: being an uninformed idiot) what I thought at the time was "I'm not playing your game, and I can't call you by your name, because you told me it was fucking 'Otter,' you dipshit." In the months that have gone by since the interview was conducted I've actually learned about transgenders, realized those pronouns that were being used were really how someone identifies themselves, not someone being pretentious, and that I was *clearly* the dipshit in that situation. However, I didn't have the benefit of such knowledge when the interview was conducted, and I spouted off about something I didn't have any business talking about, and am, well… really fucking embarrassed.

Knowing what I know now, my attitude doesn't match with what I said: who the fuck am I to demand that someone form their identity in relation to my preconceived notions of what is or isn't between their legs? Who the fuck am I to tell anyone *anything* about who they are?

All I can think of to say is "I'm sorry." I'm sorry to transgenders for being such an insensitive dickhead. I'm also sorry to anyone who read what I said and was rightly offended by it. Sorry to Dave and Brian, who conducted the interview, by making them a part of something shitty. Sorry to John Fahy for making him eat his words when in his column last month he praised us for being "atypical[ly], seriously personal and political." All I can say in my own defense, is that it came out of a place of being ignorant, and not out of a place of hatred. I do take pride in being someone who actually does think about these issues and is compassionate… but hey, sometimes something slips through the cracks, sometimes you fuck up, and sometimes you gotta' admit you were wrong.
I was really fucking wrong, and I'm sorry.
—Tom

Personally, I think you are behaving admirably. It shows great character to admit you were a thoughtless dumb ass. I hope other punks can be as secure with themselves. Then again, I do not belong to the community that you offended and the reason I say that is not to do the "I'm not trans!" thing, but because I would never speak for someone else or claim their struggles, but knowing your position on an issue and how it effects peoples lives is important. I hope you are learning yours.
Thanks,
Mariam

Dear MRR—
Recently, you printed an interview we did with the Credentials. This piece has sat uneasily with the two of us since we conducted it. While we weren't comfortable with all the content of the interview, we neither brought it up to the band nor cut those parts out, opting rather to usher forth the interview to *MRR* as it stood.

In the interview, a member of the band expressed frustration with the use of non-gender binary pronouns, and some people identifying by them. His frustrations lay with what he perceived as antagonism and condescension towards him when these preferences were asserted. This was included in the interview after our editorial cuts not as an endorsement of those ideas, but in the spirit of accurately preserving an interview about and with the band.

Now that the interview has been printed, a friend of ours pointed out that the lack of any response on our part has implied such an endorsement. Moreover, they conveyed that these ideas are assuredly alienating to many genderqueer or trans readers. In effect, it read as "dudes broing down," which might be harmless enough if the implications weren't at the expense of others' identities.

That section of the interview could stand for an expressed disagreement, but since it lacks one, here is ours now. Punk only matters insofar as it allows people to reclaim their lives, and we don't intend to impinge anyone's choice to do so.
Yours in leather,
Brian Thompson and Dave Brainwreck

Thanks for the letter. Actually, this has been talked about within the compound here. We were waiting to see if there would be any response. It's awesome that you were the first.
—Mariam

Dear MRR—
Thanks for reviewing The Berzerks' demo in #328! We're glad you liked it, but both our name and website info were misspelled in the review! Here is all the correct info:
The Berzerks: www.myspace.com/theberzerkers1, for some free shit, find us on Facebook or email us at berzerks9009@gmail.com
Thanks again for the great review!
—Destructo Berzerk
The Berzerks

Dear MRR—
I heard a rumor that Grass Widow is a part of the capitalist machine; helping the government of China to build condos in some part of Beijing. (Is this true?) And then I saw a flyer of theirs with the Black Panther "Panther" on it. I was nauseated...

I couldn't put my finger on it, but it made me ill. Then to top it off, I went to a show of theirs, where they projected celluloid film images of ethereal sea creatures and real life footage of what appeared to be World War II; juxtaposed with scenes from a rural African village full of real people, wearing real clothes (or lack of), and participating in real culture. Maybe this imagery cannot convey truly what I felt, but I was brought to tears. Not because of the exploitative use of Black Panther and indigenous African imagery (which is totally upsetting in itself), but because of the extent to which these people just don't fucking get it. And it seems apparent that they just don't want to.

This band seems to be a part of a hollow and vapid "sub-culture" (read: vintage white clothes, pointy shoes, moustaches and Aryan youth haircuts). I understand you people want something real in your lives, but that doesn't make your exploitative ignorance OK. OK? Your pseudo culture is white-washing the world, and you can't even see it. You are helping erase some of the last vestiges of human beauty here, and you don't even know it.

This shit you are trying to pass off as "art" and "music" is just supporting and spreading apathy and complacency. Do you still not get it? (Here I will spell it out for you.) *You are part of the machine*. Hello! The world is fucked. (Note: Capitalism, *War*, *systemic oppression* on all fronts, three fourths of the world is still starving, etc… etc…). This music is not punk. In fact, it's the antithesis of punk. And like I said before, *it makes me sick*.

So...heres a shout out to all the *freaks*, *Queers*, Radical Women and People of Color... Please save punk!!!!!!!!!!!

(P.S. Maybe you folks at *MRR*, or someone from

the band could enlighten us to the truth behind said rumors, and/or explain how white complacent safe yuppie music is punk. That would rule. Thanks.)
Keep punk a viable culture, we are hollow otherwise.
—With love & anger, Jupiter

Wow. I dunno about all these claims, but as a person who is not a fan of this band's music whatsoever, I can't help you here. Maybe some one from the band would like to comment?

I would tend to agree to some of your general sentiment, but when it comes down to it, some people care more about the music than the message, which is totally fine by me. However, when (white) bands start appropriating images and messages that carry strong historical and emotional weight for people of color, well...they had better be prepared to answer for it. Even if it's "I don't give a fuck" or "I'm being ironic." Just don't be surprised when someone gets pissed about it or you get your ass kicked... When a hipster takes "native" imagery, and co-opts it for their own ends, is it the same as some pseudo-Nazi jock with a swastika on their record cover?

On the other hand, I have to admit that I am pretty happy about the state of punk. It's definitely more diverse than when I got into it, but still with plenty of fodder to argue.
—Mariam

[redacted]

Hello MRR!—
We're a Basque collective of musicians and local promoters that would like to have a Spanish edition of *MRR*. We have the medium and of course, a lot of bands to cover in styles like hardcore, punk, post punk, post hardcore, grind, sludge, post metal, stoner... and lot of much more.
Thanks and we hope that we can make this project in the future.
—Goiztiri.

We would encourage you to make your own zine! That's the whole point of MRR *and punk: DIY!*
—Layla and Mariam

[redacted]

Dear MRR—
Hi this is related to Bronzies "Shes Over It" column of issue 330, it was a little bit gross I'm not offended or anything but I'm curious about one thing, if the column was written by an heterosexual male and he was telling us about the girl he took home from a bar and fucked her in the ass and got his dick covered in shit, would you have printed it or censor it for being "sexist" cause its unfair how I've read countless record reviews in *MRR* where the *MRR* staff complain about lyrics that may go like "I think she's pretty I wanna fuck her" or something and they put down the band for being "sexist", but then again when its about gay sex no one says anything

So I invite the columnist to write a column about sex in the ass (or wherever) with girls and then *MRR* wont complain it about it calling it sexist please, Mykel...go!

I love Mykel Board columns, many people only buy the zine for that actually, maybe he has wrote something in the lines of this column I was talking about, but George Tabb I don't think has ever wrote something as crude as that talking about girls, at least I don't recall it...but the truth is that if a band sings "I like that girl I would love to fuck her" they are gonna be called sexist by *MRR*, maybe wont even make it to the reviews section, But, if a gay band (Pansy Division is a good example) sings something like "I like that boy I would like to fuck him or to have him fuck me" that band will totally make it to the reviews section (if they sound punk of course) and will probably be reviewed something like this: "they are proud to be gay and not afraid to sing about it, totally recommended songs about boys fucking boys" something like that. I'm not being homophobic, I'm just pointing out a trend I have noticed. But for you its easier to just yell "homophobic" that to actually have to say "well, if we really think about it, this letter is actually right"
Anyway I'm sure when you publish this as usual the *MRR* staff will have the last word with those infamous "Ed" answers.
But anyway.
—Fernando Mosh

Dear Fernando,
Really girl? I don't know who you are what your orientation is or what exactly your deal is so I'm going to keep chill with the sarcasm and break it down simply. In case you didn't get the memo sweet sister we live in a **patriarchal system** *and have for (unfortunately) for quite some time now. Subsequently, (from where I'M sitting....) there is* **no shortage** *of things written/spoken/***dominated** *by straight dude perspective. Me as a not very well behaved "gay" writing about butt sex in a punk rag if you* **really** *think about it is an* **exception**, *honey, not a rule. How many records reviewed in that issue were by bands with females or queers in it? I bet you not as many with straight dudes— I think that* **that's** *more shameful than an article about butt sex but I digress. Basically, you wanna call me out for writing about sex and fair enough. I am a writer who sometimes dabbles (or* **drowns** *depending on how you look at it) in hyperbole. If it came off negatively to you I apologize—I personally found it pretty fucking hilarious. If you want a positive rational gay perspective go fucking read Dan Savage. I'm (sorta) a cautionary tale. Just saying. I don't mind straight dudes writing about poop dick as long as its 1.) funny 2.) relate-able 3.) pragmatic and doesn't dissolve into that whole "woe is me, all women are bitches, I cant relate, boo-hoo-hoo" bullshit that 99% of that genre of writing seems to suffer from. What we're arguing is statistical really. Numbers. Most straight guys probably don't write about anal sex because girls don't need to have butt sex because they have vaginas. If you ask a girl to have butt sex in seven out of ten scenarios she'll probably think that your gay and in upwards to four out of ten scenarios you probably are.*
Other ways to know if you're a "gay":
1) if you've ever given yourself a boner
and
2) if you've ever gotten semen on you (even your own)
I hope this explains, Fernandz
Love,
—BRONZIE
PS I held off on the sarcasm as long as humanly possible...

Hey Fernando,
So I think that you have it all wrong, but this is not a response to convince you otherwise, but to let you know that you have fallen into the camp of people that think that MRR *is some PC police force. Well, I hate to tell you that for as many as there are of people like you, there are people who call us sexist, homophobic, racist, blah fuckin' blah blah...*

I personally could give a shit about who wants to fuck who and if two people wanna bone down and get nasty, shit-on-dick and all, I don't give a fuck. When a dude talks about fucking a 16 year old (guy or girl)... Well... That's a different story. Consent is consent. Lust is lust. Fine, but there is a difference between someone seeing a girl/guy and wanting to fuck her, and seeing a girl/guy and wanting to fuck her/him with out caring if they want it or not...and actually following through with that. Choose your words wisely, that's what we focus on...

When you say shit like "yell homophobic" it sounds pretty shitty, like saying "rape jacket" and so forth. If you think that George Tabb and Mykel (whose column I stand by) haven't written some borderline fucked up sexist shit, well then you are missing out, because they have, as have others.

When it comes down to it, straight dudes have had their say for a long time and if you don't want to hear what's happening in other bedrooms, then don't read it. Us skirts and fags have had to do the same for a long time now. There is a ton of music that passes through these doors that have lyrics, as you described, saying thing similar to "I like that girl I would love to fuck her" actually. Probably reviewed in this very issue of the magazine! Some of them are good songs, some of them are bad songs. Inevitably, you will hear more about the bad ones. There is a power differential that exists in which makes some peoples sexuality a battle ground for their existence. I am sure you are familiar with all of this...

Anyway, This will be run in the letters section, but in the dawn of the new era, there will be no "ed" signatures. It's me and Layla. No shame in that.
One Love,
—Mariam... Not "ed."

[redacted]

Dear MRR—
I just realized that I like the Spits more than the Ramones. Is that fucked up?
—Steve

[redacted]

Hi Fred—
Unfortunately, I have to inform you that I am closing my online shop (ONKELTOMS) by the end of this month. It was not an easy decision for me, but I won't be at home for half the time of the year in the future so there won't be enough time to care for a vocational shop.

Therefore the "automatic" delivery with each five issues of the *MRR* is no longer necessary—No. 330 (Pt. 2) which has arrived two days ago should have been the last one (and please remove me from the Distro List).

Thanks very much for the perfect support over the last years and keep up the very good work!

All the best for you and for everyone in the *MRR* Team!
Thanks again,
—Tom
Meister-Bertram-Str. 15
22309 Hamburg

[redacted]

Hey Mariam—
Hey, I wanted to tell ya, your columns and also responses to letters are really inspirational and a breath of fresh air for the magazine. I hadn't read *MRR* in a while and it really gives the whole thing a feeling like bullshit won't be tolerated and good shit will be supported...ya know? So yea, keep up the good work.
Up the punx!
—Eric

Thanks Eric! I appreciate it!
—Mariam

Dear MRR—

Y'all know I love the *MRR* zine reviews. The *Xerography Debt* review in the Nov issue by E. Conner was seriously funny as fuck. Corn allergies?!?!??!? Until further transmissions from said parties, I'm not buying shit from "Big Daddy Joe Biel." After an initial rough patch of withdrawal and the zine-shakes, I don't really miss shopping at zine-walmart.

Regards,

—Abbey

Dear Mariam—

Not racist for sure, my name is Dylan and I live in Lansing Michigan. Your writing upsets me sometimes and makes me uncomfortable(Great job!). I just finished reading your response to Lindsy Holtz ever so eloquent plea for intellectual mercy on us "Honkies." Sometimes I feel like your responses are severe, kind of like bringing a gun to a knife fight. I also become upset when the subject of privilege arises, I guess I feel like I am being personally attacked (I'm not sure why?). But like you said in your response to Lindsey, if you're making people uncomfortable you're doing your job, and when I take a second and think about it you're absolutely right.

I think the issue of racism in punk is now thought to be non-existent so people don't discuss it anymore. Here in Michigan some things have been happening that are pretty fucking disturbing. Number one: People who use racist and generally degrading language (i.e. bitch, fag and the like.) are being excused by their peers. I hear things like "Well I saw him/her be nice to a black lady at work." or "If you really knew him/her you would know they aren't racist." Nobody wants to hear it and no one will talk about it. Also I hear and see allot of people who belong to minority groups using similar language, They use there minority status as an excuse to use the word fag among other things, Frankly it makes me sick. It kind of feels like racism in punk is on the rise again, Do you feel that way or see it happening in your area as well?

So I guess the reason I am really writing is to congratulate you on keeping the dialogue going, And hopefully to spur further discussion on the subject. I don't expect punks and people in the DIY community to be saints or better than everyone else, But god dammit we should at least still be challenging our selves every day to become better people.

—Dylan

Thanks for the response, Dylan. I really appreciate that you took the time to evaluate my response and your own. You sound to me like a good person and a pretty self aware one at that. I know that everyone has a ways to go in getting to some sort of comfortable place with all this discussion of intolerance and race and all the other things that make the world a fucked up place. I know I still have a long way to go as well, but I am glad that you and I both think it's worth discussing at least to keep things moving forward. Gun to knife maybe, but in my experience, people don't just want to make you uncomfortable with your place as a person of color, they want to hurt you. Along with being a woman, sometimes I defend myself by some harsh means, but don't be mistaken… I pick and choose my fights and this is worth fighting for. For a much as punk can be an escape, it can also be a unifying force and it's up to us as individuals how much and with whom we want to build alliances with. These alliances can be musical or political or both or etc… It's up to us…

Sometimes it does seem like there is racism on the rise in punk, but I think it's symptomatic of the times and the rise of other cultures being more visible and having larger numbers in punk and society at large. The landscape is forever changing and once we start to map it out, it changes again. Yeah, there are tea bagger punk bands now and people who still identify with "Guilty of Being White" without getting past the anger that the song is justified for. As for people of color using the word "fag," to quote a punk band from Mexico… "Homophobia inculcado es falsa cultura, Odio, Discriminacion, Intolerante ante ellos" That shit is false culture… I am definitely guilty of using the word "bitch" and many of my gay friends do use the word "fag", but this, again, is a tricky discussion that will take more than this letter to even approach…

You are right to say that people in DIY culture aren't necessarily better than anyone else and anyone who becomes part of this culture in order to "lord" over others is just as bad as what they left. Not to get to Anton LaVey on you, but we are all animals. To say that one culture is innocent of what the dominant culture is guilty of is ignorant. Some will even argue that the "strongest emerged dominant and given the opportunity, present day minorities would have done the same to keep their position of power" as if the ends justify the means and that somehow the legacy of what happened so long ago is somehow gone… As it stands, there is a dominant group and the systems in place support the dominance of that group. Shielding yourself from that fact and the history of why it has come to pass, is easy for some, but, as you said, challenging yourself to understand your own place to become a better person, as tough as it might be, is a noble endeavor in my book.

Thanks,

—Mariam

MRR—

As of today, Rebel Sound Records will no longer be carrying *Maximum Rocknroll*. This was not a very easy decision to make as I've loved the magazine for years, it was a real eye-opener in 1985 for me and I've continued reading ever since. Throughout the years I've released a few records here and there, produced some zines, created a cable access show and a radio show all under the name of Rebel Sound. The Radicts from New York City were one of my favorite bands and I took the name of their one albums as the name for what I was doing. Even after Born Against slagged them with their album, the Rebel Sound of Shit and Failure, it didn't matter to me, I kept it because whatever was going on between bands had nothing to do with me. Some of the reviews for what I submitted were better than others and really, it's just a review, so who cares? One person's opinion doesn't make or break anything.

Currently, Rebel Sound Records is a store and label here in western Massachusetts. Although the store is closing for good due to the economics of selling music out of store in 2010 isn't as successful as I'd hoped, the label will soldier on. In fact, by the time this note is addressed, Urban Waste's first-ever full-length will be out on Rebel Sound Records. My issue is with the review of the Red Invasion "Ugly to Know So" CD in which Dr. Dante brings up the name of the record label and criticizes it in the review. I could care less that he didn't like the record, but what the hell does the name of the record label have to do with the music contained on the record? I could understand if the label was called Fuck Baby Jesus with Your Mom Records You Fucking Cocksucker or something like that or even more offensive, but the truth is, it's not. A bad review doesn't betray anyone's loyalty, but something like that not only attacks a long time reader, but also an account of *MRR*'s and possibly a future ad buyer, because we all know regardless of how great the Urban Waste record may be, it won't sell itself.

There is no need to address this further and Dr. Dante can remain on his high elitist horse. I hope someday he names his label something clever and approved by the holier than holy house of *MRR* while hiding behind an alias.

Sincerely,

—Andy

Rebel Sound Records

146-A North St.

Pittsfield MA 01201

PS A rather large box of unsold magazines will be included along with another copy of this printed email. Look for it!

Well, Andy, First I want to say that I'm sorry to hear that your record store is closing its doors. I know it's hard for any punk and DIY venture to have steady ground during these times. MRR is hand to mouth as well, so I feel for you about that.

However, our review process does not, has not and will not ever be swayed on "account of… a future ad buyer." I would venture to guess that the wonderful people that take out ads, who Layla and I know on first name basis and are more than welcome to come over and listen to records and drink beers with us when in town, know damn well that it's "let the buyer beware" when it comes to ad vs. review pay off ratio, because it doesn't exist. I would also say that each one of these DIY businesses are proud of what they produce regardless of what one reviewer says, and that is why we are allies, sometimes friends.

Secondly, the review is below:

RED INVASION – "...Ugly to Know So" CD

If you're hungry for another helping of rooster hair retread rawk with some JOHNNY THUNDERS moves thrown in, the dinner bell tolls for thee. As for me, even if this was done rather well, I can't imagine having much use for yet another entry in this sweepstakes. ("Rebel Sound Records"? Please!) Extra points off for half-copping "TV Eye" on "Disappear" in the worst way possible. The only thing notable is the singer's at-times comical overuse of "Yeah-yuh": at least he's doing *something* that commands attention. These lads were lucky enough to get a reviewer with my restraint: a lot of the scribblers here would have used this as an opportunity to really go to town. (DD)

(Rebel Sound)

That's what you're pissed about? C'mon, grow a set. Based on this review, I wouldn't buy this CD, but I wouldn't have stopped buying releases from your label. But I probably will now.

—Mariam

Dear MRR—

Hey I read in the letter section that you didn't know why we get a few extra white pages in the zine. It's because magazines (and books and newspapers) are printed in "signatures" of eight or 16 pages. A signature is one big sheet that gets folded, bound, and trimmed down after it's printed. That's why when we increase or decrease the page count in the magazine, it has to be done in increments of 16 pages. Printing lesson!

Great job as always you guys. I'm digging the new issue so far...

—Paul

HALO OF FLIES

out now:

PROTESTANT
judgements LP/CS

fast, bitter midwestern hardcore punk. this is Protestant throwing down the gauntlet and cutting the shit.

THE MAKAI
embracing the shroud of a blackened sky LP

ONE track of epic fucking DIY metal. dynamic. unrelenting. vicious.

MASAKARI
the prophet feeds LP

ten songs of absolutely crushing japanese-style hardcore/crust. CD on Southern Lord.

THOU / MOHORAM ATTA
degradation of human life split LP

vicious blackened hc and nola doom. repress of 550 copies on salmon vinyl.

coming in winter 2010 early 2011:

NORTHLESS dandestine abuse **DLP**
THE ASSASSINATORS i disse morke tider **7"**
LIGHTBEARER s/t **DLP**

prices: :us/can/mex/rest:
LP = 11 /14 /14 /20
CS = 6 / 6 / 6 / 8
(cash/mo payable to cory von bohlen)

-- Halo of Flies is DISTRIBUTED BY EBULLITION, VINYL JUNKIE, REVELATION, ROBOTIC EMPIRE, INTERPUNK, PUNKNJUNK, and DIY DISTROS ALL OVER THE WORLD. support your local distro/label. --

HUGE DISTRO AT THE WEBSITE.
Carrying punk/ hc/ grind/ doom/ metal /post rock from all over the world for the lowest prices i can.

DISTROS, STORES, AND LABELS GET IN TOUCH FOR WHOLESALE AND TRADES

contact:
3444 n bremen st milwaukee, wi 53212 usa
halooffliesrecords.com
halooffliesrcds@hotmail.com
myspace.com/halooffliesrcds

Protestant and I would like to thank Philipp and Timo and everyone else we met in europe in october!!

A389 RECORDINGS

PO Box 12058 - Baltimore, MD - 21281, USA
www.a389records.com

- COMING UP NEXT -

(A389-032) ROSES NEVER FADE 'Fade To Black' 12"
(A389-054) INTEGRITY/CREEPOUT Split 7"
(A389-056) MIGHTY SPHINCTER 'Resurrection' 7"
(A389-057) SEVEN SISTERS OF SLEEP 's/t' 12"

- STILL AVAILABLE -

(A389-053) ROT IN HELL 'Niu' 12"
(A389-052) PHARAOH 's/t' 7"
(A389-051) OAK 'ii' 12"
(A389-049) HATEWAVES 'Taste The Beast' 7"
(A389-048) GRAY GHOST 'Succubus' 7"
(A389-047) GEHENNA/BLIND TO FAITH Split 7"
(A389-046) PULLING TEETH/SHIN TO SHIN Split 7"
(A389-045) CAULFIELD 's/t' 12"
(A389-043) PALE CREATION s/t 7"
(A389-041) THE LOVE BELOW 'Reproductive Rights' 7"
(A389-039) GEHENNA/CALIFORNIA LOVE Split 7"

- NEW RELEASES COMING SOON-

PULLING TEETH, XIBALBA, WEEKEND NACHOS, PICK YOUR SIDE (EX-HAYMAKER), SERAPHIM, PALA + MORE

JAN 22/2011: A389 7TH ANNIVERSARY BASH @ SONAR (BALTIMORE)
Featuring: Integrity/Haymaker/DropDead/Rot In Hell + more !!!

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL PRESENTS

WELCOME TO 1984

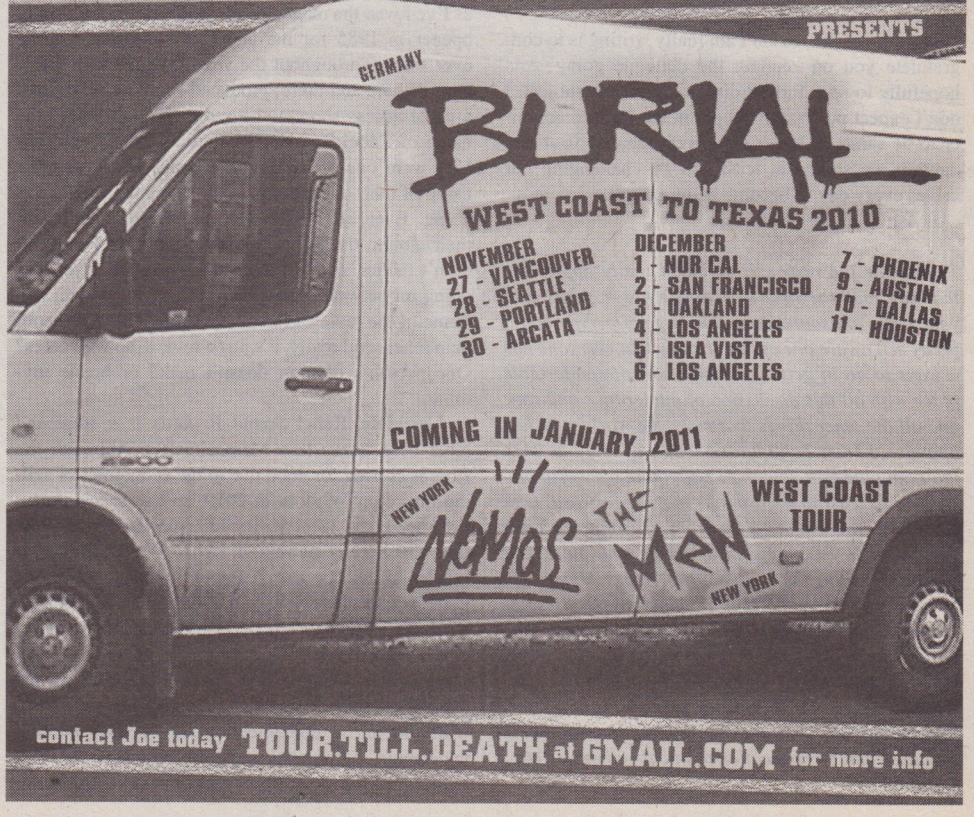
MRR'S CLASSIC INT'L HC COMP BACK IN PRINT ON VINYL FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 20 YEARS!

TERVEET KÄDET / OLHO SECO / THE CRUCIFUCKS / ELECTRIC DEADS
INFERNO / KIDNAP / N.O.T.A. / ICONS OF FILTH / R.I.P. / SKJIT-LARS
RATTUS / RAW POWER / THE BRISTLES / DEPRESSION / B.G.K.
THE STALIN / FRITES MODERN / U.B.R. / MAYHEM / RED TIDE
MORAL DEMOLITION / HEADCLEANERS / UPRIGHT CITIZENS

www.maximumrocknroll.com
ltd red vinyl for mail order only
US $10.50 ppd • Canada/Mexico $13.00 ppd
Everywhere Else $21.00 ppd

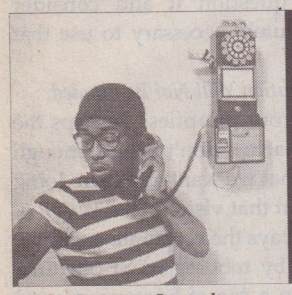
TOUR TILL DEATH

PRESENTS



contact Joe today TOUR.TILL.DEATH at GMAIL.COM for more info

COLUMNS



SHE'S OVER IT

BY BRONTEZ

So I guess I made some people mad with my last article and I wanted to apologize. I know poop-dick affects us all in different ways and I just feel like there's not a pleasant way to write about unpleasant things. When I got high and wrote that shit it all seemed pretty hilarious. And why should I feel bad about writing about poop-dick. *They* did it and I *always* rinse my ass out before getting pounded! I DESERVE A FUCKING GOLD STAR! Okay? Anywho, I'm not *really* a self-loathing gay! Pure hyperbole! I LOVE EVERY-ONE AND EVERYTHING. REALLY!

Other things I love:

1. Sunshine
2. Bunnyrabbits
3. Kittens

AND…

4. P O E T R Y.....

NEW POEMS.....

by Brontez

LAST NIGHT.....

.....hit like a freight train
I did not drink for two and a half years
but last night I put the vodka to my brain
Next Morning
Ow! (my brain)
Ow! (my stomach)
Ow! (my absent father)
I need some water
And I couldn't keep my hands of the little blond next to me.

MORNING TRAIN

It was an exciting train
Rolled in: BEEP! BEEP!
(over the loudspeaker the conductor speaks)
"TO YOU SIR WHO THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY TO STEEP ON THE EDGE, I've had two
jumpers so far and you would've been TOAST...."
—This reminds me that I forgot to eat

MAIDEN VOYAGE

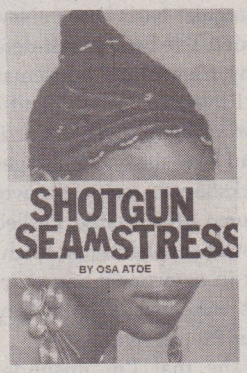
On a trip to the beach
i lost my glasses in the ocean and
took the opportunity to pray
—To Poseidon, the Lorelei
Agwe, or La Sarene
(or what ever sea god or monster listening)
kissed a wish and said
"Heres what I've seen"
Blind as fuck
I feel free and noticeably
more people flirt with me

REALIZATION

I'm always baked
and running late

ST. NICHOLAS

Old ways ride new waves
Fucked up on pills
and out of ideas
We end up at your place
You pay the bills here
So we do what you say
I want to fuck and ruin everything
Burn it to hell—it's boring to lets things "simply fade"
I waiting to give up
And for you to say "OK"
There's this X you placed on me
I'm as sexless and loyal as your brother
There's two pills left in the bag
I take it to mean you're really saying
"if we take these you can touch me"
I take one and you the other and we melt like snow into the flowers above your bed.
I've walked out of your door four times and realized that I had no where else left to go.
You tell me I'm complaining about nothing
I think you're complaining about nothing
You say it all keeps falling
But I hear all the colored boys in SF
Calling calling calling your name and asking
Q: "Who's that guy your with?"
A: "We're brothers"
Truth is—I'm more your exorcist.
And have been dealing with the ghost of that other boy
for years
But we don't talk about this
(I really am a total bitch)
You keep nimble
jumping candles
where you leave fires burning
and do not answer:
"Well what do you wanna do Nick? What do you wanna do?"



Five folks who put on all-ages punk shows around town got together a few months ago to talk about creating a permanent all-ages venue in New Orleans, where we live. We are all in bands and we all book shows for bands on tour and we're all invested in providing an alternative to the 21-plus bar show in a city where bar shows reign supreme. Some of us have been frustrated at the process of looking high and low for a house or other DIY space to put a show every time a band gets in touch to say that they'll be coming through town. We figured it would be worth it to sit down and talk about the possibility of having a spot that is available every night of the week and commercially zoned so we'd never have to worry about cops.

Of course, our first big questions were, where would this new all-ages venue be and how would we afford it? We were unanimously against charging high prices at the door in order to cover rent. It's enough to worry about getting gas money for bands without having to also worry about covering rent, and none of us seemed interested in passing the extra costs on to the people who would be coming to the shows. Next option? Become a non-profit, one of us suggested. Get funding from an outside source to make this thing work.

Throughout our discussion, it was understood that everyone wanted to make sure

everything was going to be legit, which makes sense. Every house show you put on, you wonder if the cops are gonna come by and shut it down. It would be awesome to have DIY all-ages shows and not have to worry about all that. I get that. But then again, a bigger part of me is wondering, isn't this what DIY and punk and anarchism is all about: operating outside of the law and operating without funding?

A couple of months later, I was talking to this lady Corrina who sings for this local band called Crackbox. She's been thinking about starting Home Alive out here (if you don't know about the original Home Alive in Seattle, please look it up!). She's done self-defense training for women here and there in the past and wants to start having classes again on a regular basis here in New Orleans. Awesome idea. I've been to self-defense trainings that my friends and housemates organized when I lived in Portland and they were really important events. When Corrina started talking about how she wanted to get grants to fund a workshop featuring the women who founded Home Alive Seattle, I asked her why she didn't start small and just teach a class or two herself in someone's house or at Nowe Miasto, this warehouse in Mid-City where a bunch of our friends live.

It could be that I'm misunderstanding some part of Corrina's plan, and that non-profit funding would be the most ideal way for her to make Home Alive New Orleans real. But after our conversation I was really confused about why her idea had to be a non-profit, especially right away. I'm not telling this story to criticize her or her idea; I'd love to see women's self-defense classes happen in whatever way they're gonna happen in this city and when it does, I'll support it in any way I can. I just wonder, why make it so complicated? I want everyone to feel empowered to make things happen now with the whatever resources you have at the moment. Isn't that kind of urgency and self-determination central to who we are as a community?

I really think it's time to rethink the whole non-profit style of organizing and making things happen. As I understand it, in order to apply for grants, you have to register with the U.S. government as a 501c3 organization, which is the same as having non-profit status. I really do think it's a bad sign that the vast majority of today's activism in our country (whether it be political or cultural) is registered through the United States government. It wasn't always this way, and I think that the transition to non-profit activism has everything to do with our government being able to keep tabs on and contain political and cultural resistance.

Also, most of the grant money ultimately flows down from rich individuals and families who are just looking for a tax shelter for all of their damn money. When rich folks start up a foundation, it's so that they can hoard more of their wealth instead of letting their money flow into the public sphere in the form of taxes. In other words, if you're working on the books for minimum wage or close to it, you're probably paying more percentage-wise in taxes than a rich person is. I think accepting money from foundations in the form of grants reinforces the mythology that all life springs from corporations and corporate money, and that we are helpless without it. In many ways, being a non-profit makes your anti-establishment political or cultural organization part of the establishment.

I learned a lot of this stuff in 2003 when I went to this conference in California put on by this organization called INCITE: Women of Color Against Violence. It's a bunch of academics and some activists that run it, and I know there's also a semi-active INCITE chapter here in New Orleans. Anyway, the conference was called "The Revolution Will Not Be Funded," and they also put a book by the same title shortly after the conference. Don't let those middle-aged lady professors fool you, they are radical. They call the land of non-profits the Non-Profit Industrial Complex and take us back to a time when activism didn't have corporate funding. The Black Panthers were not a non-profit, dude! And you can talk all the trash you want about how the National Organization of Women (NOW) is full of liberal, second-wave feminist, white lady uselessness, but you gotta acknowledge the fact that as of the early 2000s they were (and probably still are) totally funded by individuals who believe in them, their members. NOW is not a non-profit.

As far as the all-ages show space thing goes, I also disagree with the idea that people can own property and believe that property ownership is a figment of our capitalist imaginations. I already pay my landlord rent every month, so I'm not really down to be involved in yet another rental contract with yet another landlord, even if it's being paid for with someone else's money. The more I think about it, the more meaning I find in the hunt for another underground space to put my next show.

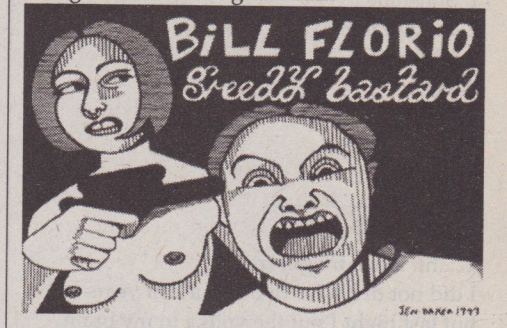
I know people who do great things with their non-profits. An old friend of mine created the Prison Birth Project in Massachusetts where she acts as a midwife and doula to women in prison who are pregnant and giving birth. This is important work and there's no way I'm going to denounce it just because I am critical of non-profits. She's got a kid and she deserves to get paid for her work, just like anyone else. Besides, all of us are always picking and choosing which aspects of capitalism we're willing to deal with and which one's we're not. It's hard to be an anti-capitalist purist in a capitalist reality. I just want us all to be strategic about when we engage with the system. It seems like turning your newest idea into a non-profit organization has become such a natural way to imagine things working, but it's not natural. It's actually a relatively new way of organizing ourselves. I think we should all look at the history of non-profit organizing and question it and consider whether it's absolutely necessary to use that model.

From *The Revolution Will Not Be Funded*:

"And what are our priorities? Perhaps the real problem is that we don't spend enough time imagining what we want and then doing the work to sustain that vision. That is one of the fundamental ways the corporate-capitalist system tames us: by robbing us of our time and flooding us in a sea of bureaucratic red tape, which we are told is a necessary evil for guaranteeing our organization's existence. We are too busy being told to market ourselves by pimping our communities' poverty in proposals, selling 'results' in reports and accounting for our finances in financial reviews.

"In essence, our organizations have become mini-corporations, because on some level, we have internalized the idea that power—the ability to create change—equals money." —Amara Perez, Sisters in Action for Power, Portland, Oregon

It's always either love or hate:
shotgunseamstress@gmail.com



I think there are aspects of life that call for working through things mechanically and finding the shortest distance between two points. I can appreciate folks that strive to be the best at something, and I'm not going to knock any of that. I also think that one should play around. I mean this as far as taking time off and not taking everything so seriously, but I also mean this in a raw sense of playing around. Not only do you not always need a reason to do things, I feel it's important to being a human being to do things for no reason at all. Sometimes the best things happen by accident, you cannot expect to plan perfection, and being an individual means having a huge Chex Mix of stupid shit under your belt along with some real experience, knowledge,

and accomplishments.

I was doing two random things in the same hour last week that lead me to this conclusion, both of them revolving around my reading addiction. When I was a kid I read constantly and there was never any rhyme or reason to what I read. I'd just walk around the library for an hour, pulling random books off the shelf and reading them. Going to college, where you're forced to read things that aren't random, sort of hindered my regular reading schedule for a few years, but eight or nine years ago I started up again full force.

So, I was updating the Goodreads database. I wasn't updating the books I was reading or wanted to read, I was actually editing some of the book titles and finding duplicate entries and merging the records. Don't ask me why I was doing this, this is something I do at my job, I can't explain why I was doing it for fun with a book database, but I guess I felt annoyed that people didn't know the order of Ed McBain's 87th Precinct novels by looking at the titles. Anyway, Goodreads serves as a half-assed social network, with a few perks. You can see books your friends have read and rated and compare them to your ratings, you can see what they're reading, and sometimes you get ideas about books to read.

There is a half-assed aspect where authors try to creepily spam you like bands did on MySpace. A couple of them have added me as friends by searching for books I've read. I pretty much ignore them if they try to friend me, but one of them seems to write pulp crime novels and I left him on the list. I actually discovered an awesome crime author named Ed Dee from looking at this guy's reviews. Ed Dee is a retired NYPD detective who writes police procedurals.

So I'm looking at the feed of this friend's reviews one morning and I notice he reviews *J is for Jerkoff* by Sue Grafton right after reading *N is for Nooky*. So I leave a comment, "Why don't you read a series in order?!" He comments back five minutes later, "I have limited reading time, so I make an effort to only read the top rated novels by any author."

So here's a guy that writes pulp crime novels, he reads almost nothing but pulp crime novels, and to take it another step, he only reads the most popular or the most critically acclaimed in hopes to mimic whatever someone else has already done. I think this is wholly bullshit. Now if this guy was doing accounting and, say, subscribed to methods only the top accountants recommend and teach, that's one thing. It's math, you're putting energy to getting a right answer, or the best answer someone will pay you for. You probably won't gain much from reading books about accounting where folks don't believe in debt or loan interest. Hey, maybe you would, but it probably wouldn't be the best use of your time.

This on the other hand is something creative. It's not something in the middle, like solving a problem by coming up with a creative method—this is creating something out of nothing. It's art if you will. It's writing a song, it's telling a story. That takes a lot more than just pulling the cream off the top, or the pennies that float to the bottom. To come up with something original, you have to start by being an original mind to begin with. Some kid that is forced to play piano at age five but isn't allowed out of the house will probably be a good musician, but if they have no life to drive them, they're only going to play other people's songs, or no one will want to hear theirs. This guy's answer irked me.

So I get on the subway and whip out *The Story of Rats* by S. Anthony Barnett, a humorless science book that I decided to read because I feel like there's got to be a really good book with rat stories in it. This book isn't it, but it does have a lot of useful information about lab rats, how they're bred, trained, and used in experiments. I come across this quote:

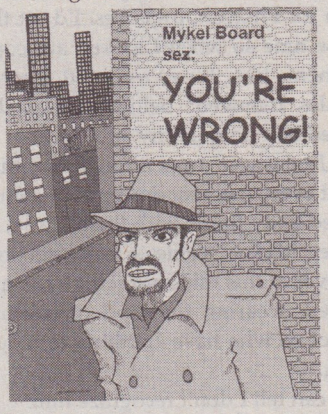
"In biology, it is usual to ask of any trait, how does it contribute to the possessor's survival or breeding? For exploration, the answer often seems obvious: it enables an animal to find a mate, or new sources of food, water, nesting material and new shelter. But exploring has other functions, not obvious, which have been revealed by domestic Norways in mazes.

"Such latent or exploratory learning is more tricky to study rigorously than I have shown, and at first it disconcerted specialists. When they had asked what impels a rat or a human being to learn something, their agreeably simple reply has often been that of B.F. Skinner and was in terms of payoff: learning was held always to depend on obvious reward or on avoiding punishment. Many experimenters (and perhaps some teachers) have taken this presumption for granted. But, as we now see, it is wrong."

He then goes on to speak about some lab rats that were taken home and played with by a scientist's daughters. These rats inexplicably were better able to run mazes and adapt to abrupt environmental changes. There is no cut and dry explanation of why playing around makes for a better rat, but these things also definitely transfer to humans.

The difference between being Alice the Goon and Alice Cooper is a whole lot of excellent stupidity. Human beings, like all animals, need a heavy dose of uselessness to enhance individuality. Fuck B.F. Skinner and his notion that people will only do things if there's something obviously in it for them. Later in life he was quoted with the following: "Early man… did not look at pictures or listen to music… When he had nothing to do, if we may judge from related species, early man simply slept or did nothing."

Everyone needs play, everyone needs the equivalent of editing a socially networked book database or writing a song that consists of nothing but a quote from a *Police Squad* episode. Life isn't about standing by a copy machine making copies; it's about pulling out a marker and writing bad words on a bathroom wall. No one should make themselves into something less fun than a rat.



"If The Beatles were making music now, they'd be thrown in jail. I mean, 'She was just seventeen. You know what I mean.' That's pedophilia!" —Peter Crowley

It's a season for nostalgia… for reunions… for old photos. The Mudd Club will have its reunion in October. PIL just finished its latest tour… Johnny Rotten the only original member. Other bands tour with one or two more obscure members, the rest dead or feuding. Some pick-up bass player who spent ten minutes with Suicidal Youth now leads the Suicidal Youth "reunion" tour.

And the audiences? If it's not old men, the remains of their gray hair scooped together in a pathetic ponytail, it's old women, obscenely trying to stuff themselves into too-tight pants, their too-tight t-shirts bulging over their not-tight-enough bellies. Those bellies poke six inches beyond the flabbed-out tits hanging loosely over them.

I used to find these reunion shows as pathetic as you do. A bunch of old farts hiring some new farts to support something that should have died decades ago. OK, I thought, you were great in the '80s, but you don't make it now. Move aside and let the newest punk rockers move in. Have the good taste to die… now!

Then there's the fear of *youth* in the modern world, at least in America. You have to prove your age to buy a bottle of beer. Consensual sex is *rape* if you're too young for government approval.

In the '70s, the Blessed was a kiddie punk

band whose thirteen-year old members played together at Max's Kansas City. They were cute and punk at the same time. Billy, the singer, looked like an adolescent Stiv Bators. I often fantasized about things with these guys that, in 21st century America, are probably illegal to fantasize about. No wonder old farts think they're the shit. Young farts are illegal.

CUT TO 2010. DELANCY STREET. THE BASEMENT OF THE DELANCY STREET BAR:

It's the Max's Kansas City reunion. The second night of a three-night stint. As I go in, I wish for Photoshop glasses. I'd set them to reverse time so when I looked at people, I'd see them like they were 30 years ago. Wrinkles removed. Bellies tightened. Hair restored both in quantity and color.

Do I know you? runs through my mind as I peer at everyone, wondering if, at some time, I shared body fluids with them.

"Hey, Mykel," comes a voice next to me. I look over at this middle-aged guy, somewhat rounded, wearing the kind of baseball hat those of us who have "nothing to hide" hide it with.

He can tell I don't recognize him.

"It's Billy," he says. "From the Blessed. Remember me?"

My heart sinks.

Somewhere in a drawer at home I have a t-shirt. It's a drawing of a woman holding a baby. A word balloon comes out of her mouth. *He's so cute. It's too bad he'll grow up to be a man.*

My thoughts exactly… except in retrospect. It's too late. He's grown up.

Billy and I talk for a while. He tells me he's living in New Jersey now and has plans for new music. He wants to do something else. He's not thirteen anymore.

You're telling me! I don't say. Then I think, I'm not thirteen either. Or thirty. Or forty. Or fifty…

Despite the growing up, it's good to see Billy. And to see the others I used to know in a different form. I wonder why it's such a tragedy that we grow up and grow old. I wonder if it's life's tragedy or one of our own creation.

Then, I see Teddy.

I recognize him immediately. It's the old Teddy. The guitar player from Just Pants, Max's house band. Boy, did I have a crush on him in those days. It was him and Tish, one of the singers of the Sick Fucks.

[Aside: the Sick Fucks played tonight. That's why I'm here. Both girl singers look real good for their years. A little jowly, a *tiny* bit turkey-necked, but still, after all those years and drugs they're sexy enough to jerk off to. Especially in their nuns-in-nylons costumes. Oh yeah!]

Teddy isn't wearing the years very well. He's allowed his remaining fringe of gray hair to grow long, Benjamin-Franklin-like. His formerly skinny body droops. It's as if, in the contest between gravity and the connective tissue that holds skin to bone, the tissue just gave up.

His belly bulges downward over his belt, like it's trying to hide his cock. His chin doubles… triples… beneath his neck. His formerly tight smooth cheeks now sag into bulldog jowls. His eyes show their whites as the bags beneath them pull the lower lids into a fleshy mess. A wart pokes from his jaw where his chin used to be.

"Mykel," he says unselfconsciously, "you look the same as thirty years ago. Well, less hair, I guess. But who doesn't? How'd you avoid gray beard?"

"Just For Men," I answer.

He laughs like I'm kidding.

We talk for a while. But we don't talk like old men. We don't discuss our prostates. We don't lament about *those were the days.* We don't talk about punk rockers who kicked the bucket while they were still good-looking.

Our talk is the talk of people living. Of people drinking, fucking, going to clubs, listening to Cojoba and World War Nine. Of getting drunk, getting in trouble, running from cops, causing trouble. It's a terrific talk.

"You wanna come over for a drink after the show?" he asks me.

"That would be great," I tell him.

The show itself is terrific. Besides the Sick Fucks are the Bullys, who I associate with the Continental more than Max's. Wow. Ruby and the Rednecks play, with Ruby bravely singing from a walker, wheeled on stage. It's more like a victory flag than a prop for a cripple. Amazing!

Like I said, the Sick Fucks were masturbatorily good, as was Walter Lure, who did Heartbreakers/Johnny Thunders songs backed by a band of young Japanese guys. Peter Crowley, Max's main man back in the day, put together a masterful show… on its own… not (just?) as a piece of nostalgia. When it's over, I go to Teddy's place.

His apartment is on Bedford, in the West Village. It must be rent-controlled. A huge place… right near Houston Street. A sunken living room. A bedroom off to the side. A kitchen as big as my entire apartment.

It's to the living room we go. There is a couch in that room. Black and white, like fake cowhide… ripped right off your local milking cow. In fact, the whole room is black and white cow. The wallpaper. The lamp shades. The carpet, for God's sake. The lava lamp on the coffee table is NOT black and white, but its cow-spot-shaped bubbles fit perfectly with the rest of the decor.

The woman on the couch, however, does not fit perfectly with the decor. She's lounging like a sultaness on the cover of a romance novel. Her arm rests along the back of the couch. Her tilted body radiates *come and get me.*

Her jowls, bushy gray hair, and flaccid breasts, however, do NOT radiate *come and get me*… at least that's what I'm thinking when I see her.

She wears, I dunno what to call it. It's black, shiny, some kind of plastic material. It hugs her bulging belly, and flattens her mammarian paucity even further. Through it all, though, there's something familiar about her. As if we'd met before.

Again, I long for my Photoshop glasses.

"Mykel," says Teddy, "this is my wife, Edith… Edith, this is…"

"I know," she says. "We… er… had a relation… before you were around, Teddy."

I smile, still unable to place her… or our *relation.* It's all too obvious that I don't have a clue.

"You don't remember do you?" she asks. "It was the bathroom at Max's. End stall. You asked me, 'Can I just watch? I like to watch girls. Will you squat on the seat for me?'"

It vaguely comes back to me.

"And then…" she continues and stops. She makes a fist with one hand and raises just the pinkie. "See?" she says, "I remember you."

"Me too," says Teddy. Pushing me gently to the couch. He leans over me, pressing a hand on each of my shoulders. His face approaches mine, the jangling jowls slowly disappearing on either side of my peripheral vision. His lips press against mine. His tongue pushes its way into my mouth. A hand… Teddy's? Edith's? wiggles like a five-legged spider on my crotch.

The sounds of zippers unzipping break the silence of the room.

We're naked, on the floor. My mouth follows the flab of skin from under Teddy's neck, down to his chest. Gray chest hair covers skin folds that droop from his beneath his arms and down his side. Like one of those Chinese dogs… Sharpeis, I think they're called.

I run my tongue under each fold, savoring the sweet smell of sweat… lighter than most… from the dry skin flaking under my mouth. Then I lick over his bulging stomach, past a hairless wart—just like the one on his face. I nosh the fine gray hairs that act as a downward trail for my tongue.

Edith is between my legs now. Slowly nibbling her way from my knee up to the good part. Teddy's tongue probes my navel as his hand pumps my spouted little sprout.

"Wait!" He says, lifting his head up and looking at me.

His cheeks puff like a sax player's. His mouth moves as if he were using his tongue to dislodge an errant piece of chocolate mousse. In fact, he is dislodging his teeth.

First the top set. Then the bottom. He carefully removes the dentures and places them on the coffee table. The moving blue light from the lava lamp plays eerily over the whiteness of the false teeth.

He returns to my navel then licks southward sucking my suddenly limp limpness between his gums. It feels like sideways labia. It feels like… it feels damn good.

Teddy runs his gums up and down my again stiff Vienna sausage. Edith has pulled one of my hairy… no, both of my hairy hangers into her mouth.

As she sucks, she rotates her body… crawling upward so her knees are just above my head. I get the hint.

Where I expect tuna, I get sawdust. A dry smell. Like an old leather couch. I press my face deeper into the gap. Using my nose to separate the labia, I lick up and out. I bring my hands behind her, to press her into my munching mouth. My hands lose themselves in the loose flesh of her ass. My middle finger strikes a hemorrhoid, wiggles it playfully, then presses inward.

Ouch!

Edith reacts by biting down on my aching testicles. But the pain isn't bad pain. It's just what I need to push me… ahhh… ahhh. Ahhhh!

Who cares if the Beatles are illegal in 2010? Just change the lyrics.

"She was just sevenTY, you know her and me. The way she felt was way beyond compaaaarrrrre! So how could I fuck with another, ooooooooo! When I saw her layin' there."

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

—>*Corporations United dept.:* Citizens United is the ironically named group that filed the Supreme Court case. You know, the one that said corporations are people with the same "free speech" rights as real people. In their latest strike for freedom, C.U. has been trying to force the Wisconsin Democracy Campaign to change its Facebook name. They don't like Citizens United Against Citizens United. So much for free speech.

—>*Is there anything else tobacco companies can do for their image? dept.:* Human Rights Watch has found that Philip Morris buys tobacco from Kazakh farmers that use child labor. They have documented 72 cases of children working in tobacco fields. According to the group, in a day workers absorb the amount of nicotine equal to thirty-six cigarettes. And, unlike here in New York, they don't have to pay $12 a pack to do it.

—>*If that's a pickle in your pocket, why's it glowing? dept.: Nukewatch Quarterly* reports that the Studsvik Memphis Nuclear Processing Facility will pay $650,000 to 23 black employees who protested being exposed to "far more radiation than their white counterparts." The workers complained that the company manipulated the black workers' radiation monitors. Those monitors would then falsely indicate lower levels of radiation than was actually the case.

—>*No inmate left behind dept.:* According to *The Nation*, BP has recruited prison labor to clean up the oil spill. Businesses in Louisiana earn a tax credit for every inmate hired. So why not make some money on slave labor? Guess what color most of those prisoners are… And oil? It's much more toxic that tobacco.

Was someone complaining about Kazakhstan? We have Kazakhstan right here in Louisiana… and Tennessee. Who needs kids when you've got Negroes to do the dangerous work?

—>*Wal-Mart does it again dept.:* A Wal-Mart employee was stripped of his responsibilities and forced to wear a yellow vest after telling his manager he was gay. The employee says his boss asked him if he was gay in front of four of his coworkers and then, presumably, when he answered yes, "alienated him from the other workers." To be fair, there are other factors involved in this case. But this is WAL-MART! Do we want to be fair?

—>*The Progressive* reports that the Pentagon is investigating Defense Department officials and contractors who have purchased and downloaded kiddie porn. What's the danger to our national security?

"It puts us at risk of blackmail and threats."

Now, is it the PORN that does that, or the laws against it? Hmmm.

—>*More on Arizona dept.:* Jan Brewer, the horror governess of Arizona, has appointed a tourism task force to "address concerns about the state's recent immigration law." The new PR campaign will promote the state as a "safe and welcoming destination."

Safe and welcoming? For whom? I guess it depends on your accent or skin color. I'm bringing my passport, just in case.

—>*Out of the frying pan dept.:* I'm writing this at the end of September. In November, I'll be breaking my *Boycott Arizona* pledge by doing a reading in Tucson. I'm doing it with a "FUCK ARIZON" t-shirt or maybe one that says "Habla Español o muerte."

I feel a bit guilty about this, though I expect there will be as many Mexicans (yeah!) in the audience as Arizonans. And I'm also sure NONE of these Arizonans supported the racial laws.

After Tucson, I'm going to Tijuana and the Mexican side of the border areas to pay my dues for reading in Arizona. Here's what the US government says:

"Much of the country's narcotics-related violence has occurred in the northern border region. For example, since 2006, three times as many people have been murdered in Ciudad Juarez, across from El Paso, than in any other city in Mexico. More than half of all Americans killed in Mexico in 2009 were killed in the border cities of Ciudad Juarez and Tijuana."

—>Just as I was finishing up this column, the news comes that a Princeton University student jumped off a bridge because he was spycammed in dorm homosex. Liberals are calling for blood. I won't comment on it here, because my thoughts would take a whole column… They will… next month.

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

FIRST ATTEMPT

First word: an apology for missing last month's column. Those rare moments I had alone with a computer on tour usually came late at night after a show or early morning before bailing town. Not a good time to ruminate about the foreigners and their junk.

Second word: gratitude to all those who assisted the UV Race and Total Control tour the USA in September. To be specific, regards to Andy, the fashionable idiot; Timmy, the Texan; and Zac/Eric, the Goners. All outstanding examples of modern American masculinity.

It was an exhilarating month. As I write this, I am in Europe with Straightjacket Nation. We are hurtling down the autobahn toward Hamburg after a show in South Sweden last night and a day in Copenhagen. But I will speak more of this next month. Tonight, and for the column this month, I'm thinking about the UV Race and Total Control in the USA. Those moments where I felt a sense of familiarity and understanding and cohesion with American punk, and those that I felt happy not to. I don't want to talk about all of them here, or anywhere for that matter, but I would like to get some down in this column. Down the line, I hope to write more in *Distort*.

SECOND ATTEMPT

OK. We hit a long tunnel lit with a disgusting vitamin-enriched urine yellow lighting that flickered through the van like a strobe and stirred some of the fog from my head so I could get back to the computer and keep this magazine in circulation. It's a couple days later and this column is now late. We're back in Germany after a stint in Holland, traversing the inner city and enjoying some of its uniquely legal kicks. Headed towards Switzerland, and after, Austria, Czech, Slovakia, Poland. The sun is low in the sky and blinding me as I'm typing this, and "Waterloo Sunset" just broke open in my head.

Days before we left for the US I got sick. I spent the thirty-six hours prior to leaving for the airport laying across the sofa watching the television in ten-second spurts before falling into paranoid fugue states where custom agents found evidence of nefarious private pursuits on my person and sent me, humiliated, back to Australia. The journey from Melbourne to Auckland and Auckland to San Francisco is a blur of neck-ache, comatose states, and inedible grey chicken in plastic trays set before me and removed untouched by grim air hosts.

We hit SF and the customs were uniquely pleasant. My sickness eased almost immediately. Within a couple of blocks, after tripping over a few homeless chaps, it hit home: we made it. The tour was about to begin.

THIRD ATTEMPT

From this vantage, I can break the US tour into three distinct parts. The first was the West Coast: we hit San Fran, gathered instruments, and let the jetlag ease on the floor of Brace Belden's house, exploring the Tenderloin and Mission in the daytime and playing three very different shows in the night time: a gay bar, a night spot, an Oakland warehouse.

A day off afforded us a visit to the San Francisco Acid Museum, identifiable by a Flipper logo. Highly recommend you pay a visit there on tour: we had a blast there, and for the rest of the day and night as a result of the visit. Probably all I can say about that here.

We hired a couple of vehicles and started up the West Coast, hitting Sacramento, Portland, and Seattle. A word of advice: not a good way for a foreign band to conduct a tour. We spent a lot of money on hire vehicles that we could not return to their place of origin. Bad move.

The second part started from the flight from Seattle to Minneapolis. The airport bus took us within a block of our first show, and we dropped our gear and took a walk around the block, skirting a housing project and an evangelical Muslim, and noticing the town was comprised evenly of Sudanese refugees and bicycle riders with rope hair. This first Midwest show was a blast. Formaldehyde Junkies played a Jesus and the Gospelfuckers song and sent it out to the Australian people present. From Minneapolis, we headed across the Midwest and through New York State down into NYC, where we parked the van for a number of days. This second part of the tour ended, for me, watching the Inmates and Systematic Death play a warehouse show as the residual darkness of a really bad trip hung in my head. One of the most insane experiences watching hardcore music in my life.

The third part started from leaving New York, driving down through the Midwest again to Memphis, playing Gonerfest, two of the best shows of my life. From Memphis back to Chicago, on the plane to Boston, and the end of one tour, the start of another.

FOURTH ATTEMPT

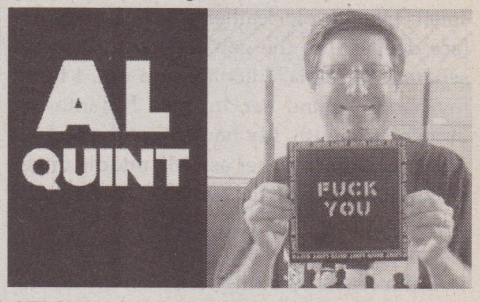
I've gotta get this one away. Just got my second "where is your column, asshole?" e-mail. We are in Switzerland staying in a crusty trailer park, underneath a freeway, next to a giant green hill. There is a German punk band playing in a small bar, a burning pile of timber with requisite weed-smoking gentlemen kicking at the coals, a succession of healthy and not-so-healthy-looking dogs, and a litter of motorcycles, motorcycle parts, animal skulls, and other paraphernalia that suggests *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome*. Here's where the column finishes: the three best new/unheard punk and hardcore bands that I saw in the USA on tour. I usually don't talk about any American music here, but direct contact with these people means they give a fuck about foreign junk and that means foreign junkers should give a fuck about them.

1. CRAZY SPIRIT. This band just released a new 7" and have had a demo out for a couple of months. I saw them play twice with Straightjacket Nation—they were the same young assholes beating each other to pulp when we played last time in NYC in 2008. Some mutated mess of Germs LA punk and CCMF Italian hardcore.

2. CULO. The name is horseshit, sure. I had no expectations when the UV played a show with them in Chicago. They opened one song with the singer pouring the entire contents of his beer bottle onto the floor where several friends were half-assedly trying to express interest in the band. Someone booed and he mumbled into the mic "ya think I give a fuck?" before they burst into 30 seconds of *Kings of Punk*-meets-Urban Waste NYHC, two guitars, no bass, aggressive retard vibe, and then concluded with "ahhhh... actually, I really regret doing that now... anyone gotta beer?" Dumb hardcore.

3. FOLDED SHIRT. They mighta fooled ya with their 7" on Fashionable Idiots, but they are actually a *real band* and they play *real music*. UV hit Cleveland to find squirrel roasting on a BBQ and these guys about to play in someone's lounge room. The combination of Ally's ignorant drum bashing and Terry's "I'm gonna stab you cunt—with my butterfly shaped guitar" sinister eyeballin' is enough to convince you that they've actually *practiced* and can play—with two seasoned professionals exhibiting competent musicianship on bass and vocals, I'm surprised they haven't made *MRR* front cover yet. They are recording an LP soon—Andy will release it, I'm sure.

Thass it. More next month on tales of Europe. I wanted to write a lot more, but breaking down a day-to-day report on a tour in a column of this size is way too self-indulgent and sounds painful.



STICKING TO THE TUNES THIS TIME...

First of all, a correction from a few columns ago—Massachusetts band DRY HUMP haven't broken up but have replaced Erik, their former vocalist, with P.J. Kuda, drummer for such fine combos as BLOODKROW BUTCHER and MALE NURSES.

Speaking of bands with a drummer-turned-vocalist, look no further than FIT FOR ABUSE. Their screamer is Matt Kelly, who plays drums in some band called DROPKICK MURPHYS. I think they had a song used in a Scorcese movie and it gets played a lot at Fenway Park when the closer Jonathan Papelbon enters the game. I wonder if it'll get changed if Paps is replaced as the closer by Daniel Bard, he of the blazing fastball that approaches 100 mph. How did we get on this Sox talk? I don't want to dwell on it after the hugely disappointing season, and I've already moved on to football and, by the time you read this, basketball. Anyway, FFA started in the mid-'90s, put out one 7" on Crust Records in '96, and have played *very* infrequently over the years. Matt was replaced for a time by a gentleman named Psycho Ray, and that lineup had a song on one of my *Suburban Voice* comps. In recent years, Matt's been back and DROPKICKS guitarist James Lynch joined up as well. Not much recorded output—just a pair of songs on a split 7" with R'N'R. Their last shows were in '08 and they

recently reconvened for one of THE TROUBLE's reunion shows. They've still got it and they play hardcore the way it should be—raw, fast, and full of bile. It's too bad that Matt's regular job takes up so much time, because these guys need to play out more often than every two years—although I've heard rumblings this show might have been it for these guys.

I mentioned THE TROUBLE—they got back together to do their first shows since their May '99 break-up and it was a blast. Tight and energetic, with everyone singing along. The four members are spread out across the country—Brooklyn, LA, and one of 'em actually lives outside the country, in Toronto (guitarist Sam Cave). THE TROUBLE were really coming into their own before that break-up, having released a few 7"s and splits, plus the solid album *Nobody Laughs Anymore*. They also appeared on one of my *Suburban Voice* comps, doing an 88-second hardcore ripper called "Panic Fit". That song is part of a 7" on Painkiller Records, *Nothing Left To Say*, which also includes the previously released, DAG NASTY-ish "Self Destruct" (from a Victory Records 7" comp) and two unreleased songs, the fast hardcore of "Short Song" and the tuneful street punk of "Brighton Roof." They were a band who were increasingly embracing a hardcore emphasis but never lost touch with their hook-filled punk roots. (www.painkillerrecords.com)

Staying close to (my) home, the new LIBYANS 12," *A Common Place*, packs in thirteen songs in 16:21, give or take a second. For this disc, guitarist Kevin Gebo handled the recording and it's kind of tinny and distorted sounding. Once you get past that (and I'm not 100% past it), this is a solid effort. Sharp, frantic, economical hardcore with melodic underpinnings. Liz's vocals are both cutting and sweetly emotional, and it's usually a combination of both although they lean towards the former. Plying west coast elements in much the same way some of the Danish bands do but you can also hear mid-'80s DC hardcore—DAG NASTY in particular—in the mix. The lyrics are printed with circular text so it's dizzying if you try to read them, exacerbated by the head rush these songs provide. (Sorry State, www.sorrystaterecords.com)

A couple of more new ones from Sorry State—there's the second, long-awaited album from DOUBLE NEGATIVE, *Daydreamnation*. It's been three years since their debut, my album of the year for 2007. They were also my favorite live band that year, and when-oh-when are they going to finally come to Boston? DN have once again appropriated the name of an '80s-era album—THE FALL last time, SONIC YOUTH this time—but the only commonality I can find with the latter is the brain-melting atmospherics from both bands. While the band's rampaging approach remains, they've pushed things into slightly less predictable realms. The production is hazier, denser, for want of a different term, and Kevin's vocals are deeper in the mix. He also widens his range, with a lower register howl for "Endless Disappointment"—and let me make the one COC comparison here—it's Mike Dean-esque. There's an explosive experimentalism without being pretentious about it. A DIE KREUZEN-ish haunt shows up in some of the guitar lines, and there's also a kinship to some of the ferocious Amphetamine Reptile bands from the '90s, HAMMERHEAD in particular. That band had an aggressively piledriving sound but you couldn't really lump it in with standard hardcore, and DN's sound takes that sort of chaotic, frayed approach, propelled by a rhythmic wallop. "Beg To A Vile Nude," for instance, lurches along like the punishing slop from that period until the speed-burn conclusion. There are so many generic bands out there, but DOUBLE NEGATIVE find a way to stand out. They did it again... this will, without question, be in my top ten of the year.

UX VILEHEADS includes people from REGULATIONS, ETA, DS-13, etc., etc.—and on their second EP, *Catch 22*, it's pretty much the kind of fast, no-BS hardcore punk you'd expect. The skate-punk-sounding "Kill For Peace" provides a slight departure. It isn't the FUGS song but it takes a similarly sarcastic approach. Not oozing originality, but the playing sounds quite inspired and exhibits skill. Enough to make me want to track down their other 7".

RED DONS have both a new album, *Fake Meets Failure*, and a 7" with one of the tracks, "Pariah," paired with a non-LP track. They continue to offer scintillating melodic punk. It's not that simple, though, even if I mentioned such touchpoints as NAKED RAYGUN, BUZZCOCKS, and HOT SNAKES. I mention the first two bands due to the pealing guitar notes. It's *still* not a complete picture. "Pieces," the closing song on the first side, is the real standout here. The main guitar line twists its way into your brain matter and is reinforced with a heady wallop, fading out for a semi-subliminal voice collage and then kicking back in until its acoustic fade-out. The non-LP track, "It's Your Right," is also far from a throwaway. There's a depth, a density to their sound, and engineer Stan Wright (ARCTIC FLOWERS/SIGNAL LOST) has way of bringing out those elements. Doug Burns's impassioned vocals float over the mesh of potently surging and jabbing guitar, bass, and drums. RED DONS have turned it up a notch here and moved away from merely being a continuation of OBSERVERS. (Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

AUTISTIC YOUTH share the same locale (Portland, OR) as the RED DONS and also play in a tuneful punk vein. Not as post-punk-inspired as the ESTRANGED, nor as mannered vocally as RED DONS, although the melody quotient is high. Sonically, AUTISTIC YOUTH are akin to the latter band. They follow a driving, burning blueprint on their second album, *Idle Minds*, working in classic '80s west coast punk influences and plenty of emotional gravitas in the lyrics. The minds are hardly idle, they're filled with plenty of intense thoughts—the title track is particularly direct about the feelings of despair. Definitely not happy sounding music, but the energetic surge neither devolves into primal screamo therapy nor completely somber wallowing. Strong vocal harmonies, potent musicianship (especially the bass playing), quite lively sounding. (Black Water, PO Box 5223, Portland, OR 97208, www.blackwaterpdx.com or www.dirtnaprecs.com)

I got a nice package of records from French label Shogun, who were responsible for the DRY HUMP 7". A couple of records have been logging a fair amount of airtime on the radio show. NASA SPACE UNIVERSE's *Brainrailers* EP is a wild collision of speedy hardcore, FLAG-ish twists, and off-kilter craziness, including some harsh vocal screamitude. "BWAP," the opening track on the flipside, showcases some rockin' furor, as does "Bukkake Sake," something I hope to never imbibe. Hell, I don't even like regular sake. I like this band's jolting sound, though.

They've also pressed a vinyl version of Mexican band INSERVIBLES' 2008 demo and it's equally wild, albeit in slightly different way. Reverb-drenched vocals and a kinetic hardcore sound taking an '80s-era Italian route despite their geographic locale. Lyrics are in Spanish but there are handy descriptions of the songs—who would think "Risa de Puta" would be about quantic *(sic)* physics and pizza? Their theme song "Inservibles" is about "girls laughing at us because we are really ugly." I have no idea if they're fibbin' or not since I don't speak the language, but the guy could be spitting out the weather report and I wouldn't know the difference, just that the band have an engaging craziness. (Shogun, 3 rue du Lavoir, 51140 Bouvancort, FRANCE, www.shogunrecordings.com)

Bridge Nine continue their series of NYHC reissues with the long overdue re-pressing of ANTIDOTE's *Thou Shalt Not Kill*. This is one of the high water marks of early '80s New York hardcore. There was a CD on Hellbent Records in '04 but even that's out of print. Pure scorch packed with speed and rawness

and catchy, memorable songs—especially "Real Deal" and "Life As One". Granted, the lyrics for "Foreign Job Lot"—about them pesky "aliens from another world" who, in their view, come to the US and take up all the jobs—are on the dicey side, and that could be a sore point with some people. The same applied to AGNOSTIC FRONT's "Public Assistance". And like AF with "Fascist Attitudes," these guys have their own song in that vein, "Nazi Youth". In this day and age of scapegoating of undocumented immigrants, maybe I shouldn't give them a pass, maybe it's fence walking, but there's no denying this record is completely blazing. Faithful to the original, maybe a little less "bright" production-wise than the first pressing (you won't notice, anyway) but it remains a classic. (www.bridge9.com)

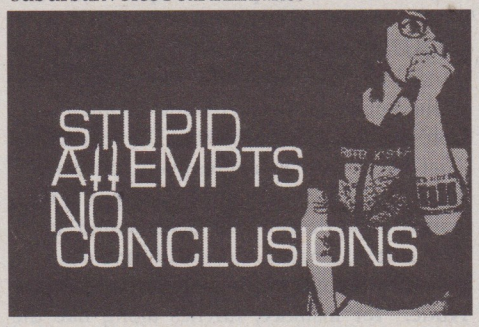
ANTIDOTE have been playing out again in recent years. So have VIOLENT SOCIETY, and *We Don't Believe* is their first new recording since getting back together a few years ago. The seven-song CD features a few re-recordings and one of 'em, "You're Gonna Fall," has Greg from THE BOILS on vocals. "Coming Back For You" remains one of their all-time best songs. VS always traded in a straight-ahead sound that blurred hardcore and UK82 punk, and they cover KILL YOUR IDOLS' "Hardcore Circa 1999," retitled here as "Hardcore '77," to reinforce that point. Pat's vocals are gruffer and more weathered than in the past. Memorable songs with power and catchiness. A stirring return. (www.myspace.com/violentsocietypunks)

MARK SHEEHAN, R.I.P.

Before wrapping things up here, I sadly note the passing of OUT COLD vocalist Mark Sheehan, who died on October 1. He was only 41 years old. OUT COLD are one of my all-time favorite local hardcore bands. They began in 1989 until their quiet breakup last year. Here's a band who always stuck to their guns—playing straight on, no-frills hardcore punk with economical and blazing efficiency. They also never really got their due. When they'd perform live (not nearly frequently enough, especially around here), it was all business, no bullshit. Mark would start and end the set saying "We're OUT COLD," and in between it was 25 to 30 minutes of non-stop fury, no breaks between songs, little or no banter. By my count, they had five full-length studio albums and a number of 7" and split releases. No chaff in the bunch, but if I was going to recommend a starting point I'd go with 1997's *Warped Sense of Right and Wrong* and 2000's *Two Broken Hearts Are Better Than One*.

If you read their anti-social, pain-drenched lyrics you would have expected Mark to be a total misanthrope, but that couldn't be further from the truth. He certainly had his demons, but he was always amiable and engaging with a witty personality. I wasn't close to Mark but he was always very friendly to me and supportive of my work (as were all the members of the band) over the years. He'll be missed.

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net



I gotta apologize to the hardworking and excellent editorial staff at *MRR* because this is another late column. I don't have any cool excuses like "I'm on tour" or "I am really busy doing sweet, productive punk projects" or "I got arrested." No way, my shit is fucking dumb!

I remember the weekend before my column was due. I was really fucking tied up. I needed to spend all day getting stoned and fucking around on Facebook and all night watching a VHS copy of *High Fidelity* over and over while I drifted in and out of sleep, watching for the part when John Cusack yells, "Charlie, you bitch! Let's work it out!" I had just moved into kind of an awkward month-long sublet. It's someone else's bedroom with my own personal blankets bought from the Newfoundland Epileptic Society's thrift store, because I didn't own my own before. All my shit is in boxes piled around the existing infrastructure, waiting to live somewhere a little more permanent.

As my deadline came and went, I thought I would get the column done. I had a bunch of days off in a row. Unfortunately, the week was devoted to drinking beer by myself and learning Jawbreaker song after Jawbreaker song, delving into drop-d territory for the first time in my guitar-playing life. As I added pretty much the entire track list of *24 Hour Revenge Therapy* to my repertoire, I couldn't help but think about how each song was more relevant than the last. I was really feeling it. I was really, really feeling it.

Thank fucking god I don't have one of those laptops all the kids have, with the camera and the microphone. I think I would've, while floundering in my first-world problem pit of despair, started a YouTube channel of Jawbreaker covers called glassesglareandembarrassment, or something.

Anyway, sorry guys. I'm a sooky sack of shit this month. Sooky is part of the local vernacular of Newfoundland. It means "possessing the inability to self-soothe." I'm enduring the mid-twenties breakup. You know: the long-termness (Two years! That's long, right?). The moving-from-afar-to-be-with-ness. The living together. The move-out after about eight threats of the move-out. The open-minded and sensitive talks about "the issues." The repeated talks about "the issues," each talk more frustrated than the last. The security and comfort and total laziness of coupledom. Then the no security and no comfort and a different kind of laziness, the romantic heartbroken laziness, a fun, pathetic laziness.

The funny thing about going through the age twenty-six breakup is that the situation is insanely parallel to my first breakup. Funny weird? Funny ha ha? I don't know. Anyway, this was like twelve years ago. I lost my virginity to this kid, Shawn. I first saw him wearing a Mustard Plug t-shirt in the SaveOn Foods. Chilliwack, British Columbia. It was the spring of 1998. I was just finishing middle school. He had bleached blond hair, a plaid blazer, and a pierced nose. I was fucking swooning. I thought, "Who is this kid? Why don't I know him?" My brother became friends with him. I was fourteen and I had just learned what "serendipitous" meant. I started high school and he asked me if I wanted to go out with him. That meant, "Do you want to my girlfriend?" He told me he had liked me since he saw me at high school orientation wearing a Mighty Mighty Bosstones t-shirt. Awesome! Boys totally did not like me in junior high and I couldn't believe a boy I liked like me back!!!

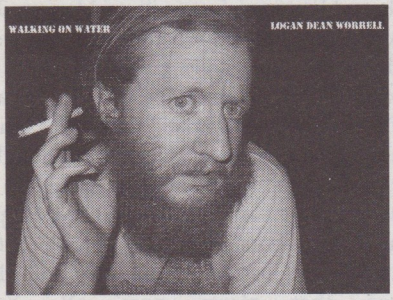
We would hold hands in the hallway and share cigarettes at lunchtime. He bought me a Mr. T Experience CD once, just 'cause. It was hella romantic. Our sexual relationship progressed in a healthy and open manner, whereas my other make-outs, with those weird nu-metal dudes from ICQ, were usually kind of awkward and silent. We first effed right after my fifteenth birthday. It totally ruled. Then he dumped me around our six-month anniversary. I cried! I probably cut myself, because, you know, I was fifteen. I totally thought we would be together forever.

Ten years in the future: His name was Steve. I first saw him at the Sikh Temple in Vancouver, which is where the punks eat for free. It was August 2008. I was 24. He had blond hair and was wearing a Chrimpshrine t-shirt and had a stick 'n' poke cassette tape tattoo. I was fucking swooning. I thought, "Who is this kid? Why don't I know him?" He left with my friend Conner, so I figured he was an out-of-towner staying with him and I was

right. I stopped by Conner's house the next day to drop off a flyer for a show I was doing and invited him to come, which he did. At the show there was a vegan barbeque, and he did all the dishes after. I invited him to start staying at my house instead of Conner's. When we hung out, we sat real close. Awesome! Boys totally did not like me in junior high and I couldn't believe a boy I liked liked me back!!! The second day he stayed there, we did ritalin in the middle of the night and swam in a local park as the sun rose and then listened to Lebenden Toten all morning and fell asleep at 10 a.m. It was hella romantic.

I left Vancouver for Europe after three weeks. He cried, I kinda did. I left Europe after four months and popped by Newfoundland to visit him. After two days, he said "Let's do it. Let's, like, be a couple." That meant, "Do you want to be my girlfriend?" I stayed in Newfoundland. Our sexual relationship progressed in a healthy and open manner, whereas some of my few previous hook-ups had been kind of awkward and sketchy. It ruled! We started some bands together and cooked dinner a lot and listened to records. We lived together in a few different houses and apartments around St. John's. I work with abandoned babies and we talked about having our own sometime, like, later, only not abandoned. Then I moved out around the two-year mark. I cried! I totally thought we were gonna be together forever.

What's the conclusion? Is this good? Bad? Should I grow up? Is this okay? Recurring patterns? Quirky personality? Unresolved issues? Send me copies of all the breakup mix tapes you have ever received or made to my ex-boyfriend's house, he's a nice guy and will probably drop them off at my new house or at least call me to tell me they are there so I can pick them up: Juls Generic c/o The Shark Tank/153 Prowse Ave ext/, St. John's, NL/A1E 1W2



I'm writing this column from the inside of a van, barreling down some bullshit-ass French highway in the middle of bumfuck nowhere, probably about to run into some weirdo kinda *Hostel* or *Saw IV* or what have you bullshit. Honestly there is so much going on around me that I'm a bit overwhelmed. Lord knows that I'm not a farouche man, but at this moment, to write about what was going around me would do one of two things: A) make me look like a total bastard, or B) not do the damn thing justice. So let's just stick with what I know. How about this: I pick some topic that's on my mind for some reason of another and expound on it for about 2,000 or so words, wrap it up with a clever little quip, and make the piece come together real fucking nicely.

Working

Working is the fucking worst, man. They got the right idea over here in Europe. No one does anything. Maybe like a month a year, that's it. And I'm sure that once they do work it's the most half-ass job imaginable. All I've ever seen people in Europe do is eat and get fucked up. Model civilization. Everyone here is on welfare with no aspirations of ever getting off. I for one respect the hell out of that. Euros… the original privileged white kids. There's nothing worse then feeling in the bottom of your pockets and coming up with nothing but two pennies and a ball of lint then, boom, the sinking pit hits in the bottom of your stomach. Time to find a fucking J-O-B, son. Back to Craigslist again. Probably gonna scan the adult gigs section for a while and try to figure out what you're willing to do to make a buck. Don't let anyone tell you it's not worth it, neither. These people have never been poor, plus if you uncle does stumble across a video of you sucking another dude's dick on the internets, he's got to explain why he was Googling "ginger cock suck," now doesn't he? However, for god's sake have enough common sense not to go to a warehouse in the middle of the TL alone at 3 am. Motherfuckers die like that. The invention of the time clock is right up there with the invention of the slave whip in my opinion. Trust me motherfucker, if you said be there at noon, I'll fucking be there. Get off my nads about it, will ya? Clock out for a smoke break? Where are we, Serbia? Honestly, I don't even wanna talk about it anymore. I'm just getting angrier by the second, plus I'm almost out of money again and you know what that means.

Compact Discs

On Christmas Day in 1990 my mom and dad got me a CD player. Or maybe Santa did. That shit lasted till I was like seventeen. Anywho, it was a big deal, a CD player. Now you could skip to the songs you wanna hear and none of the bullshit. Keep in mind this was pre-punk Logan, so cut a brother a little slack. Have you ever heard the entire Sir Mixalot record? No bullshit, "Swap Meet Louie" is a jam for sure, but the rest is garbage. Having to listen to the entire tape over and over again practicing my *House Party 2* dance moves was a weird way to grow up, much to the chagrin of my mildly racist father. With CDs I could listen to exclusively the cuts I wanted to listen to. Rapid fire. This was good and bad. Good because I would listen to the same song over and over again driving Terry fucking insane, yet bad because to date I know every word to "Pop That Coochie." You could also blind you sister momentarily by strategically aiming the shinny back of the little fuckers into the sunlight and redirecting that shit outta the sun. Maybe CDs aren't that bad after all? No, no, no, scratches ruined the whole ambiance, I put my shit through the fucking battle dome man. Toss 'em in car seat cushions, use 'em as coasters, whatever. A bunch of the AOL CDs from the mail got fashioned into an arrow pointing yuppies towards the bathrooms at an old job of mine. I guess that was kinda helpful. I am a big fan of the cassingle. If anyone out there comes across a copy a copy of MC Brains *Oochie Coochie* please let me know what its gonna take to get that shit.

Facebook

No matter how ya slice it, that shit is weak. And don't even try to say that you use it to keep in touch with whomever. If you really wanted to be in touch with 'em you'd have their phone numbers or e-mails. Hey, don't shoot the messenger. I got a Facebook just like you, brother; however, mine is used exclusively for stalking ex-girlfriends along with their new boyfriends, and sometimes potential new girlfriends as well. I've spent a great deal of time finding people from high school who have either A) gotten fat, or B) come out of the closet. This one fuck by the name of Ryan Goseawear (or Ryan Go Somewhere as me and my sister affectionately referred to him) spent the better half of my life calling me a fag and now is in a relationship with a big-looking fella. That's not fair. I demand reparations from that asshole; or at least an apology via my "wall". Mindless crap is my weakness. Much like Dr. Pepper. I'm sorry; I love knowing that Robert and Karoline are at Ikea. I feel safer knowing that Brace is DJing some shitty hipster bullshit dance night (I'm sorry, matinee). Now Twitter, that shit is real as fuck. I couldn't imagine a life without Layla's YouTube links to fucking riot girl videos.

Pets

My sister just adopted an abused Chihuahua from the shelter. She of course gave her a stupid cutesy girl dog name like "Stella." I know, call my sister Paris Hilton. She's not feeling it. Anyway, I feel bad for the dog. She has clearly been abused by a man, seeing as every time she sees me Stella pisses all over herself. It breaks my heart. But I'll tell y'all what doesn't break my heart: trying to go have a smoke on the porch and every time I come inside the little fuck tries to bite me. I would never, ever hit a poor defenseless animal, but shit, man, I might hit this dog. What's

the protocol for something like this? Am I supposed to just take the ass whooping? I don't know. When I was 23 I dated this woman whose dog used to piss on my bed. Fuck them both. There was a cat named Parking Lot who used to sleep with me every night. I loved her. One day I was notified that the house was disbanding (later, that I was just being kicked out), and when I expressed interest in taking Mrs. Lot, I was told that she would never be allowed to live with a *mannn*. I spit in that roommate's food up until the day I moved out. If you're reading this, *fuck you*. Mr. Boots was my dog growing up. Best dog ever. Boston Terrier. Missing all his teeth on the left side of his mouth. Tongue always hung out. He wouldn't let anyone in my room when either my mother or I were ill and slept at my feet every night 'til I was too old (I needed extra alone time when I was around thirteen-ish). He died one day and I'm still pissed off about that shit. People who own ferrets or rats are just plain fucking weird. So are grown-ups who own gerbils. So yeah, fuck pets for the most part.

Well I guess that's about it this month. Some old meat, different gravy. I miss Dr. Pepper. Ryan Maloney's feet stink. All I eat is bread and rice. The Swiss border will just take your word about not having drugs. That blows my mind.

Send bullshit to Ldworrell@gmail.com

MINDLESS CONTENTMENT
WITH CHUCK BARRELS

Hey now! How's tricks? Good here. Playoff baseball is well underway, and let's just end the charade and give the trophy to the Phils right now so I don't have to let Tim McCarver's voice ruin my Halloween season. Congrats to all the Phanatics out there in advance, and a big middle finger to all Yankees boosters. You guys are better than that. I hope Jeter signs with the Red Sox. God, I really wish that would happen… So, now that America's pastime is put to bed for the year, so comes the advent of the #2 most important season of the year, the National Hockey League. The Sabres will stride into the playoffs on the backs of the two Tylers. Look out for the Leafs this year, and the Kings out west as well. And someone please break Ilya Kovalchuk's leg so Lou Lamoriello hangs himself. What ever happened to that guy? Remember when he was the smart GM of the league? Damn.

So, while we're talking about hockey pucks, if you want an equally heavy slab of black plastic with which to wreak destruction, check out the new PURLING HISS LP that goes by the name of *Hissteria*. It's out on Philly's finest label, Richie Records, and this thing smokes some kill, if you know what I'm sayin'. The HISS is the side project of BIRDS OF MAYA axeman Mike Pollize, and it's just as heavy as that outfit, perhaps a bit more fried in the Japanese guitar sense (HIGH RISE if you want to be all modern, BLUES CREATION if you're a dork) with a decent dose of blues-based rammin' 'n' jammin'. Outer space blues, that is. Not so much wanky (although it is somewhat indulgent for sure) as it is just crackling and popping, the type of shit that's gonna liquefy the solder on some of your cheaper hi-fi set-ups. Please check your equipment before purchasing and/or playing. And check your stereo too. A Hippie Johnny favorite at the apartment this month. (testostertunes.blogspot.com)

When I've managed to wrest control of the stereo away from Johnny recently (meaning he either passed out from zong rips, or walked to McDonald's for a Filet-o-Fish), I've been sliding on this nifty little platter from a band called HPP from way out in Olympia. HPP are not girls (or at least not all of them are) and are not on K Records, which totally blows my mind. It seems we have a scene growing out there, folks, with some cool stuff from other units called WHITE BOSS, SON SKULL, GUN OUTFIT, MILK MUSIC, and more, many with records on this here Perennial Death record label. Alert the scene police and hype-mongers, time to ruin the enjoyment of this emerging geographic sound for the rest of us. Eh, I kid. Or do I? HPP are sort of lo-fi, but not in a dusty garage style, but more in a raw-shit way. They're going to remind you a bit of many latter-day SST Records that no one liked when they existed: your SACCARHINE TRUSTs and such, or even the bands people did actually enjoy like DINOSUAR JR. Guitar-punk rock 'n' roll with some definite skate-rock influences as well. This one cut sounds like a shitty ANNIHILATION TIME, and that's a compliment. Hard to pigeonhole. Very interesting. (www.perennialdeath.com)

The really big news on my block this week, however, is the release of the monumental new record from the legendary CLOCKCLEANER. It's called *Auf Wiedershen*, and although I had no idea they were of German descent, it's a pretty sustained yet ultimately powerful little twelve inches of darkness. This is real Skull Music for the real people, bridging the gap between the final days of this outfit and Sharko's current DEPECHE MODE cover band PUERTO RICO FLOWERS. Slow and gooey drums and bass, slicey and stabby guitar reverberation, melodramatic vocals delivered with maximum machismo, quite an enjoyable look into the more uncomfortable parts of the human experience. Relationships are hard work people, you don't need the heroes in CLOCKCLEANER to tell you that. But tell you they will, and in spectacular fashion. Not quite as good as a HOMOSTUPIDS record, despite what the sleeve says, but it might be the next best thing. Lap this swan song up. (www.loadrecords.com)

I usually save In the Red releases for their own section down below, but I just have to say something about the new TYVEK LP. It's that good. *Nothing Fits* is, without a doubt, one of the top five records you will hear all year. This is the LP we all wanted Kevin & Co. to make a year ago. Alive with nervous energy and DIY anxiety, it also finds these Michiganders sounding more punk than they ever have. The guitars are good and *loud*… perhaps they're finally claiming their Detroit rawk heritage. It has some surreal moments of weirdness, a lot of straight-up ground and pound, and I swear, these guitars are chunky as fuck and make me think my initial comparison of them to SWELL MAPS was more accurate than I originally thought. A magnificent record from a band that has finally regained their stroke. And they actually wrote some new songs this time! (www.inthered records.com)

From the dankest recesses of Wisconsin comes the debut self-titled long player from DRUGS DRAGONS which is certainly, uh… druggy. Simple rock 'n' bash formula flirting with strange punk moves, surprisingly rhythmic at times, more like a sweet-tasting dose of LSD than it is a harsh toke of the weed pipe. Reminds me of HUMAN EYE if those guys weren't as good at their instruments… or SAGGER playing "pop" tunes. Really, it's not as abrasive as everyone's going to think based on past Wisconsin caveman exploits. These guys might be the ones to fill the hole the MISTREATERS left in my heart. Vocals are pretty sick, and I mean sick as in ill, and I mean ill as in actually under the weather with some sort of influenza. Rock solid guitar play from the Tonys, one of garagedom's most underrated riff monsters. I recommend this LP for crucial wake 'n' bake sessions, as it's weird enough to get stoned to and also energetic enough to not make you just want to go back to bed. Helpful hint: pack the bowl before you go to sleep, that way you can just open your eyes and blaze when that alarm goes off. Yeah. (www.dustymedicalrecords.com)

Finally, let's talk about HIS ELECTRO BLUE VOICE from Italy and their new 12", which has two absolutely mind- and soul-crushing side-length jambrowskis on it. "Wolf" sounds like HAWKWIND covering the WIPERS with Dave Brock playing a freakin' flute and Greg Sage piloting a subma-

rine that lands on the surface of Mars. It's pretty crazy. "Worm" is a punk song written by Edgar Rice Burroughs as performed by CAN who are prisoners on a spaceship that is dangerously close to the Negative Zone. A real balls-out science fiction novella that gets my vote for this year's Hugo Award. And I'd just like to note that even though these guys are Italian, they are actually great, and HEBV are not a synth-punk outfit, no matter what you might think. There's drums, guitar, a human vocalist, bass, effects pedals, reverb, and some synths indeed, but they're not the focus at all. It's plain old punk without any prefixes. Stellar. (www.holidaysrecords.it)

IN THE RED RECORDS DEPT.: Señor Larry is dropping fists this update, with the above mentioned TYVEK LP pretty much rendering most mortal records a moot point at best. He's also got new whacks from DEMON'S CLAWS (*The Defrosting of...* LP which is okay and all... but not of the caliber a band like the CLAWS should be making at this stage), CHEAP TIME (young Jeff Novak going farther out on that limb...), FRESH & ONLYS (who are the new SMASHING PUMPKINS, or so says one of my Bay Area sources), what could be the last (and one of the best) LP from the INTELLIGENCE and this PARTING GIFTS LP which Long Gone John is gonna love.
(www.intheredrecords.com)

COOL SINGLE DEPT.: This debut single from the WICCANS is pretty good and all that shit. If it weren't for the vocals, you could throw this in the direction of the "played out burly garage" bin, but man, talk about the singer making a band go over. I guarantee this guy pops a blood vessel in his eye or at least shits his pants every time they play. Savagely ridiculous growling and hollering. It's quite fantastic. I like the wheedly little guitar solo part too. Proof that Denton, Texas is good for something more than just Marked Men ripoffs and TV's Daniel. Limited to 300 copies as well, zoinks!
(www.passjudgementrecords.com)

COOL TAPE DEPT.: Let's just face it, cassettes are fucking lame. That being said, they are not lame when the music on them is by *America's greatest rock band* the HOMOSTUPIDS and the tape is called *Great Music Collection*. Praise the lord. (www.fandeathrecords.com)

COOL REISSUE DEPT.: Load Records will get the nod here for the two new-to-vinyl BRAINBOMBS slabs they served up to the public recently. *Urge to Kill* and the first singles compilation on black-death-colored wax. It's sad that people get down on the BRAINBOMBS sometimes because of the dozens of bands that try to ape them unsuccessfully and totally miss the fucking point. The BRAINBOMBS are not a "noise" band, or some pretentious art-rock bullshit. It's not stuff to be thought about too much. There's no science to it, no message, no point. It's just riffs. And jazz. The closest we ever came to the STOOGES in the modern age. You either get it or you don't. (www.loadrecords.com)

That's all she wrote for this episode, tune in next time for more record talk, post-World Series depression and a blow-by-blow account of my lunch date with Gloria Steinem. The personal is still political, sisters!

Hey all. Due to the fact that I have been recovering from a near-fatal face melting caused by the KRIEGSHOG LP, this column is going to be a little light on the new stuff. But next month is going to be a whopper! There is one exquisite standout release this month though, so let's get to it...

HELLKONTROLL have unleashed a massive "fuck you' to eardrums the world over with their new 10" EP *Wanker War*. While I quite enjoyed the earlier *Soul Robbers...* EP, this one is a massive improvement. Before I even talk about the music I have to say that this is a well-presented record. Silk-screened with silver ink on black stock and mercifully free of the usual skulls 'n' ordinance artwork (hey, even I need a change of pace now and then), it's a unique package for a record that stands out from the other bands in the genre. Come to think of it, HELLKONTROLL stand out from the pack in a number of ways. For one thing, they're a guitar/drums duo in a genre where standard instrumentation is pretty much the norm. For another, they have mastered the use of feedback as an instrument. I don't know if it's the recording process or if they captured this sound live as well, but the way that the feedback is totally integrated into the sound is pretty amazing. It's not just a layer of noise, it's an integral part of the sound, and I think CHAOS DESTROY are the only other US band that have really mastered this particular art form. The drumming is on another level too, cleaving loosely to the d-beat but constantly busy with crazy rolls and fills. It seems like (after a belated start) there are quite a few bands outside of Japan who are chasing the GLOOM sound, and HELLKONTROLL have just about come the closest to capturing that particularly noisy lightning in a bottle. Fantastic top-shelf stuff here, and it's sadly limited to only 300 copies (at least for now). Run, don't walk to pick one up. And keep an eye out for the upcoming MAUSER EP on the same label! (Vinyl Rites, www.vinylrites.net)

Fortunately for me, my review of the NOISECAT one-sided EP was excised from my last column, so at least I have one more record to bleat about before ceding much-needed column space to better columnists. This bad boy is a two-song ripper featuring a DISARM cover ("Deras Krig") and one original. The cover is beaten mercilessly into NOISECAT shape, and the combination of crisp Swedish d-beat and Japanese distort noise is explosive. I love a cover version that retains the essential character of the original while also reflecting a band's individual style and this one works beautifully (right up there with the covers on DISCLOSE's *Great Swedish Feast*). The original ("Detoxification of the Earth") is as good if not better than the EP material. Speedy noise chaos with a sickeningly low bass tone and pounding drums. These cats are on a roll (zing!), and I can't wait to hear the upcoming EP!
(Detonate Records, www.myspace.com/distortdk, detonaterec@gmail.com)

All right, so pickings were a little slim this month, but next month we're back on track with some (hopefully) great new releases from CONTROL, NERVESKADE, STATE POISON, and more! Love and hate to me c/o *MRR* or agunderwood @gmail.com. Until next time...

I was planning to write about Finnish hardcore this month (a favorite topic of mine) but recent events here in Minneapolis have changed my topic for me. On September 24th, the FBI raided the homes of several anti-war activists in Minneapolis and Chicago. These people had their computers and papers confiscated, and to date thirteen have been subpoenaed to testify in front of a grand jury in Chicago. The activists, who are mostly anti-war/anti-imperialist types active in the Middle East and Latin America, are being investigated under federal anti-terrorism laws. The FBI has not charged anyone yet, but claims the raids are justified because the activists are violating the law that prohibits "material support" to terrorism. The terrorist

groups in this case are the FARC in Columbia and Hamas and Hezbollah in the Middle East. As I have discussed in this column before, the FBI infiltrated the local anti-war movement before the 2008 Republican National Convention and arrested a number of activists on the eve of the protests surrounding that event. Several of these activists are still awaiting trial.

Furthermore, a local animal rights activist was recently called before a grand jury in Iowa and refused to testify. She was held in jail for several months while the FBI tried to intimidate her into testifying about animal rights activities. After months in jail and refusing to talk, she was finally released with no charges. Another activist recently plea-bargained to some property damage resulting from an animal rights action in 2006. He was first indicted for more serious charges after the FBI rounded him up in the raids on local activists during the RNC protests. The FBI admitted they were on a "fishing expedition," confiscating computers, notebooks, and other materials searching for any evidence of any kind of illegal activity. They managed to charge some activists and investigate others under the "Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act." This is a rather scary law that allows all kinds of animal rights activists to be investigated as terrorism suspects.

With the latest raids and subpoenas it appears the FBI is on another "fishing expedition;" by failing to press charges or indict anyone (you are supposed to be able to indict a ham sandwich) they are using intimidation and repression. Calling activists before a grand jury means they appear without a lawyer and without charges being laid against them. Refusing to testify can result in contempt charges, and in some local activists' recent cases, long terms of imprisonment without charge.

The FBI has also been very active locally investigating the cases of a number of Somali immigrants who returned to Somalia to fight in that country's civil war. The group they allegedly enlisted in is also classified as a terrorist organization. To some it seems rather arbitrary which groups participating in armed conflicts around the world get picked as "terrorist organizations" and which don't. That is to say, while many atrocities and terrorist acts are carried out by many groups for various causes, only those which oppose US government and business interests get labeled as "terrorist organizations." Don't get me wrong; some of these groups are perfectly loathsome. However, once a group is labeled as a terrorist organization, it makes anyone who opposes the same US government policies into a possible suspect with "links" to said organization.

Clearly we have some overzealous law enforcement types in the upper Midwest. Perhaps there is some overcompensation as one of the 9-11 hijackers was training in Minnesota and the FBI blew off warnings about his case. But beyond the zeal to enforce terrorism laws is a troubling subtext. First, that anyone who opposes US foreign policy abroad is somehow a terrorist, related to terrorists, or providing material support to terrorists. The notion of "terrorist peace activists" has a rather Orwellian ring to it. By marginalizing peace activists in the media as potential terrorists it helps to trivialize and reduce their potential to communicate a message contrary to the propaganda line of the status quo. It also has a massive chilling effect on other activists or potential supporters. The level of intimidation makes a lot of people who would potentially voice dissent or get involved remain silent. Even those who are innocent of any kind of wrongdoing would prefer to avoid a lengthy legal battle and investigation. And lastly, such raids, roundups, and investigations divert activists' energy away from their activist work and into costly and debilitating legal battles.

There's a lot more info about these cases on and linked to the Twin Cities Indymedia website.

My mother always asks for orchids even though she's killed every one she's been given. She likes the white ones best, the ones that come in long lines on a stem that remind me of cheap paper wedding bells. I think she likes asking for them more than she likes having them. She likes being someone who asks for orchids. If they die, she can ask for more, so there is no incentive for them to be kept alive.

I've been having nightmares about starched white nurses' uniforms. In my dreams I'm trying to keep my dirty latex gloves away from the crisp white fabric. I walk around in gloves with my hands held up palms back, like an opera singer. It always ends in blood, and a sort of relief that my clothes are soiled and I don't have to try to keep them clean anymore.

The great green leaves of our kabocha vine are yellowing and shriveling up in the sun. I turn one over and find the aphids packed close like scales. The great green squashes are still growing, for now, in their hidden shady coves, while their leaves curl under the weight of thousands of aphids. I crush one between my fingers, and it smears clear.

In kindergarten I called another little girl a cunt. We were all sitting at a long, low, cream-colored table, drawing. I colored the sky softly all the way down to the round green hills, a pretty pale cornflower sky. I looked at my little crayon drawing and felt a deep satisfaction, until Emma said I was stupid. "The sky doesn't touch the ground. The sky is on top," was her argument. Her sky was dark like the sea and scribbled across the top inch of her paper. Two more girls chimed in on her side. "The sky is up." One boy I hated for the next ten years called out, "Du-uh." I told Emma her picture didn't look like anything, and I called her a cunt. The only person to react was the teacher who yanked me out of my chair and carried me down the hall, my little drawing falling out of my hands and onto the floor.

* * *

My life often seems to me a collection of clippings: nightmares, visions, dreams, memories, and theories all sharing time. All stacked up like my father's towers of yellowing newspaper. It's not the David Copperfield-esque epic I imagined it would begin to resemble by now.

My father, Bob, has taken to telling the same stories over and over in his old age. Sometimes one story will dominate the day, an anecdote told twelve times to a distracted halfheartedly hmmm-ing audience of one (me). Stories of early life in Los Angeles in the late nineteen twenties and thirties, when "there was miles of orchards, and hardly any streetlights." Personal moments that flesh out the characters he remembers, those long dead. He remembers women he didn't marry, children he didn't have, investments gone sour, and all the ways he "fell outta step." He remembers the war, being part of the big machine of history.

All this is common enough, a part of what we understand as the nature of growing old. But hearing them repeated I get the benefit of understanding his stories better that Bob does. I see what he can't see in the telling. I see them change.

Every story, every anecdote changes with every telling. People's characters and intensions shift; their words remain the same, but how they said them, or the emotions involved, turn. New details emerge as others are left out. The tone and interpretation is subject to Bob's mood, the day's news, the time of day, and stories turn particularly dismal when he's gone too long without coffee.

As I hear him plotting and re-plotting his life out loud, I know that our personal histories are subject to as much editing and narrative fluff as any other story. We add meaning

and drama to our lives this way. We shuffle and bind the stacks of disconnected slips of thought and memory until they are a cohesive whole; we tell our stories, we make ourselves. This revelation makes me a little uneasy. If we are not really the sum of our lives, if our stories are so shifting, so unfixed, what does make us who we are? Is it less about the story than the telling?

Sometimes I'll try to pick up one of my own narrative threads to see where it goes, but they just seem to circle round and round. I'm best at telling jokes, unless I borrow a little from well-worn themes. Then it's sometimes a typical plotline of a tragedy, a romantic comedy, or a farce. (If you really want to fuck up your sense of reality, try plotting your life out as a Jodorowsky film.)

I laugh when I hear Billy Idol is promising a juicy tell-all book "full of the sex, drugs, and excess you'd expect." His wild early days of punk, and the cocaine-encrusted Hollywood of the eighties. I'm pretty sure it's safe to assume the tour rider requesting tea, sugar, lemon, and fresh fruits is conveniently left out as unexpected.

I also begin to wonder what to make of *Gimme Something Better* (that oral history of Bay Area punk that came out last year) in the light of these thoughts. What exactly is going on when a community tells itself a story? In this particular book my friends recite their shared history that is somehow mine, too. I suppose this is how all histories are made. But, like other histories, will it shape our collective ideas of our past? Will it shape the future (even by just a little bit)? I'd say maybe; it depends how many people read it, and how many people add stories from the book into their understanding of how punk in the Bay Area came to be, how it bloomed.

Stories have conventions, particularly if they are meant to be compelling, and I'm not sure I want mine to be processed into one. I'm not sure I want the story of punk, in all its scenes and eras, to be one either. I'm not sure what would be lost in the adaptation.

Because these stories affect who we think we are, and what we think we'll do, what we think we are capable of. I suppose if we are going to tell ourselves stories, we ought to make them good.

* * *

Now you know that if I ever write a memoir I'm a big ol' sellout, or alien pod creatures have taken me over. But I must say it is something that can be done well. The best memoir-like thing I've ever read is *Just Kids* by Patti Smith. Poets always make the best prose, and this book just shines. It's the story of two artists, a city, an era, love, friendship, and loss. Gloriously free of the usual life trappings. So yeah, it can be done, just not by me.

Tell me a story, tell me your story: arielawesome@gmail.com

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

I can't stand it, it happens all the time: some neophyte leather lad stumbles up to me at a gig, eyeballs my tucked-in shirt and clean pants and leather shoes, and for a full minute I'm forced to watch his tongue nervously lick his quivering lips, his acned face become even uglier as it twists and contorts in a physical reaction to his shit mind's search for some explanation as to why I'm not dressed stud-for-stud like an extra from *Cruising* or a roadie from the Circle Jerks' '83 US tour. I can't help but feel sorry for the kid's ignorance. I can't get mad, I can't really blame them; after all, I was once *one of them* (so they think, or pretend to remember) and now I'm *something different*. I get "hipster" spit at me a lot, which you and I know isn't the case, far from it, but these simple folks don't know it. The problem is plain: I don't subscribe to the same 25-year-old aesthetic that they do, and that's troubling.

Here's a gut-wrencher for you: I was once, no joke, actually excited to see Dr. Know perform at the Gilman in 2006 (they showed up in a Prius, I left soon after). But that was a point the middle of my progression—it started back when I was fat and eleven, into Black Sabbath and AC/DC, somehow found out about the Misfits, checked out the Velvets because I thought "Heroin" was a great song title but couldn't grasp it (though I loved "Waiting for the Man"), moved onto punk like everyone else, moved onto hardcore like everyone else, loved it, was dedicated to it, thought it would never die and in fact someday there'd be a resurgence and we'd all be shaving our heads in some sort of hardcore Valhalla, but at age sixteen when I figured out how good the Rolling Stones are (were), it was all over. I realized that hardcore, while being great and fine music, isn't the end of the line, and idealism aside, shouldn't be (though I truly do believe it was the end of punk. Sure, I dig a coupla Embrace songs along with everyone else but nothing new that's happened to punk post-Black Flag has been even close to good [with the exception of certain wigger bands, but that's hardcore too]). And Christ, I'm glad.

People change, no shit. Granted, there's exceptions to every rule (not true), and a lot of those exceptions are found in punk. Too many people I know have or will plateau/ed (maturity-wise, among other things) at 23 (if they're lucky), which in previous generations would be old enough, but it's 2010 and people my age (and far, far past) spend half their time on Facebook or smoking weed and the other half watching *South Park* or in boutique coffee shops. As you grown older and your emotions (hopefully) grow more complex as you have (hopefully) more and more experiences, with girls and school and fights and drugs and the dawning of the *big realization* (you know, that day in high school when you realize that you and everyone else are forced to live boring, hateful, meaningless lives that will one day end as they began, in suffering, tears and shit), you can't just look to "Kids of the Black Hole" for all the answers. If I was a God-fearing man I'd thank Christ every *day* that I discovered there was life beyond Minor Threat early on. Meanwhile, many aren't so lucky. They either just get fed up with hardcore and quit altogether, or they develop queer taste in music that doesn't jibe with what they used to listen to at all, and end up the worse for it.

I know a guy, right, straight edge, vegan, all that, who absolutely completely hated anything that wasn't fast, basic hardcore (oh, and he liked Man is the Bastard). I remember this one time we were heading up the PCH en route from Phoenix, Arizona here to SF, doing a steady 50 MPH on account of a busted engine, and it's sunrise 6 a.m. and the coast and China's to the west, mud-hills to the east, and I put on "Slip Inside This House" by the Elevators and, man, he couldn't even *get down at all*, which is crazy if you think about it for even a fucking second. That insanity brings me to my real point: hardcore is great, and I love it, but it's so limited in what it can convey. The obvious emotion is anger, and the feelings immediately connected with it: jealousy, helplessness, hopelessness, fear, etc. But take a song like "New Age" by the Velvets, close the door of your room, turn on maybe a lamp or nothing at all, then just sit around and listen to it, and you get a whole range, peaks and valleys, there's nervous confusion and raw lust and not a little bit of sadness. Maybe that's why so many people solely into hardcore are so emotionally stunted—they only get hate, hate, hate, and really they have so little to actually focus their vexations upon, because, sure, you can hate History Class or that you still believe in God (as certain hardcore types around the Bay Area do) or that your dear fat ma burnt the bacon, but there's so little to their lives that they can they can truly hate, many of them just end up hating themselves, if they don't already. Just talk to one, you can tell. But if these types would just open up a little bit, discover, say, even the Who with their sneering teen bravado or Dylan with his longing and they'd be a lot better off, maybe even be

able to breath once in a while.

Take a band everyone with half an ear for punk can agree on, the Adolescents. I like them and so do you, but why do we like the Adolescents? Simple: they have well-written songs, catchy hooks, and a pop sensibility absent from many of their peers. This is why they were popular during their original run and remain popular today. But the same kid who would gladly sacrifice his everloving ma and pop on the Adolescents altar any day of the week would spit at a Cheap Trick record, likely without ever listening to it. I find this repugnant example of ignorance completely repulsive. I love Cheap Trick for the same exact reasons I love the Adolescents—both have memorable hooks, well-crafted songs, and, above all, a pop sensibility. Adolescents, however, existed in a context that appeals to many "disenfranchised" (read: found out about punk on the internet, getting a little too old to keep playing *Magic: The Gathering*) kids, and Cheap Trick, to them, is something that their parents probably listen to. So while the two groups are in essence fairly similar (and not just on paper), the Adolescents are the one that appeals because of the way they look and the culture they come from. You might be nodding your head at this, but think deeper: How the hell can you relate to the Adolescents? Suburban teenagers who shot up junk, stole cars, existed in hellhole LA when being a punk was like being gay, fucking a lot of girls and playing wild shows for the jackbooted masses. While you, if you're like almost every single "hardcore" "punk" I've met, probably don't even drink, live with your parents and respect their rules, spend half the day on your laptop, maybe work at a coffee shop but probably don't work at all, go to shows and nod your head and pre-order some shit record on your "Blackberry". Or maybe you play fucking video games. There's of course exceptions, but I've been around this country enough to know that most people into hardcore are dumb fucking nerds, which is the most obnoxious sort of nerd. So what, you're attracted to an aesthetic that really you have nothing in common with and can't relate to much at all except for a fervent wish that you could've lived in that time and place too? Gimme a break. Not listening to bands that are genuinely good because you live in a fantasy world of spikes and Sick Pleasure is embarrassing, so knock it off.

Take a look at the early punk bands, the Sex Pistols, the Damned, Ramones, all that. No shit, none of them were "influenced" by punk, because it previously didn't exist ('cept, we all know, in 1965 thru 1967), which is why their songs are so unique and special. Sure, half the riffs were stolen from the New York Dolls songbook, a lot of pages were taken from the Stooges' Great American Novel, but it wasn't the same, it was new, it was an *update* on a sound that, sure, had once existed in the likes of the Music Machine or the Creation but had turned into Led Zepplin and Abba. Their sound is so unique because they weren't just ripping off punk bands, they were doing what any true-blue criminal would do, which is to rip off everything. Of course when punk got popular the bands springing up in Buttfuck, Egypt were now taking their cues from the Sex Pistols and their contemporaries, deeming everything without a safety pin unfit to gob on, though I'm sure half of them were still listening to their Yes records on headphones after everyone went to sleep. Same goes for hardcore—there's a reason Black Flag and the like, the first generation of hardcore bands, sound so vital and raw and real, as opposed to, say, Sons of Ishmael or some other horrible combo that drank the dribble from hardcore bands broken up before they even got into it. Maybe that's why hardcore groups sound so similar now. All the bands influenced by hardcore, it's a stagnant genre, doomed to live in the shadow of the true greats whilst playing fifth-rate versions of their overused chords into oblivion and unto eternity. And don't give me that shit about some of the aforementioned bands "not being punk"—I know that. But listen, all that anti-Beatles crap I hear regurgitated by thirteen-year-olds was maybe poignant in '77, though just barely, but nobody on the street really gives a fuck about the Beatles nowadays. I *like* the Beatles and I'm not particularly concerned with them—why are you? If you don't enjoy something because someone like Johnny Rotten mentioned they're "boring old sods" in an interview given slightly before he reached age twenty-two and became the most boring old sod of them all, then what the hell are you?

Rock and Roll is what I love, as hackneyed and tired as that sounds, and I love Betty Davis for the same reasons I love the Adverts and I love the Fuck-Ups. Take a look at yourself, and for the reasons you listen to what you do. Being afraid to listen to something so necessary as the Stooges is dangerous, and if you claim to be a punk in any respect and you ain't familiar with side two of *Funhouse*, or Christ, don't even *own* a copy, well, geez, you ain't even a punk at that point; subhuman, really, and wow, hey, either pick it up, get with it, or go fuck yourself.

Starting off on a bit of a downer note…

Last weekend I was extremely sad to hear that Mark Sheehan, a Massachusetts punk lifer, passed away at 41. Most people probably know Mark best as the long-time singer and primary songwriter for the band OUT COLD. Prior to that he was the bassist in the band, and musically he wore many other hats over the years. Despite never having interacted on a personal basis with Mark, it was quite clear he had Punk and Rock 'n' Roll in his soul. There were quasi-famous folks like G.G. Allin, Dez Cadena, and Daniel Rey that he called friends, but he was never known for riding their coattails or looking down on newcomers. He was a great vocalist, and could always find a way to keep three-chord hardcore/punk fresh, which led to OUT COLD releasing well over 100 songs in their time and Mark still contributing to a number of other projects—BAD CHOPPER, ALIEN BLOOD TRANSFUSION, etc. My thoughts are with anyone who was close to him, and as a fan of his music, I can say I'm quite saddened by the loss.

***

Last weekend STRAIGHTJACKET NATION stopped over on US soil for a few days to play a couple gigs, record a couple songs in Le Pain Cave, and I guess just hang out a little bit. We had a pretty good time; I stayed up late with DX playing a bunch of shit off my iPod. I know that's lame as fuck to write, but I hadn't hooked up my record player at my new residence yet. As pertains to this column, these two things stick out:

BLACK SABBATH – *Live At Asbury Park*. The infamous bootleg with the biggest-sounding guitar and drums this side of *Back In Black*. We sat listening and Biff pointed out all the parts where Ozzy's vocals got the most ignorant. "Hear that? He's not giving a fuck in this part." This mostly coincided with the parts where he was screaming instead of singing. Still can't quite be sure how a Mafia-produced soundboard bootleg can have a kick drum that sounds like this one, but if you ever hear anything I've recorded where the kick is obnoxiously big sounding, this is what I was trying to copy.

DEATH SS – demos. Quite far ahead of their time. If the MISFITS are the musical equivalent of George Romero or maybe Ed Wood, then I guess DEATH SS are the Argento or Fulci of horror-inspired music: more ambitious and complex, but even lower budget. These guys' determination to get recordings of songs this out there and raw (for the time) is something that really impresses me, and their KISS/ALICE COOPER-style theatrics, aside from being cool, are all the more impressive because they were working with a serious vision so early on.

Paul Chain's guitar playing and sound are both so rough and grimy, but at the same time meticulous. I think what I like to take away from this stuff, aside from killer tunes, is that no idea is too ambitious or extravagant if you believe in it. True, you may totally fail, but I think it's a bad habit to worry much about potential failures.

***

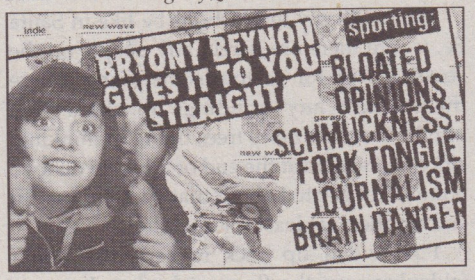
Our little STRAIGHTJACKET NATION session itself went quite nicely. I've been getting more liberal lately with allowing singers to hold their microphone while laying down tracks, and while I'm feeling like this may come to bite me in the ass sometime sooner rather than later, I think in some cases (like this one) it can be a huge help in capturing a better (more natural) performance. The key thing to stress is that the singer's gotta keep that mic at the same distance from their mouth at all times. They're probably going to be rubbing their greasy lips all over it, so I really wouldn't suggest using a mic you particularly care about. The thing's going to smell like stale cola, beer, or red wine, depending on whether you're recording YOUTHZONE, JOHNNY DICK AND THE SURF DUDES, or TYPE O NEGATIVE (R.I.P.).

***

A note about mixing and mastering that I don't think I've brought up previously: it can get really easy to lose track of what is familiar to you sound-wise. Sitting in an unfamiliar room and either mixing or mastering on a set of monitors you've likely had no prior experience with can be utterly disorienting. You're not used to the sound of the speakers themselves, the room you're in, or the hardware the sound is coming through. Even working or listening on a pair of headphones is, in all likelihood, going to take a little bit of time to get used to unless it's a pair you've used frequently in the past. The advice I'd give, which I saw there was actually a nice little free response section on in *Tape Op* this month, is to bring along a copies of a few records you're very familiar with, records that you've listened to in a lot of different places, and that you know the little details about quite well. Give yourself maybe five or ten minutes of listening time on the monitors you're working with so that you can take in how something you know really sounds in that set-up. I'd suggest coming back to it every couple hours, and then comparing it to what you're working on, then evaluating if everything you've done still sounds balanced and reflects what you want sound-wise.

A lot of people suggest something with a lot of variety in the songs, but I think if there's a record you know well enough that isn't quite *Dark Side Of The Moon*, it doesn't really matter that much. The key is knowing what something you're well acquainted with sounds like in a new place that is unfamiliar. While it certainly can be helpful to hear how a full orchestra sounds on the studio monitors that you're probably spending a large part of your day in front of, if you don't know how it sounds anywhere else, I don't see that it's going to do much for you. You want to be able to judge the difference of where you are versus other places where you've listened to the same music, and sort of handicap your work based on that knowledge.

In case you're wondering, I'd bring *Mob Rules* and *The Age ofQuarrel*. Good luck.



"You sure you don't want to come with us? We'll have tons of fun!" "Mrhhhrrrghnoo"

Despondent and face-down on our hand-me-down dead cow sofa, I'm trying to concentrate on shutting down week two of the epic festival of pain that this lumpen husk of a body is currently playing host to. The glumness only increases hearing the boys tramp out the door for an afternoon pint while I'm stuck here unable, or at least unwilling, to move. It's no big deal, just a flare-up of lifelong crummy health that's not even worth going into here, because after all I do have my limbs and my eyesight, and my mind remains largely unfettered by black dogs, and for all those things I'm really thankful, plus there's the free health care we have here that I don't need to rub in anyone's face further. For this and other reasons I've never been able to relate to my body that well. This ain't no god-given vehicle, just an unlucky shell with no breakdown coverage. I got a bit of a budget model when it comes to physiology. The skin is a filo pastry sort of arrangement, sinuses are full of air-blocking polyps, lungs freak out at the first sign of dust or cats or comedy (laughter is an asthmatic's nemesis, and holy wow do I love to laugh).

As there are some parts of this body that do work, I recently did the sensible thing and acquired a contraceptive IUD (stay safe kids) which came with unexpected complications that left me bent double in womb-stabby pain, and the medicine prescribed to treat that disagreed with me to the point where I couldn't ingest the tablets… or pretty much any food or water. I vomited off the side of my bike coming off London Bridge the other day, though, which was way punk and cool. The following day a bout of chest pain finally landed me in the Accident and Emergency. Six hours later I have three more courses of medicines, and they spotted a heart murmur to boot. Since then, while I've been holed up popping pills I've been thinking about bodies. They do not make sense to me. The human body's capacity to heal itself, for example, is fucking witchcraft of the highest order as far as I'm concerned. And yet as much as I protest it, I'm a body, you're a body.

A few weeks ago I completed a tour of this small island with four bodies, making up our two bands, in one small German-made car, crammed in with one guitar amp, a bass head, and some drum breakables. Whilst certainly not my first tour experience, either generally or with these miscreants, it was still the longest one I've undertaken whilst actually performing in one of the bands every evening, and fuck, we even went to Scotland. A fact before I continue: GLASGOW IS AWESOME. Squishing limbs into a car that size with all that stuff and those people made me very aware of our bodies. Mine is a woman's body, its midsection is fleshy and wide and went completely numb half way up the M1 to Leeds, as I had to take the middle seat. Ralph sat next to me. His is a man's body with legs so long it defies logic that they should have only one set of knees between them.

As I said, I have a very weak sense of smell. In fact, it's almost nonexistent now due to a sinus operation that has rendered me oblivious to all but the most noxious of fumes. This has a few consequences—mostly around liking really vinegary or sweet foods and needing to be extra vigilant with antiperspirant. As such, I was brilliantly adapted to clocking up just over a thousand miles sat between four incessantly trumpeting ass-bastards. As anyone with a vague experience of "das road" could no doubt tell you with far deeper conviction than I, tolerance of some of the heinous functions of other bodies is a must in any close-quarters situation. The unfortunate flipside to my nasal deficiencies is of course that I'm also robbed of that joyful life-affirmation that comes with smelling one's increasingly pungent self. (By the way, if you're late to that endless party known as real fucking life, I'm happy to inform you right now that girls do indeed fart). The weight of the car coupled with high winds (both inside and out) meant that opening windows wasn't advisable for most of our northerly ascent, and let me tell you that the boundaries of taste and decency were frequently tested. The climax of this filth festival came after the Birmingham gig, our second show with Urban Blight (who happily missed said farty party) and I have to turn myself in here; while I don't sweat much, I'm averse to

socks in a way that has serious consequences on warm days. I am woman, smell my feet.

Undeniably, though, the worst excesses of my odorous toes are still less gross than the time we had to make an emergency stop at a service station, so desperate was Tim to have a wank, and the time Josh showed everyone the game where you roll down the windows of the car and extend an arm out, because once you're over 80mph the fast moving air "feels exactly like tits." I have no words. I wanna be in the majority gender in my next band… and not so we can find a factor of the weather that somehow feels like an erect penis.

In closing, still smiling because I have:

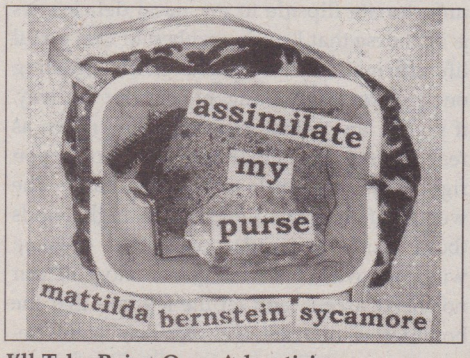
Solidified a friendship with a rad lady who totally understands both social paranoia and the necessity of eating huge portions and listening to No Trend at least once a day and can teach you good things about punksploitation films (*Hard Rock Zombies*!) and obsess over Lydia Lunch tote bags = YES PLEASE! CFP 4 Evs.

Moved into a huge house with my best friend from skool, her boyfriend, my own love, plus two other buds. We have more space than we know what to do with and a garage for jamming in. It's also the new Dire Records HQ, me and Tim now have a whole room for the label. Incidentally, if you want a Love Triangle (aforementioned air-boob touchers playing primordial sleazy punk) 7" go to www.direrecords.com/shop—mainly cuz the Sceptres swansong 12" needs funding!

Booked a boat on the Thames River for the Christmas edition of the monthly gig I've been doing for the last year or so.

I've been getting a lot of requests for *Modern Hate Vibe* back issues—I'm really sorry if I've not replied to you yet! Please see above for my excuses and expect uploads of the first four issues onto Tony's world dominating blog, punksishippies. blogspot.com.

One (punk) glove, BB x



I'll Take Beige Over Advertising

Yay—I finally found someone who stands just before the corner on a hot day, to avoid the direct sunlight—before, she was staring at me like I was a nutcase for taking pictures of some gorgeous yet subtle graffiti, but now we're friends. I still haven't figured out what exactly makes one of my walks a success, I mean what separates the ones that give me energy from the ones that drain me. Like last night I went out in the cool air and it wrecked me. Usually it helps when I have some kind of interesting interaction, with buildings or people or graffiti or that cat or someone's dog or the light, but I can never figure out when I have enough energy. Sometimes I can feel it slipping, and that means time to turn around, but other times I start out awful and then it gets better.

What will my interactions be like in Santa Fe, where there are barely any people on the street except for in tourist hell, and where there aren't any buildings to shade me. Maybe there are more trees than I'm thinking, since I was there at the end of winter. I do love winter, I'm excited about that part. I think I'll end up there, at least for a while.

First I end up back in bed—I'm doing feldenkrais on the floor, and when I get up I'm too far in the direction of needing sleep. When I get in bed, I think of unplugging the phone and turning on the white noise generators, but for some reason I don't, so then every time I start to fall asleep there's some loud crashing noise outside— maybe demolition or a tire blowout or a gunshot, I wouldn't think a gunshot except that I'm in bed, probably not a gunshot maybe a firecracker—but I'm too close to sleep to get up, and it goes back and forth like this for a while until I get up, at least when I take off the eye mask there's all this light, I can look at the art on my walls from here, with my contacts on. Not sure that was a good idea either, but at least I can see the art better.

I hope I have a lot of spaces in my next apartment to hang up all the new art I got from my grandmother, mostly her art, it reminds me of what I liked about her but also that place as a kid where I could dream, her studio, one of the only places really, I mean where dreams weren't just nightmares about the Holocaust. Now all that art is sitting in boxes—I don't want to unpack it, because then it will be too hard to pack. But what if I arrive, and I don't know whether I'm staying? Or for how long? Will everything stay in boxes? I hate when that happens. I want to stay somewhere for a while. I don't want to move again, not too soon. But I don't know if Santa Fe is the place where I want to stay. Because of the nuclear contamination from Los Alamos—I had no idea before that it was right fucking there, something like 18,000 tons of nuclear waste buried under the ground just 6 miles from the water source. And the whole thing was secret for so long, so I'm sure they didn't even use the fake precautions that they probably pretend to use now. And because I just don't know if I want to stay there anyway, but at least it's somewhere to go. I guess I won't really know what I think till I get there, and till I get there I have these boxes, more and more boxes, they are accumulating as I remove books from the shelves, 15 boxes of books, what on earth but I don't really want to get rid of them. That's all so far but soon the closet, and the dresser, and everything else I guess too.

Oh, that feeling in my head from a nap, bruises on the back of my skull and what's that dryness inside, like everything doesn't quite connect, my sinuses or something around there a dryness in my throat too and I need to eat more, right away, even before I drink more water.

I'm in the shower, fading. I'm not sure why I'm fading, that's why I'm still here. I'm also still here because there's so little hot water, I'm waiting for it to warm up my body. Sometimes the shower clears my head, but today it just makes me feel sad and lonely, like I was deluding myself before when I thought today was better. But what's making me sad about this shower? Is it just the way I'm present in my body, or something about all this moisture, or maybe there's not enough air.

Oh, no—I closed the kitchen window for a few minutes, and now everything smells like mold. Time to open the window again! Outside, is this really outside? It doesn't feel outside enough. Diesel fumes. I walk a block further than usual, I mean usual on a good day. I like this block, it's flat but up high like you're floating. Actually that's the next block, but I'm not going to walk further.

Today downhill is more fun—the air feels fresher, my body is more aligned over my feet, I can feel my pelvis actually rotating in the back, the way I think it's supposed to, there are pigeons with white and black feathers, kind of startling and pretty, that graffiti corner is getting very glamorous—I'm a little suspicious that they have some deal going on with the gallery down the street, since that person who made the stencil with the three-dimensional confetti hat has something in the gallery too. Now there's a big hand, a face eating diamonds—before I thought it was a wheatpaste, but there's paint too. That's when I get suspicious. But at least the store owner doesn't keep painting it over with beige, cream, tan—anything but beige, cream, tan, right? Except advertising—I'll take beige over advertising.

My most recent book is a novel, *So Many Ways to Sleep Badly*. I'm also turning lostmissing, my public art project, into a book—and, I'm working on a memoirish thing called *The End of San Francisco*—wait, I'm on draft num-

ber eight which means it's almost done! I recently finished a new anthology called *Why Are Faggots So Afraid of Faggots?* I know you're wondering the same thing. Now I'm just waiting for someone to publish it. You can communicate with me via www.mattild-abernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past *MRR* columns, although I need to add the most recent ones. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.

"Play *The Song*, man," my high school pal, Scott Peterson, says to me many years ago as I gun the motor of my Datsun 510 station wagon. As I do, the orange car with the blue Batman logo on the hood begins to shake.

"George," Scott says, "if you ain't gonna play it, I'm gonna pop in a different tape. Maybe Billy Joel."

I ease off the gas and push the fast-forward button on the Archer tape deck to find *The Song*. As I do, the eject button falls off. Cheap Radio Shack piece of shit. But at least the Ramones tape of *Road To Ruin* is in the deck, with The Dead Boys' *Young, Loud and Snotty* on the other side. If I was gonna have to listen to the same songs over and over, this was the right cassette.

As I search for *The Song*, I notice that Mike Gibson's 1967 Mustang is pulling way ahead of us as we all are making our way about thirty miles south of Tallahassee, to a sinkhole that Scott promises will have naked chicks sunbathing around it.

Actually, it may have been west of Tallahassee. Or east. I don't know. Or care.

Fucking Florida.

Finally, I find *The Song* and crank it up. The Ramones' "Bad Brain" begins. "I used to be an A student/I never used to complain/I used to be a truant/But I'm still the same/Bad bad brain."

As we sing along, banging our heads on the windshield, Scott takes out a joint and lights it up. "Dude," he says to me from behind his wire-frame glasses and '70s mustache, "we are gonna get *so* laid."

I nod my head, singing along with the Ramones, knowing damn well that none of us were gonna get any pussy. The only pussy that *any* of us got lately was the one that Mike Gibson ran over with his wicked 'Stang.

"It went like 'meow,' then made this splashing sound," Mike had told me a few da-ys earlier, while doing bong hits during my break at Publix Supermarket as a bag boy.

After taking a couple of drags of the joint, I noticed that Mike Gibson had pulled way ahead of us. And since he, or his passenger, David Williams, didn't know exactly where the sink hole was, I'd better catch up. Only Scott knew where it was for sure.

So, as "Bad Brain" cranks out, I gun the motor again, and when I hit about ninety miles per hour or so, I catch up to the white 'Stang.

"Pull up next to them," Scott tells me as we make our way down the deserted highway. It's about three in the afternoon and only about a hundred and ten degrees. I do.

"Hey dudes," yells Scott to Mike and David through his passenger window to Mike's driver's window.

Mike raises his hand up and waves. Then smiles from behind his mirrored sunglasses. I turn down my Radio Shack piece of shit and hear the Dead Boys blasting from the 'Stang. The guy has good taste. I also see that the car is so filled with pot smoke that David is hard to see in the passenger's seat.

"The sink hole is about ten miles ahead," Scott yells to the guys as my car struggles to keep up with them.

"Uh huh," says Mike, as David passes him a huge bong, and then takes a big hit.

"Try this," says Scott, as he holds his joint out the window to give to Mike. At ninety miles an hour.

Of course the thing flies away.

"Fuck," says Scott, "that was some good shit. Hawaiian Gold!"

"We must have more pot," I yell at Scott as the Wicked 'Stang pulls ahead of my Datsun 510 station wagon.

"Sorry, dude," says Scott.

I tell him I'm gonna pull up next to those guys again, and for him to ask for the bong. As I do, my car begins to get the shakes again. I clutch the steering wheel tightly, and listen as Scott yells to Mike and David.

"Dudes," says Scott, "pass the bong!"

"Okay," says David.

"Fuck that," says Mike, "first ya gotta catch us!"

With that Mike Gibson guns the motor of his wicked 'Stang, and the next thing I knew they were about a quarter of a mile ahead of us.

"Catch up," says Scott.

"Duh," I say.

I gun the motor of my Batmobile as Scott fiddles with the rewind button. Finally he finds the beginning of "Bad Brain" and we sing along once more as we try to catch up to Mike and David.

First we get to about a hundred miles per hour.

Then a hundred and five.

"I don't think she's gonna make it, Captain," I say to Scott in my best Scottish voice as the steering wheel begins to shake violently.

"Go faster," was his reply.

So I gunned it harder. Now we're going a hundred and ten and the car feels like one of those machines fat people used to shake off those excess pounds.

"We're almost there," yells Scott. He has to yell because the wind is so loud.

Finally the Datsun 510 Wagon hits its peak at one hundred twenty, and we pull up next to Mike and David.

Mike looks down at his speedometer, then at me.

"Pretty slick, Tabb," he says, as he pulls so close to my car that suddenly the wind stops howling outside of my passenger side.

The next thing I know he passes Scott the bong. Scott lights up the bowl and takes a hit. He then tells me to take one. At a hundred and twenty miles an hour.

"Are you fucking nuts," I ask him as I clutch the steering wheel for dear life. But as I do, I notice it's not shaking anymore.

"It's not shaking anymore," I exclaim.

"You've reached Warp Speed," yells David from the other car.

"Cool," I say.

"So you gonna do a hit?" Scott asks as he holds the bong in his lap.

"Sure," I say, and tell Scott to hold the wheel as I take the bong from him, light it up, and take a puff.

"This tastes like shit!" I yell, as I exhale some of the worst stank weed I've ever had.

"I harvested it this morning from my cow field," says David.

"Give it back," says Mike as we continue down the deserted highway at a hundred and twenty.

"First ya gotta catch me," I say, then hit the gas pedal as hard as I can with my right foot.

Then we heard that "whumping" sound.

An hour and a half later, while waiting for the tow truck in the hot Florida sun, Scott asked to hear "Bad Brain" again. And I played it for him. Again.

And again.

And again.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. *Shattered Dimensions*, the new Spiderman game for all the consoles and even the Nintendo DS, rocks! It's from Activision, and it is as great as the *Spiderman 2* game. No open world, but lots of bad guys, and really cool different animation types. Also, you get to play as Spidey film noir style, as well as a futuristic version of the webhead, and one

anime style. Cool power-ups, and this game is my favorite of the holiday season so far. The DS version is GREAT. You use buttons and the d-pad… you only use the touch screen for the stupidest part of the game. If that were not in the game, it would get a ten out of ten! Right now, it's 9.5!

2. *Mafia* 2 was the name of a movie I made in fourth grade. The kids in fifth grade, the year before, had made a movie called *The Mafia*. So mine was sort of a sequel. This was around the time *The Godfather* came out, so we all wanted to be little gangsters there in Greenwich, Connecticut. Anyway, my Super-8 movie sucked… and while I tried to use the cafeteria spaghetti as blood and guts, kids would only use it if they held it in a plastic bag, as not to ruin their little leisure suits. While that blew, the new game version on all the big consoles rules. Much better than the first game, and that fourth grade movie. You get to run around and kill other gangsters back in the '40s and '50s, while driving around cool-as-hell vintage cars. The steering takes a little while to get used too, but once you get the hang of it, it's great. The shooting has sort of "lock-on targeting", but not good enough that it's easy. So you need to learn how to shoot as well. But once you get the hang of that… it's really fun. Especially when you get shotguns, and the at least four different types of machine guns from that time period. Some cool German guns, and my favorite rifles that are in the best *Call Of Duty* games. Speaking of *Call Of Duty*, the new one should be out soon, and it's about Vietnam this time. Finally. I can't wait to burn down villages and shoot Charlie in the bush. Although I'd imagine that'd hurt.

3. Tom Clancy's *Hawx* 2 and the new game, *Ruse*, for all the major consoles are good war games. Not exactly my cup of tea, but *Hawx* does offer better dogfighting than Michael Vick, and *Ruse* is an excellent RTS (Real Time Strategy) game you can play online against others. Actually, the game is a lot like poker once you get the hang of it. There is some luck involved, but the real game is tricking the other guy into believing you will nuke them to Kingdom Come. Punk Rock.

4. *Tiger Woods PGA Tour 11* from EA Sports is pretty fucking amazing. Especially on the PlayStation 3, with the MOVE wireless remote. The MOVE is really just the same controller the Wii has, but it even looks more like a dildo. With a head that lights up. Anyway, it really feels like you are swinging a virtual golf club and hitting virtual balls. Insert joke here. I admit I'm a video-game-golf junkie, so I know what I'm talking about when I say this game is good. It feels accurate, and the landscape has never looked so good. I can't wait until next year when this stuff is in 3D! But for now, this beats the hell out of walking around in the sunshine and losing my Punk Rock tan. Never mind the exercise. Say what you will about Tiger, but he sure knows how to sink his puts(z). This IS the best golf game of the year. Period.

5. The iPhone has seen a lot of new games lately, and some are even ports from major console games. Like *Mirror's Edge* from EA. On the Consoles, it's a first person running game. You jump from roof top to roof top and stuff. Parkour they call it. In this version, you do it in third person, and despite how I thought this game would suck that way, I like it even better. The controls are super easy to learn, and a bitch to master. But that makes it real fun. You just swipe your finger up to jump up, and down to slide under things and stuff. Tap to jump, etc. The game gets really exciting when you are being chased by a bunch of cops, and you have to do all these movies to escape. And you are jumping from super high buildings and stuff. So one slip and you're human hamburger. Oh, and the main character is a hot chick. So if that floats your boat, you'll like it even more. Personally, I don't like playing as hot chicks. Like in *Tomb Raider* as well. I don't want to muss up their perfect hair, or smear their make up. And those virtual boobies bouncing up and down are just too distracting. But that's me…

6. Also on the iPhone is *Slayer HD* pinball. What can I say? The devil made me like this game! And it feels so right, I mean, for a pinball table that fits in the palm of your hand. Also, the classic "R-Type" space shooter is now out for the device from Irem and I love how you can move the ship all over the screen with just your finger. Oh, and yeah, it's as hard as he original.

7. If the new Potato Famine CD is not out by the end of the year, then Blag Dahlia's (from The Dwarves) side project Candy Now will be my favorite CD of the year. Great catchy tunes that are so retro, and so full of satire, it's hard not to fall in love with this disc. From the lounge sounding opening of "Ever-loving You" to the last country tune, "Bitch I Love You," all that Dwarves satire is here… as well as their unique tunes that shouldn't be but are *very* catchy. Great CD. And the perfect holiday gift. Even for mom and dad. They might not get the joke, but you certainly will!

8. Cheetah Chrome has a new book out then I'm gonna start reading any second now. I'll let you know how it is. Meanwhile, check out his band Batusis, on tour now with a new CD out, too. Oh, and check out the Leonard Cohen DVD from MVD called *Bird On A Wire*. Don't know who Leonard Cohen is? Neither did I until last year. He's a singer who got his start in the sixties and is still around, and I'd have to say is the *original* punk rocker. His sounds are catchy, and the lyrics are cool as hell, very smart, and quite smutty. Blowjobs at the Chelsea Hotel and such. This guy rocks. I actually *do* want to see him in concert! Oh, and yeah, you can write me at furygeo@aol.com. Punk Rock!

Every bleeding minute I been on the go, up and down the ladder like a fiddler's elbow…

I was probably eleven or twelve when I got my first job. It was a paper round for Robin McArdle, who had the corner shop. He was a mate of my dad's, so come to think of it I probably jumped the queue a bit. I'd actually wanted a milk round; I'd heard you made a lot more money delivering the milk, but it was a tight clique to get into. Anyway, seven days a week I got up at the crack of dawn and went to the shop. I had a list of the different papers each house on the round got, and would fill my bag up with them all in the right order. I can still remember the smell of all the fresh newsprint. I'd trudge the couple of miles round the schemes (*The Sun* or *The Daily Record*), to the chapel hall and the posher houses (*The Glasgow Herald* or *The Scotsman*). On Sunday the bag was twice as heavy because of all the extra supplements and advertising crap. I'd have to do the round in two goes. Thursday was when the weekly local paper came out, so I'd have an evening shift after school as well. On Friday nights I'd go knocking on the doors with my accounts book to collect the money—every door except the priest's: Robin was a good Catholic so the priest got his papers for free. In fact, a guy from my class got the sack for going to the Orange Walk instead of doing his round one 12th of July. It was a pain to have to do that, but it was better than working for the other newsagents in town, Reid's—if you collected the money, you were face-to-face with the customers while they had their hands in their purse.

Almost everyone tipped, although less so in the posh houses. The other shop didn't send their paperboys out to collect; the customers came in to settle up. It's plausible that some of those customers would leave a tip for their delivery boy, but I never heard of anyone actually receiving their tip from Mrs. Reid. I usually borrowed my brother's bright red three-speed Raleigh Grifter to collect the money and do the Thursday evening shift (the bag with the weekly papers was lighter

and therefore easy enough to carry on the bike), until eventually it got stolen in the time it took me to walk down someone's garden path and shove a *Wishaw Press* through their letterbox. Oh yeah, I should point out for you American readers: in the UK, paperboys (and papergirls) don't just half-heartedly chuck your paper onto your well-manicured lawn; we would actually have to walk right up to the front door, fold the paper in half, and slide it through the letterbox.

When home video became all the rage, Robin jumped on the bandwagon and turned half of his shop into a video rental emporium. We were the last family I knew of to get a VCR, but when we finally did (a hulking black box with a remote control attached to it by wire), I endeavored (spurred on by my raging adolescent hormones) to somehow rent a soft porn title from the shop to watch when no one was home. I selected a dirty movie that looked like it had more of a plot than most, and disguised my illicit rental with a couple of innocent family comedies. How I thought I'd get away with it, I'll never know. The guy was a friend of my dad's, for Christ's sake. I tried to play dumb, insisting that my mum and dad had asked me to pick up a thriller of some sort. Robin just put the video back on the shelf and sent me on my way. I found it difficult to recover from the embarrassment. Luckily enough, I soon found there was an underground black market for trading contraband pirate videos and blue movies among the kids at school. I enjoyed hissing, blurry copies of everything from *Deep Throat* and *Emmanuelle* to *The Exorcist* and *ET: The Extra Terrestrial*, with jagged lines of static that no amount of tracking could bring into sharp focus.

Eventually my embarrassment was spared: I got a new job, as a trolley boy at the bright, shiny, new William Lows supermarket at the foot of the town. The job entailed hanging around in the car park waiting for the trolley (or "shopping cart") bays to fill up enough to make the trip worthwhile, then doing a circuit of the lot gathering up the abandoned trolleys as you went. No small amount of dexterity and strength was required to shunt upwards of twenty loosely connected carts down the hill from the top of the car park into the narrow bay along the wall near the supermarket entrance. I can't say I never looked on, unable to abandon my precious chrome cargo, while a stray cart drifted from the end of the train and left my orbit, spiraling helplessly out of control with its one dummy wheel, only to come abruptly to rest against the unsuspecting bumper of a lonely Ford Fiesta. Lately I've observed that modern-day trolley boys keep their load connected with some sort of bungee cord contraption. I can assure you, there was no such coddling in my day.

The trolley boys were considered the lowest rung of the ladder in the supermarket hierarchy. We'd be called upon to clean up any spills. Once I even had to clean up dog shit after some stuck-up cunt let her hideous "pedigree" mutt go number two in aisle four. Being a trolley boy meant being something of a free agent, though. The farthest reaches of the car park were well out of range of the speaker system, so you usually had a reasonable excuse if you chose not to hear certain announcements.

The best thing about my time as a trolley boy was hanging out with my coworker Danny. I was still at school while I worked at the supermarket part time, but Danny had left school. He was a trolley boy full time. This didn't seem odd at the time, but now it does a bit. He was a small man, but a ball of energy. He had a Bruce Foxton mullet with blonde highlights and he often wore a pair of grey slip-on loafers with fuzzy terry socks. Unusually, he didn't drink. You'd see him down the pub nursing a pint of orange juice all night. He came from the hardest scheme in the area, Craigneuk. It so happened that in his spare time he was a karate instructor. That's right: coming from the hardest scheme, with a black belt in karate, and he was my mate! The few years we worked together were the safest I've ever felt, because no one wanted to fuck with me, purely out of fear of Danny.

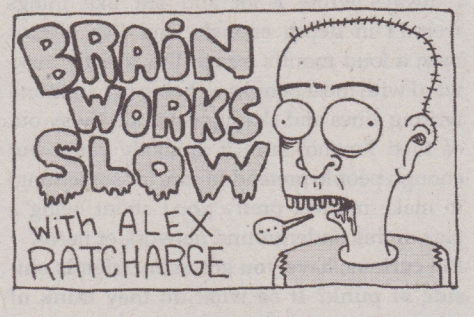
I should have taken at least one leaf out of Danny's book, i.e. not drinking, but I didn't, and that led to the most embarrassing incident of my William Lows career. I had a massive crush on a particularly voluptuous blonde checkout girl called Linda. Ignoring the obvious fact that I was a scrawny BMXer punk and she normally went out with older guys with real jobs, cars, prospects, etc, I naively thought I had a chance. I got completely shit-faced at a party one night and declared my undying love to her between bouts of uncontrollable vomiting. Needless to say, Linda and I never got it together.

I finally self-sabotaged myself out of *that* job by turning up for work with a Mohican haircut, and being told by the seething, red-faced, balding manager (Nisbett was his name) to either "fix it" or go home. Unable and unwilling to forcibly grow my hair back on the spot, I turned on the heel of my Docs and made for the door.

You might be wondering as to the point of all this job-related reminiscing. I've just been thinking about work a lot lately, both specifically regarding my current job situation, and more generally as a concept. I've had basically the same job for the past few years but it's recently become a lot more demanding. I routinely work ten-to-twelve-hour days, and sometimes as much as fifteen to eighteen hours. I'm currently in the middle of a twelve-day run without a day off. And no, I'm not a surgeon or an astronaut; I just make retail shops look good. It might be worthwhile if I was racking up tons of overtime, but I get paid a salary. I know I'm lucky to have a job in this economy, especially one with health benefits, etc. In fact, I sometimes feel like I won the lottery to have a job that I usually enjoy, working for a company whose products I would use anyway, where I get to use my brain and be creative and work with some exceptional people. But the corporate culture in America is that you do whatever it takes to get the job done, no matter what. So as more work is piled on and there's no budget to hire extra staff, everyone just has to work more hours. There's no sympathy for complainers because everyone's in the same boat.

Growing up working class, from a family of miners and factory workers, trade unionists all, I have a hard time accepting this state of affairs. The concept of worker solidarity loses out to competition among peers for that step on the next rung of the corporate ladder, and the nagging suspicion that others are getting paid more than you are for the same job. I try to avoid those pitfalls and just get on with the job at hand. The exhaustion sometimes catches up to me, though. At times, as I ride my bike through the park on the way to work, past the transient hippies, I find myself wondering if I'm any happier than they are, or if they've got the right idea after all; should I just give it all up and walk away, become a real drop-out, shirk the rat race like a real-life Reginald Perrin?

More work talk next month…



I've decided to try and write columns for *MRR* after that sixteen year old kid from the suburbs of NYC, Shiva, told me I should write in english more often, like a monthly MRR column or something. To give credit where it's due I've decided to ask him a few questions. Shiva does a great raw punk zine called *Accept The Darkness*, plays in a noisy DISCHARGE-inspired mess called DEFORMITY and spend the rest of his time going to school and chain-smoking with a skateboard in his hands to pretend he's doing some kind of sports-related activity. Way to go, kid.

Hey Shiva how's it going?

Hey Alex! It's going alright, just got home from skating all day, and now I'm just sitting around listening to tapes. I'm pretty psyched to be on the other end of an interview.

What kind of kid does a zine in 2010? Why

bother? Do you think anyone cares? How come you're obsessed with shitty mixtapes, photocopied magazines & raw-fi vinyls when most kids your age are busy chasing girls and playing video games? I mean was there some kind of tragic event in your life that made you mad at reality and turned you into a smelly punk-rocker, or is it just bad luck?

Man, I honestly don't fucking know how I've got here. At sixteen I wonder if I've taken some ridiculously wrong path in life that has lead me to the ways of hardcore punk, and tangible evidence, in the world of blogs and hipsterism. I always thought punk was cool and when my parents separated it just took off for me, which was five years ago. I never fully fit in and got disillusioned with trying, and punk just looked so cool and full of life. I still remember my dad and I walking into a mall music store and walking out with CDs of the Clash and Black Flag. Right then and there I was psyched to check out Bad Brains and Minor Threat too. I guess between things being easily accessible, and me being a generally immersive person, punk seemed like a good thing to get immersed into. I'm in too deep to learn how to play XBOX and wear deodorant now, so I guess I'll stick it through with this shit. Skateboarding and skaters that had punk music playing in their video parts definitely played a big part too. Why bother? I always wrote a lot and felt like things weren't in depth enough, and I've always been a loud mouth, except I'm socially awkward with most people, so being in bands and writing zines and skating is the best way out of that! I'm not sure if anybody cares, but enough people pretend to care (or something) to make me feel pretty good about being a part of this underground network of nerds.

I'm curious, have you got many friends outside of punk? If so what do they think of your activities? Where I grew up going to high school with a mohawk equaled social suicide, so I'm wondering how that kind of shit is in the suburbs of NYC. And what do your parents think, are they supportive?

Every friend that I made outside of punk in the past got into punk and we now run around like a teenage brat pack skateboarding gang. Everybody at school hates me except three kids, social suicide has been committed, and the lyrics to every early Black Flag song sum up my life at school. I'm socially awkward and can't hold a conversation with most kids my age. Cops hate my few friends and me, and they intimidate us in their own weird suburban way; all the community minded assholes want us dead. But, my parents think it's pretty cool what I'm doing, so I guess I still have it way better than most. My dad plays music for fun and has been really supportive about providing me with music stuff, and he was perfectly willing to donate his old stereo system. My mom is enough of a champ to pick me and my smelly friends up from a show in NYC when the trains are down.

In your latest zine you wrote a long anarchist-inspired rant against the "drinking club social gathering of the arseholes" that is the punk scene of today. Could you sump up the feelings you were expressing in that column for the readers of *MRR*? What do you find frustrating about the punk scene? What would you change about if if you could? What's wrong with drinking?

That rant turned out kind of bad I thought. Not to go off on a tangent, but soon after I started this zine I wanted to change it up and employ real writing techniques and make my stuff actually fun to read, so in that sense it was a disappointing rant. But, to answer your question, I just hate the whole fact that I can draw completely clear parallels between the "cool kids" at my school and half the crowd of punks you can run into at any given show. Everybody is schmoozing it up with a beer in hand half the time, and since like most of us, I came into punk as an escape from all that shit, it's just frustrating. Other aspects that I'm frustrated about are just that attitude that people have developed that self important, socially capitalist kind of attitude where the guys with the nice guitar amps who tour a lot are hero-worshipped for no obviously valid reason. Shit like that, "punk rock superstars," people who take themselves too seriously. I drank for a while with my friends, and something in my gene pool doesn't like that. My family has a lot of problems with alcoholism, using things as a crutch, and it just does nobody any good. I don't hate drinking but I hate what some people turn into with it. Drinking can be fun and props to you if you have a handle on it. I guess it is more of a personal thing, I definitely don't want to push an anti-drinking stance or anything, that line was a kind of sarcastically snide comment, nothing else.

I wouldn't change much about the punk scene, all the problems stem from human nature, and I'd rather we were all human than we were all like the rest of the people who try to be perfect in mainstream society. We are what we are and if you don't like something, you can do something about it by doing it your own way. I think what I was feeling in that column is a sense of futility and "cliqueness" within something that was so important to me. I hate going to shows and feeling like not everybody was there because they wanted to get away from all the shit in their life and get an escape. It was kind of the realization that some of the things you thought were so pure are a little less so. Basically what I had said though, and I still stand by almost all of it, just in a less pissed off way, that I strive for more genuineness in the attitude of people. Like, if you don't give a fuck about war, don't re-phrase Discharge lyrics for your band's songs, you know? That and basically the stuff I already said, which is, get off your high horse and have some fun. That being said, punk is the best thing that ever happened to me, flaws included. Nothing is perfect. You just need to find your own way to deal with all the bullshit, all the fakeness, and take it your stride, and then, you can have some fun and not give a fuck about any of that other stuff. I think the only thing I really wish would change in punk is I want there to be a removal of sexist/racist attitudes, and a new uprising of teenage fuckhead punk brats who do their own thing and who don't care what the college age (and up) people are doing. That would be a dream come true maaan.

You told me you recently started a new band influenced by "Discharge, SOA, Zero Boys, Dicks, RIP, Eskorbuto and Japanese Hardcore." How's that going, did you find a name yet?

Ok so this band is the single most exciting thing for me and my friends right now. It's two fuckheads from my school, and two fuckheads (including me) from Deformity. We're called Rat's Eyes, I don't care that there's a zine and probably a shitty bro-hardcore band called that, because that name is pretty cool. That influence list is a little too expansive probably, but we just wanted it to be punk as fuck, something that gets every suburban frustration out, something you can skate to! I think we have that going on, I'm really excited about this band, we are recording soon and even though nobody else is watching we all jump around and go nuts when we practice, is that lame? Who cares. The influences are plentiful but its mainly inspired by basic hardcore stuff like Discharge, Black Flag, and Minor Threat, but also by anything we are listening to really. More modern bands like Amdi Petersens Arme, Crazy Spirit, Destino Final, and the Spits play a big influence too. By the time this is printed, a demo will be out, hear it for yourself, don't listen to my half assed description.

What can we expect from you in the future, when is your new zine coming out, and how can people hear your band Deformity's demos?

Ok, I'm working on #4 right now, and there is supposed to be a split with *Dirge* zine from NYC going on at some point, but #4 should be out pretty damn soon, definitely by the time this is printed. You can hear Deformity by emailing me at eggmangel@gmail.com, or

you can search us on the *Terminal Escape* blog and download demo #3. We are gonna record some more stuff eventually and we're going to split a tape with an awesome raw punk band from near Boston called Bloodkrow Butcher. Thanks a lot for this interview Alex! If you don't wanna send me hate mail or punch me in the face after reading my answers to this interview, get in contact and let's shoot the shit about cool punk bands and trade mixtapes, flyers and zines.

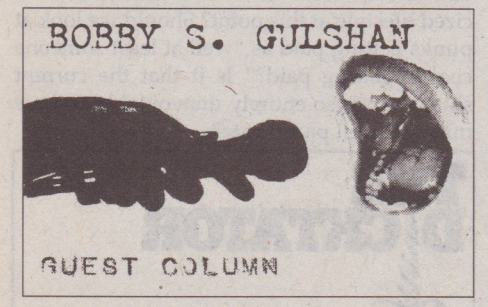
Endnotes:

1. Issue three of *Accept The Darkness* includes interviews with Crazy Spirit, Tuberculosis, MG15, *Warning* zine, France's worst kept secret Luc *Kängnäve*, rants, reviews and a killer cut and paste layout. You can probably still get it from a few distros, or directly through Shiva. It will cost you less than two beers and it looks cooler than some useless colored vinyl – you can't lose.

2. Best post-summer live bands in Lyon, France, this year: Coche Bomba, Destino Final, Sida, De Høje Hæle.

3. Winter's here, fuck punk-rock, down with socializing, let's stare at screens all night long. Sometimes it feels like the whole point of summer is to find yourself a partner to watch TV in bed with when winter hits the fan, right? My recommandations include *Kaboom* and all Greg Araki movies, season six of *Futurama*, the one and only season of *Freaks and Geeks*, the last two minutes of the last chapter of *Four Rooms*, the documentaries about Roky Erickson (*You're Gonna Miss Me*), Dead Moon (*The Unknown Passage*), Robert Crumb (S/T) and, of course, *Office Space*.

4. Christophe lives in Lyon and runs a "noisecore harshnoise destroy it yourself shitcore terrorism" label called Nhdiystrec. He just put out a compilation 7" featuring 100 different bands doing 10 seconds songs; it comes with a fat hand-drawn booklet, hand-drawn covers and even hand-drawns labels on every copy. This is the Bleeeaaaarghhhhh! Comp of 2010, only more fucked up & more obscure. Get it directly from him: noizemhaker@free.fr



Confessions of a Brown Punk

I'm Indian, dots not feathers. I was born in the lovely city of Fullerton, CA, to immigrant parents who have been in the states since the early '70s. My folks have always been pretty liberal, and we didn't grow up with a lot of religion or insistent Indian culture in our home. I think they wanted to make sure that we could fit in with the culture that surrounded us. As high school progressed, the culture I found was Orange County Hardcore Straight Edge. My friends and I started putting X's on our hands and attending shows at the Icehouse in Fullerton, at the Showcase Theatre in Corona, and anywhere else that we could convene with our tribe. We got pretty good grades in school, and we got an invaluable education from punk and hardcore, which introduced us to animal rights, feminism, anti-capitalism and anti-patriarchy thought. The ethos of straight edge, as passed down from the revered Ian McKaye and others became our shibboleth.

A good friend of ours, who wasn't really into punk, became curious about our weekend adventures. Every Monday we would recount our experiences at shows, brag about mosh pit bruises and start planning which shows to hit when the weekend would come again. Erik wanted to see what it was all about. "Well, the Vandals are playing on Friday at the Icehouse, let's go."

We stood in the back of the house, looking towards the stage. Shock and sudden fear emerged as we saw the silhouettes of Seig Heil salutes thrust into the musty air. The place was crawling with them. This was Erik's first time at a show, and we had to make a choice, stick around for the Vandals and hope for the best, or get the hell out of there. It was the first time that I became acutely aware of a simple fact: my cousin Liberty and I were basically the only two brown guys at this show.

That night, the Nazis made our decision for us by stabbing someone outside of the hall and getting the cops involved. Over time, the scene deteriorated, at least for me. The straight edge kids grew more conservative, a combination of the fundamentalist tendency of any subculture which depends on prohibition as identity, and the fact that these kids probably couldn't ultimately shake their Orange County roots. Besides, the music grew stale, and I had begun to develop an aesthetic streak, which led me to explore more diverse forms of expression. Plus, I started drinking for fun, and I didn't want to get beaten up.

Right before I completely gave up on the punk scene, my friend Ryan got really into it. We used to listen to the old school English bands together. The aesthetic and the snarling attitude appealed to us. He started wearing his hair in spikes, like mine, and wore old blazers with safety pins and patches. I started feeling jealous. No matter what I did, I would never be able to pull of the look quite like Ryan did. He was skinny, sort of pale with beautiful pitch black hair. It seems kind of ridiculous now, but try and imagine what it feels like to realize that even though you think you found your thing, you are still somehow an outsider, a brown punk, someone for whom the punk "look" would always be a bit clumsy and imprecise.

I had been attracted to punk because it made me feel a part of something, yet even in the scene I felt like a figure on the margins. Most people who get involved in a subculture do so out of a longing for identification and thus belonging. Perhaps it was because of the variety of bands and styles I was exposed to, but punk always seemed to me to contain at least the kernel of the possibility that it wasn't about identity as much as the possible of constant self-creation. I lost interest in the straight edge scene because it increasingly began to resemble the same sort of white-patriarchal hierarchy that I thought it should be opposing. Punk wasn't addressing its own contradictions, and I began to understand why first generation Indians in the UK and elsewhere had embraced hip-hop and urban culture, as these proposed more stable alternatives to the cultural dominance of white suburban culture. Except I had to be honest, I wasn't from the street, I was from the white suburbs.

In the end, punk couldn't unravel my identity issues. Perhaps no single thing could, but it became increasingly improbable that the calcified and static aesthetic of punk would allow some room for the consciousness of ethnic displacement and exile. Not surprisingly, the most interesting manifestations of attempts to reconcile the aesthetic of punk with post-colonial and immigrant consciousness have come from outside the States. Manu Chao is the logical extension of the Clash, punk in the age of globalization. Other artists, like Rachid Taha and Gogol Bordello have successfully merged ethno-specific flavors with punk tendencies to create fertile hybrids which open up space for new explorations of identity and place.

Let's hope these spaces continue to flourish. Punk's not dead, it's just moving on.

Money is fake/Money is stupid/What we do is secret?/What we want is free?

Money is a necessary evil. Capitalism and consumerism are things that seem barely possible to avoid; the best most of us can do is try to step back and disengage as much as possible, questioning why we want this or that or the other thing. Do we need it? Who are we supporting when we buy it?

I feel like these days there is a faction of punk that has given up the fight against "the man" and instead has totally invited him in. It seems to have sprung from somewhere between a place of irony and a place of believing that you are somehow duping corporate America. Believing that fat wad of cash you received for turning one of your songs into a commercial jingle is somehow you pulling a fast one on said corporation. What is an absurdly huge amount to us is chicken scratch to corporate America. They just paid you pennies for a whole lot of street cred. It's these kids who believe that they are changing the shitsystem by "infiltrating" it. If you are working within the shitsystem, you are working with the shitsystem. I was talking to a friend who was saying that he was going to try to use his new found LA connections to get his friends a sitcom on cable television; his reasoning was then at least someone cool was making that money that is just waiting to be made. Yeah, I get it. But are we really changing the shitsystem by existing in it, or is existing in it merely giving into it?

Accepting corporate sponsorship seems to have become totally acceptable too. Do you think you are somehow tricking some corporation because you got those pants for free? By you wearing those fucking jeans, Mr. Corporate is basically out zilch and they just earned a whole lot of street cred from you. You have become a walking ad campaign. On top of that there are only certain punks that have access to that free stuff. Not everyone is going to get a new free pair of shoes; only people who have the right connections are going to get that free pair of shoes. It's not dumpster diving. It's not a free for all.

Instead of basking in the romanticism of starving artists we've begun to dive into the waters of vapid privilege. Whenever I hear punks say they think so-and-so band should be topping charts because they're so great, it makes me cringe. Things that I like and things that are popular are completely separate. The mechanics that make things popular and keep things popular are incredibly ideologically questionable. Do you really like it, or do you just think you like it because you've been told so many times that you do? No matter how much you think you're fucking with corporate America, they are still the ones in power. At the end of the day the difference in paycheck you get for giving that corporation street cred compared to what the dude at the top is making is mind-boggling. Why are you trusting a corporation in the first place? Haven't you seen *Wayne's World*? No matter what deal they give you they've still got fucked labor practices. They're still paying the kid at the bottom below a living wage. There is still and always will be an abuse of power.

And even if you do get that chunk of change for "selling out" or whatever, where does that leave you? What it sets up is a lifestyle of living off of your music—a lifestyle that you then have to maintain, or find yourself wanting to maintain, somehow. So how to maintain it? This is the line where your music ceases to be made for pure catharsis or pure passion or for the community or for the kids or whatever—it's being made ultimately for a paycheck. Yeah, you might tell yourself / say it's with the best intentions and that you are in no way compromising, but ultimately you are trying to pay rent. You need that money to pay rent. You then have to produce a product that is at least more likely to make that money. Right?

How does this really benefit you? Once something works, some song you wrote gives you a little dough—is it fun / interesting / worthwhile to repeat yourself? Is this what you wanted to do? Why did you start the band in the first place? To make money or to get that out of you?

But more importantly, how does this benefit the community? How does you paying your rent benefit everyone? Instead of trying to make the next album-of-the-year rating from Pitchfork or hustling/promoting your shit all day in order to stay in the limelight, in order to boost your sales or whatever, why not put that energy towards demanding universal healthcare? Or volunteering at rock camp? Or making music that is challenging and dangerous? Something, whatever it is, that helps everyone around you? When it comes down to it, living off your art is giving into capitalism, giving into consumerism. You may be getting your message out to kids, but really, in the end, you're just producing a product to buy. I realize we exist in a capitalist society and it does cost money to be in a band, I'm not saying it's possible or even logical to never accept money for being in a band—but when it becomes the main way to pay your personal bills you've put yourself in a weird space above your peers, you've alienated yourself from the community.

I read this book (*Unmarketable* by Anne Elizabeth Moore) that talked to artists who ended up doing art for corporate ad campaigns; their reasoning tended to be a lot of "I did it to be able to afford to move to New York" and "this allowed me to quit my day job and spend more time in the studio" and the like. This is selfish. This is aiding in the corporate appropriation of outside art—not to benefit the community at large, but in order to benefit only you. No one else. This is not punk.

So where along the line does "selling out" occur?

I believe in ending up in a situation where all the sudden your band is making enough money to fully live off of—sometimes these things do just happen—but then what? It's a slippery slope. Guaranteed that lifestyle of living off your music "without compromising it" won't last unless you make it last—meaning, altering what you do, even if it's ever so slightly, in order to continue how you are existing; turning it into a situation where "not compromising yourself" ceases to be not altering what your music is but becomes about not altering your living situation; the fact that you don't need a job and you can devote all your time to music.

But also, even the moment you start seeing music as a career option some part of you begins to steer it in that direction. Consciously or subconsciously there is an effort to make things commercially viable. There is a drive to be part of the shitsystem rather than dismantling it.

These things, especially free stuff from corporations, are extremely vague. There isn't really a clear line of what is or isn't selling out, when it's OK to give in to corporate America and when it's not, what's ok and what's not. I was in a band that scammed a sponsorship from Sparks. We would throw "warehouse parties" (punk shows in my basement) and Sparks would give us entire flats of the stuff. We would charge at the door with the promise of free unlimited booze and then give all the money we made to the bands. We were paying bands $100-plus for basement shows in Olympia. Unheard of. Did I feel like we were scamming Sparks? Yeah. And I fully realized that people would probably be buying it at the corner store and drinking it anyways. Did I still find it kind of questionable? Yeah. So it benefited the community but still felt kind of bullshitty. I still felt like I was supporting Sparks' corporate agenda in some way. I mean, I was, honestly.

Is it important that what we do is secret? Does that still apply? Is it truly important to "not sell out" or is it just a romanticized lifestyle at this point? Should we look at punks getting paid as "well at least someone cool is getting paid?" Is it that the current shitsystem is so entirely unavoidable and we might as well participate?

Ah Yes! You guys are lucky this month, because we have so many rad columns that I only have space for this lil chunk of words here. So instead of ignoring 2000 words about religion or language or whatever, you get to ignore 700 words about music! Hooray!

Here at the compound, one of Layla's family members has been giving her a subscription to the *New Yorker* for many years. I read it from time to time and there are definitely some interesting articles, but to be honest, I prefer *Wax Poetics* for their music content. Anyway, I was skimming the pages of the September issue when I came across a blurb about Fucked Up. Remember that band? Well, whatever camp you belong regarding them, the little blurb began as such, "When I first heard Toronto's Fucked Up, I thought, Good! Enough time has passed that a band does not feel self conscious about sounding like Minor Threat." WTF? I was perplexed. I didn't whether to laugh or to be insulted. Maybe it was a little of both.

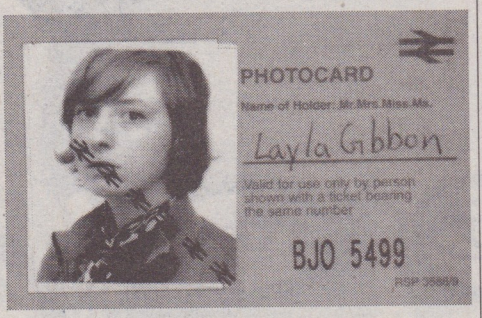
I guess it's because I really hate to think that punk is this acceptable mainstream thing. I know... I know… it sort of is in this country, but not in the good way. I remember talking to one of the dudes in Avskum, when they toured he several years back and him telling me that he worked in a daycare center. Imagine an older dude with a dread mullet trying to get a job at a day care center in the US, even if he *did* have an education and background in the work. Fat chance. I wish punk was acceptable in that way, as a life style choice that didn't cut you off from opportunities, but opened them up. I guess in a way it does… Now, having a bunch of piercings, stretched ears and traditional or tribal tattoos are the punk norm. How many times have I met a woman who "looks punk" only to tell me that they are a bartender / hairdresser, but is really working on their modeling career… Huh? No offense to women who are bartenders / hairdressers who are trying to make it in modeling, but there is nothing punk about that, there is nothing anti establishment or radical about that. You are a yuppie in punk's clothes. You just appropriated an edgy look (saying you have a "UK82 haircut" without knowing one Discharge song), bought into mainstream everything and I hope you are the next Kat Von D. Look, I do believe that people should do what ever the fuck they want if it doesn't harm themselves or others, but to pretend that marketing yourself with a silly nickname or just wanting to be in a "famous" punk band or wanting to be *seen* at Chaos in Tejas is punk, well, I would have to disagree.

When I was a kid, being punk, a girl and biracial was crazy enough, but when you saw another punk kid you ware pretty stoked and immediately wanted to talk to them, give them a flyer and hang out. I know for a fact that this type of mentality does still exist in parts of the US and the world, but now, more often than not, we can't tell who is one of us. It's all the same shit, but I still get excited when I see other punks of color, women or punks at all, cuz I am a hopeless optimist. I guess punk is still somewhat sacred to me — not for the purpose of alienating others (like much of it has become), but for the way it brings us together.

With that being said, I shouldn't be surprised or irritated when the music critic of the *New Yorker* thinks that Fucked Up sounds like Minor Threat. In a way it's a good sign that punk is still really speaking to the right people with a good ear, cuz any punk from the smallest town in Idaho to the smallest barrio in Brazil will tell ya that those two bands sound nothing alike. I wish it was that easy with punk looking chumps and the rest of us punks…

Two (punk) gloves, made for fighting…

mariam@maximumrocknroll.com



R.I.P. ARI UP/Silence is a rhythm too...

I was watching a You Tube video of Bikini Kill, when they played London for the first time and remembered the show. After the fact the *NME* (or *Melody Maker??*) had asked all the doyennes of first wave punk what they thought about this newfangled riot grill business. Poly Styrene said she was at the show, and thought it was boring, a lame rerun of something that had been cool when she was a teenager, but had since played out... I remember reading that, and wondering if she had been at the same show I was at, because as a 14 year old, my experience was completely opposite. I felt engaged, and alive, felt like we could do something, me and my friends, make something out of what we had seen. Though I was born in 1977 so what do I know...

A few years after that there was a feature in a women's magazine, the English equivalent of something like *Good Housekeeping* that documented some of the women of punk, what had happened to them, from Jordan, the cat lady of the Westwood/McClaren Sex shop, to one of the Slits (maybe Viv?? I honestly can't remember, though I did rip it out surreptitiously whilst at the newsagents, so it should be floating around in my random papers) through to Gina from the Raincoats and Gaye from the Adverts, and I think Palmolive and Poly too... Gaye Advert said she still listened to "punky music, like Limp Bizkit." Cripes! That always stayed with me—as soon as you describe a shitty rape-rock band as "punky" you've had it, time's up. Such a grim adjective, and for a band so opposite of the punk idea. I still need to get the second Adverts LP, it's so good and despite finding many copies of *Crossing the Dead Sea...* for not very much money, I have never seen *Cast of Thousands* in person.

I lived in NYC for a few years in the early '00s and one of my clearest memories was going to see Ari Up perform at a reggae night somewhere in Brooklyn. She was sort of cartoon like, really vivid and ridiculous in this one way, but it was clear she was self-made, her own person in a really inspiring manner that sort of negated the comic stripness of it all... I devoured '77 punk as a kid, but the Slits were harder to get into. I had only heard their later more experimental world beat stuff, at a time when I wanted Sham 69 and at most, Patti Smith. Stuff that's still *somewhat* in the rock'n'roll tradition you know?

When my teenage band started this girl at one of our shows was totally shocked that I did not seem like care about the Slits, so she made me a tape I still have with the demo and the Peel Session on it. I can still remember the feeling of hearing it for the first time, how wild and unfettered Ari's voice was, the music was sort of like a drawing, not a rock cliché, but a total deconstruction, which is what punk had promised. This *was* no Elvis, no Beatles, no Rolling Stones. The demos are wild bedroom recordings, they have a bedlam-ic quality to them that is not artificially manufactureable. The sound of possibility and adventure and creation thru destruction!! The Peel Session is a *little* more "trad" punk, but not really, and many think it's their finest hour. I wish someone would do a legit reissue of the demos...

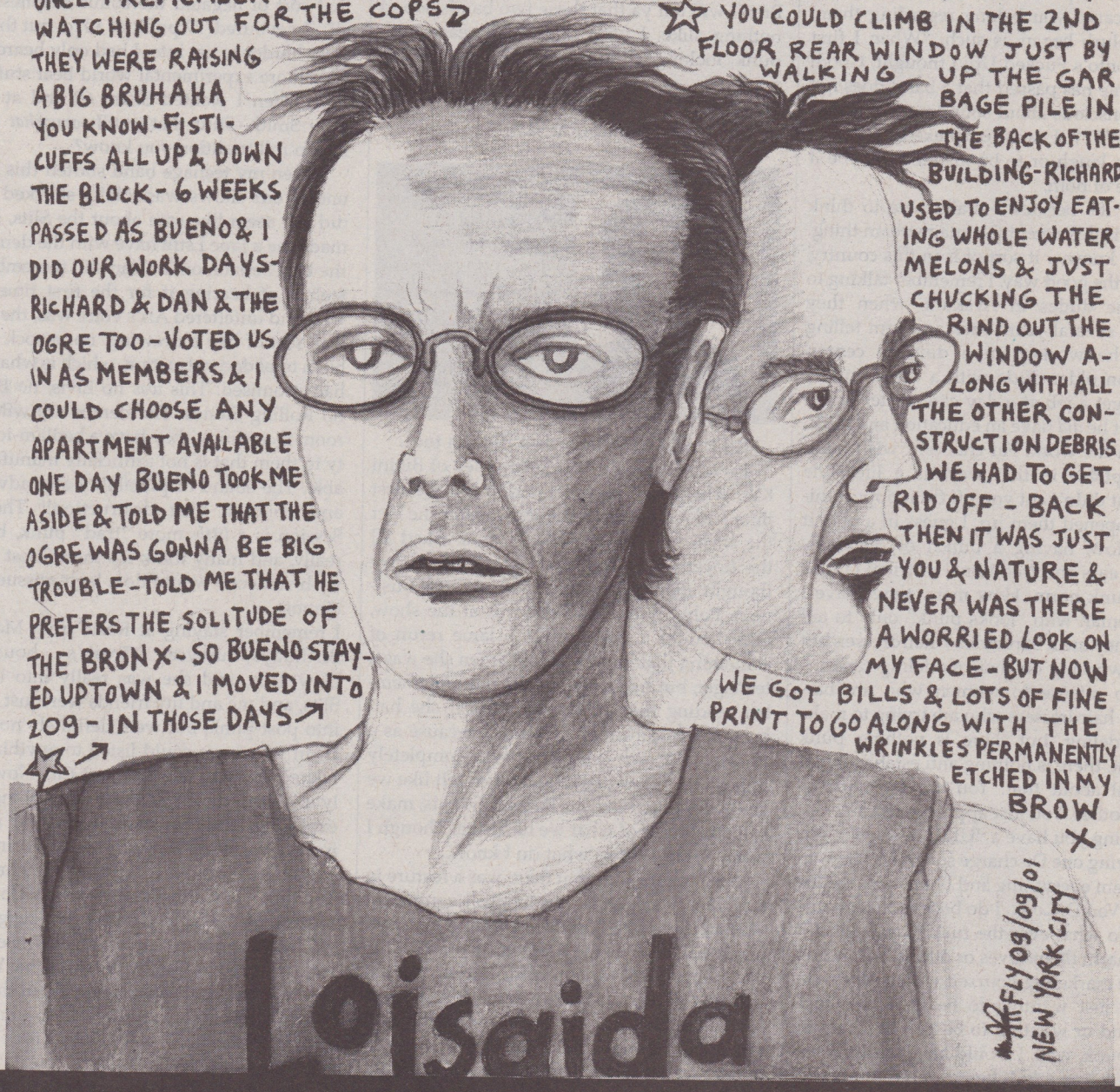
I remember staying at Rosie from Month of Birthdays/Pussycat Trash's house in Newcastle, and she was really into late era Slits, and me and my friends were just getting into post-punk, but were definitely not at the point where we could listen to anything Slits related that was released post-*Cut*. Now I really like the fact that they kept going, kept exploring, didn't remain with one idea of music, but lived through many during their existence. I think it's easily watchable on YouTube, but there's this killer Don Letts footage of the band dancing at a reggae club called the Four Aces, which has itself been immortalized in film by the awesome Winstan Whittar. He made a great film about the history of skateboarding in the UK, so I am really excited to check this dub/lover's rock one out when it gets to DVD.

We ran Viv Albertine's memorial to Ari in the news section, which I implore you to read. It's unreal that she was 14 years old when she started...

Layla@maximumrocknroll.com
Whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com

SIX TRAIN - I TOOK THE SIX TRAIN DOWN HERE FROM CYPRESS AVE - MOTTHAVEN - THE BRONX - WHERE I WAS LIVING WITH BUENO AT CASA DEL SOL BUT IT WASNT CASA DEL SOL BACK THEN - ME & BUENO WERE GOING TO MAKE OUR TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE LOWER EAST SIDE - WHAT WAS IT 87? 86? - ROLANDO POLITI HAD TOLD BUENO & I THAT THE BUILDING ON 7th ST THAT RICHARD THE SCULPTOR WAS LOOKING FOR PEOPLE TO HELP LIBERATE THE SQUAT FROM THE EVIL CLUTCHES OF AN EVIL OGRE WHO WILL REMAIN NAMELESS - SO OUR FIRST STRATEGY WAS TO PUT IN A TOILET ON THE GROUND FLOOR BECUZ THE OGRE THOUGHT THAT IF THERE WAS NO TOILET THE BUILDING WOULD NOT BECOME A SQUAT & HE WOULD NOT LOSE CONTROL - HE HAD OPENED THE BUILDING IN 1985 WITH DANNY THE CONTRACTOR & RICHARD THE SCULPTOR - RICHARD WAS A WRESTLING CHAMPION OF W. VIRGINIA & HE LOVED NOTHING MORE THAN WRESTLING WITH THE OGRE EVERY CHANCE HE HAD - ONCE I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS DOWN THE MANHOLE JUMPING THE ELETRICITY - WATCHING OUT FOR THE COPS ☆ THEY WERE RAISING A BIG BRUHAHA YOU KNOW - FISTICUFFS ALL UP & DOWN THE BLOCK - 6 WEEKS PASSED AS BUENO & I DID OUR WORK DAYS - RICHARD & DAN & THE OGRE TOO - VOTED US IN AS MEMBERS & I COULD CHOOSE ANY APARTMENT AVAILABLE ONE DAY BUENO TOOK ME ASIDE & TOLD ME THAT THE OGRE WAS GONNA BE BIG TROUBLE - TOLD ME THAT HE PREFERS THE SOLITUDE OF THE BRONX - SO BUENO STAYED UPTOWN & I MOVED INTO 209 - IN THOSE DAYS ☆↗

☆ YOU COULD CLIMB IN THE 2ND FLOOR REAR WINDOW JUST BY WALKING UP THE GARBAGE PILE IN THE BACK OF THE BUILDING - RICHARD USED TO ENJOY EATING WHOLE WATER MELONS & JUST CHUCKING THE RIND OUT THE WINDOW ALONG WITH ALL THE OTHER CONSTRUCTION DEBRIS WE HAD TO GET RID OFF - BACK THEN IT WAS JUST YOU & NATURE & NEVER WAS THERE A WORRIED LOOK ON MY FACE - BUT NOW WE GOT BILLS & LOTS OF FINE PRINT TO GO ALONG WITH THE WRINKLES PERMANENTLY ETCHED IN MY BROW ☆



MICHAEL WAS A HUGELY TALENTED MUSICIAN & COMPOSER - HE WAS ALSO A TRUE RADICAL & TO ME A HUGE INSPIRATION & TRUE FRIEND - HE WAS WELL KNOWN IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF NYC AS A PIONEER "SQUAT-STEADER" & WAS A SELF-TAUGHT MASTER ELECTRICIAN WHO HOOKED UP ALL THE LES SQUATS WITH PIRATE POWER - HE WAS INVOLVED IN A LOT OF HARDCORE ACTIVISM & WAS ON THE FBI'S "MOST DANGEROUS ANARCHISTS IN AMERICA" LIST - MICHAEL WAS MY SQUAT NEIGHBOR FOR ALMOST 20 YEARS & ONE OF MY FAVORITE PEOPLE I HAVE EVER KNOWN - ONCE I WENT TO HIM FOR ADVICE ABOUT A CONTROVERSIAL CONSTRUCTION PROJECT - I WANTED TO CARVE A WINDOW OUT OF MY KITCHEN WALL THAT WAS 4 LAYERS OF BRICK & ALSO FINISHED WITH SHEETROCK - THERE WERE A LOT OF COMPLICATED PRACTICAL & POLITICAL & STRUCTURAL CONCERNS & WE DISCUSSED ALL OF IT AT LENGTH & MICHAEL FINALLY JUST SAID TO ME – "IT ALL COMES DOWN TO THIS – DO YOU WANT TO BE SAFE & LIVE IN THE DARK? OR DO YOU WANT TO TAKE A CHANCE? & LIVE IN THE LIGHT!" - I JUST YELLED "YEAH! I WANT TO LIVE IN THE LIGHT!!" - EPILOGUE - I NOW HAVE A WINDOW & LIVE AN ILLUMINATED LIFE - WWW.MICHAELSHENKER.COM

NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY MARIAM BASTANI

R.I.P. MICHAEL SHENKER

By Fly

Michael was a great musician and composer and also happened to be one of the most fearless, freethinking, hardcore activists in the history of the Lower East Side. On Oct. 2, 2010 he passed away at age (almost) 55 due to liver cancer after spending his final days surrounded by many of his dear friends in the beautiful apartment he built for himself in a Lower East Side Squat.

Michael first came to NYC as a street kid in the '70s and managed to stick it out to become one of the founders of the more modern squat movement in the early '80s. Out of necessity he became a master electrician, plumber and fine builder. Michael was responsible for hooking up pretty much every single squatted building with illegal electricity in the '80s and '90s. He became notorious as the Maestro of the Manhole and at one point ConEd even left him a personal note down in the manhole threatening to lock him up if he did not cease and desist.

In the fall of 1990 he led a group of homeless people from Tompkins Square Park to an abandoned building reclaiming it as "The ABC Community Center" (not ABC No Rio) — this is a very dramatic story well documented by Seth Tobocman in his monumental graphic novel "War In The Neighborhood" in which Michael's character is called "the Maestro." In the mid '90s he was a co-founder of More Gardens!, a group dedicated to creating and preserving community gardens through direct action and civil disobedience.

He always liked to protest in an inspired, independent and creative way and he had a great flair for the dramatic (just like the operas that he loved so much). Once, at a Community Board Meeting he led a demonstration where hundreds of crickets were released. Right after Sept. 11 he organized a march against "Cowboy Bush" where everyone was wearing cowboy hats and swinging ropes up and down First Ave yelling "Yahoo! Let's round 'em up!" Michael and a few collaborators were also banned for life from the UN for unfurling an anti-war banner in the general assembly. He was also part of the activist delegation that defended ABC No Rio and fought to keep it from falling into the hands of a possibly corrupt not-for-profit housing organization. Everything that he did he did with enormous passion and flair, and this was what inspired so many and drew them to him.

During all of this activism he was also busy working on his Squat and developing his music. In the mid '90s there was a performance of his Squatter Opera (in progress) at the Theater for the New City on First Ave. He also toured worldwide as a keyboardist for the Living Theater. In recent years he was doing a regular jazz cabaret performance, especially at local café 5C, one of the places he helped to wire up.

Michael was my across-the-hall neighbor for almost 20 years. In the early '90s he took me in and let me live in his apartment while I built my space next door. He was constantly playing the piano or developing some kind of strategy to promote the greater good and a better life for all of us poor schmucks. I could tell you countless amazing stories about this remarkable man. In 2005, we were both together walking home from the movies and we got run over by an SUV. My face and knees were broken, but Michael had a traumatic brain injury. He almost died. When I saw him facedown in a pool of blood on 2nd Ave — seeing this through my shattered face — my heart almost stopped. Two weeks ago my heart stopped again when he left us — this time for real. I am still having a hard time breathing.

In his last few years he dedicated much of his energy to his first love — music — Michael was not a fan of punk music, but he was not afraid to put himself on the line to confront stupidity that masquerades as power. He lived on his own terms and left this world the same way. If only we could all be so courageous and resilient.

MACHISMO JUST ISN'T COOL

From IPS News by José Adán Silva

MANAGUA — As he left a workshop in the Nicaraguan capital about gender equality, Alejandro Silva was forced to confront a show of machismo, ironically, with his fists. He was attacked by classmates who taunted him that he was gay.

"It was a mistake, I lost control," admitted the sixteen-year-old, still embarrassed. It happened last year as he was leaving a seminar titled "New Masculinities and Gender Equality" at a public school in Managua.

He crossed paths with a group of boys from his school, and endured as they shouted obscenities at him and said he was "homosexual and girly." But he forgot the non-aggression he had learned in class when the teenagers began harassing his girlfriend, who was with him, and when they tried to mark his face with lipstick.

He had deeply ingrained in his mind the workshop's lesson: "men and women are equal, and to think that men are superior is called 'machismo,' and machismo only leads to violence."

But it came to blows, and although he won the fight, he was left so demoralized and ashamed that he quit going to the workshops that year. Only now has he returned — to a different workshop with similar goals that is taught in his neighborhood, in a poor district in eastern Managua.

Silva participated with other adolescents at his school in the educational campaign "Ser machista es balurde," using the Nicaraguan youth slang word "balurde," meaning that attitudes of male superiority are "not cool."

The program is geared towards children and adolescents ages ten to fifteen, promoted since 2007 by the Masculinity Network for Gender Equality (REDMAS).

More than 25,000 Nicaraguans have attended various gender equality programs in the last three years and, like Silva, have started down the difficult road of transforming "machista" behaviours — theirs and others' — in a society that is based on "traditional" gender roles.

Douglas Mendoza, head of training and alliances at the non-governmental Points of Encounter Foundation and REDMAS coordinator, told IPS that building a new vision of "non-machista masculinities" often clashes with traditional identities that have violent aspects, and those who participate in the programs often face attitudes of rejection.

REDMAS includes seventeen non-governmental organizations (NGOs) and seven government institutions in Nicaragua. At the same time, the network is part of MenEngage, a global alliance of NGOs and United Nations agencies that include 500 members in Central America alone.

MenEngage conducts research and works to change policies in order to involve men and boys in the promotion of gender equality, and the health and well-being of children and women.

Mendoza explained to IPS that REDMAS has opened spaces to work especially with children, adolescents and young adults of both sexes, as well as with couples, in the formation of a new masculinity that incorporates ideas of gender equality.

The network has trained 1,500 "promoters" to bring the message to more than 25,000 children and youths across the country. Not just the "Ser machista es balurde" campaign, but also others like "Jalencia sin violencia" or "dating without violence" -- again using a slang term (jalencia) that speaks to a younger audience.

The Nicaraguan experience has served as a model for other Central American NGOs, whose representatives have come for training in "new masculinity" projects to adapt to their own countries' realities.

Attracting most interest are the "Ser machista es balurde" programs and "school for parents" -- gender-focussed training for young mothers and fathers.

Elisa Villavicencio, a 23-year-old woman from Managua, feels that she is a direct beneficiary of the responsible fatherhood campaign, after getting her partner to overcome his hesitation to attend the program.

"In the beginning he told me that those workshops were for homosexuals, and that nobody needed to teach him how to take care of our daughter," she said.

"Later, I convinced him to go, and the truth is that he has been changing. Now he even gives our daughter her bath and changes her diapers," she told IPS, smiling.

These campaigns have the support of several international NGOs, United Nations agencies, Nicaraguan ministries and other local institutions, both public and private.

Ligia Arana, director of the interdisciplinary gender studies program at the Central American University (UCA) in Managua, told IPS that finding new ways to construct masculinity is becoming a reality in the countries of the isthmus, despite strong resistance initially.

She noted that the starting point for her program and all the other institutions involved is that "education is the fundamental basis for all human transformations."

Seminars, courses and graduate degrees aimed primarily at men have contributed to overcoming "the machista viewpoint that historically has linked women's rights to their biological condition, to biological determinism," said Arana.

"That model, which situates the man above the woman as a superior being, has been falling apart, little by little, and today that model of traditional masculinity is in crisis," she said.

A 2005 study by the UCA's Sociocultural Analysis Centre, focused on Central America, found that in Nicaragua and the rest of the region men have undergone a change in viewpoints and attitudes about the traditional male role.

"Masculinity and Sociocultural Factors Associated with Paternity" was a survey of 1,200 men -- single and married, rural and urban -- about male representation and behavior in relation to fatherhood, religion, nature, sexuality, reproduction, family and worldview.

The research found that 90.2 percent of the Central American males interviewed expressed agreement with the idea that men should help in household chores.

Sixty-one percent disagreed with the statement "Men should not express feelings or tenderness" and 96 percent agreed, "If a man impregnates a woman, it is the responsibility of both."

One of the biggest public safety problems in Central America is gender and sexual violence, according to studies by the UN and institutions in the region.

The UN Development Program's report "Opening Spaces for Citizen Security and Human Development" in Central America, estimates that two- thirds of the cases of women murdered in the region are gender based. "Femicides," as this type of crime is known, are now included in the national legal codes.

CAUGHT: FAKE VOTING FLYERS DISTRIBUTED TO AFRICAN AMERICAN VOTERS IN TEXAS

From the Raw Story by Eric W. Dolan

An unknown group handed out misleading fliers to voters in a primarily African American polling place in Houston, Texas, reports KTRK.

The fliers, which were handed out near an early voting location Tuesday night, claimed that "Republicans are trying to trick us" and said that voting Democrat was actually voting for Republicans.

"When you vote straight ticket Democrat, it is actually voting for Republicans and your vote doesn't count," says the flier. "We are urging everyone to VOTE for BILL WHITE. A VOTE for BILL WHITE is a VOTE for the ENTIRE DEMOCRATIC ticket. We have fought too hard to let Republicans use voting machines to deny us our basic rights. We must guard the change and NOT VOTE STRAIGHT TICKET DEMOCRAT! YES WE CAN!"

Democrat Bill White, the former Mayor of Houston, is currently running against Republican Governor Rick Perry.

"I expect this to be illegal because it's so inaccurate, no political group would want to associate itself with a lie, this is the under the table stuff that we see in elections," said Dr. Richard Murray, political consultant for KTRK.

Story continues below...

The flier claims to be from the Black Democratic Trust of Texas, but no such organization appears to exist.

"These fliers are part of a coordinated effort between the Tea Party and Houston Republicans to intimidate and misinform voters," Chad W. Dunn, General Counsel for the Texas Democratic Party, told TPMMuckraker. "This deliberate attempt to misinform voters is the last ditch effort by the Republican Party that

trying to win votes from a public that is skeptical of their failed policies in Texas."

The latest Public Policy Polling poll (.pdf) of likely voters, conducted in September, found Perry had a six point lead over White.

"Texans don't love Rick Perry, and as the challenger, Bill White is the rare Democrat who is running much better among independents and holding more of his party base than his Republican opponent," said Dean Debnam, President of Public Policy Polling. "But it will still be hard for White to overcome his huge party registration disadvantage in this deeply red state."

R.I.P. ARI UP

By Viv Albertine from www.myspace.com/albertine

My relationship with Ari is up there in the top five most difficult relationships of my life. It was also the most productive and creative relationship I have ever had.

Ari was fourteen when I met her. She was a feral child. I watched her become an extraordinary woman. Ari came to London from German boarding school when she had just turned fourteen. English was her second language. In those first few years she did not have one friend her own age. It was not easy for her and she had to fight to be taken seriously as an equal person.

Ari was a sponge, she soaked up the ideologies, the speech patterns, the vocabulary of the groups we mixed with. From Finsbury Park lads, through to The Bromley Contingent and Rastas. She was a fantastic mimic too.

She was totally unselfconscious about her body and remained so throughout her life. Ari's biggest gift to me was she made the Slits a safe place for a woman of any shape or size to be relaxed and free with her body. She celebrated womanliness, she reveled in it. She was so sensual on and off stage it was empowering to any girl who saw her. I'm not kidding. The way she carried herself was a revolution.

Stage was Ari's home. She was in her element there. That is where she could let go completely. She was at her best there. She pissed there. Stage is one of the only places a woman with that much energy, power and self belief can show off and sometimes get away with it.

The singing voice that Ari developed, that has been so copied and referenced over the years came very quickly. That is because she was true to herself. She used sounds that she heard around her from animals, birds, playground chants, accents and melded them all together. It happened without thinking. She was as unself-conscious about her voice as she was about her body.

Ari had a very exacting ear. She could hear every nuance in a drum beat, a guitar riff, a vocal harmony and a bassline. She played a huge part in creating The Slits' sound.

Throughout the last 30 years there were many people who tried to suppress and squash Ari. No one succeeded. She was reviled, mocked and criticised for daring to be herself. She could not and would not be tamed. It scared people. It scared men. She was stabbed and attacked in the street so many times. For just emanating too much WILD STUFF.

Ari was the most dynamic woman I have ever known.

CRIMINAL DEPORTATIONS REACH RECORD HIGH; DEPORTATIONS UP 70 PERCENT SINCE OBAMA TOOK OFFICE

From the Latin American News DispatchRaisa Camargo.

WASHINGTON — Criminal deportations have reached a record high in U.S. history, the Department of Homeland Security (DHS) said last Wednesday.

The Immigration and Customs Enforcement Agency (ICE) deported 392,862 people in fiscal year 2010. Criminal deportations jumped to 195,772 persons in 2010, while non-criminal cases dropped to 197,090. The numbers amount to a 70 percent increase since the Bush administration, Janet Napolitano of DHS said during a press briefing last Wednesday.

"Unfortunately, in immigration families do get separated, if and when Congress takes up immigration reform, that will be one of the issues that they undoubtedly have to consider," Napolitano said.

Napolitano added that there will be no deportation relief for persons that do not have criminal histories. "We want to go after criminal aliens. We want to go after recent entries. We want to go after employers who are potentially hiring illegal labor and we are going after those who are really gaming the system."

Napolitano attributed the deportation increases to the implementation of the Secure Communities program, which she said will extend to all law enforcement jurisdictions by 2013.

Secure Communities is a federal information gathering program that uses biometric identification, such as finger prints, to determine the immigration status of someone in custody.

During a later briefing with Hispanic media, John T. Morton, assistant secretary of ICE, added that the department expects an expansion of 900 jurisdictions for next year.

While police jurisdictions can't opt out of the program, Morton said the Department invites investigations for specific complaints.

"We do prioritize our efforts based on level of offense. Over three quarters were convicted of level one or two offenses," said Morton.

ICE classifies level one offenders as persons who have committed murder, rape and major drug crimes and level two as persons who have committed robbery or minor drug crimes. According to an ICE fact sheet, 28,000 undocumented persons have been convicted for driving under the influence.

Pablo Alvarado, director of the National Day Laborer Organizing Network, released a statement discrediting the release of DOH's immigration data as a political strategy before the midterm election.

"Broken immigration laws should not be multiplied. In an effort to score political points, Obama Administration immigration enforcement initiatives have imperiled community safety, separated families, eroded hard-earned civil rights protections, and created a domestic human rights crisis. This administration cannot continue to have it both ways: it can not simply blame Congress for inaction while ramping up enforcement of unjust status quo laws. It is a travesty that Secretary Napolitano continues to use her home state of Arizona as a blueprint for DHS policy."

Cecilia Munoz, director of the White House Office for Intergovernmental Affairs, reiterated the administration's goal for comprehensive immigration reform.

"It has been top priority in this administration and the only reason we haven't got it done is because we've had no Republican cooperation," Munoz said, while stressing that the administration will continue to support a bi-partisan proposal after the midterm elections.

FAIR USE STATEMENT:

This Magazine contains copyrighted material the use of which has not always been specifically authorized by the copyright owner. We are making such material available in our efforts to advance understanding of environmental, political, economic and social justice issues, etc. We believe this constitutes a 'fair use' of any such copyrighted material as provided for in section 107 of the US Copyright Law. In accordance with Title 17 U.S.C. Section 107, the material is distributed without any profit to those who have expressed prior interest in recieving the included information for research and educational purposes.

SYFATB - B.R.

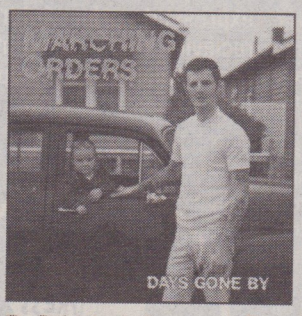
LONGSHOT MUSIC
www.longshotmusic.com
www.contra-net.com
OUT NOW!!

NOi!SE
'WALK BESIDE US' 7" EP

This is the fantastic debut release from this exciting new streetpunk band from the Pacific Northwest comprising of former members of AIRES & GRACES, FORCED LIFE, WHISKEY DICKS, etc.

RE-PRESSED AND AVAILABLE AGAIN!!

HARRINGTON SAINTS
'DEAD BROKE IN THE USA' 12" LP



MARCHING ORDERS
'DAYS GONE BY' 12" LP

LONGSHOT MUSIC
1301 – 17TH STREET • SAN FRANCISCO, CA • 94107
INTERPUNK - www.interpunk.com

SIMPLE CIRCUIT
brand new 7"
out now
$5

SUPER SECRET RECORDS
http://supersecretrecords.com
POSTAGE IS EXTRA FOR ORDERS OUTSIDE THE U.S.

INIMICAL RECORDS

NEW Raw Nerves 12"
-8 songs of PDX Political HARDCORE $10

NOT AS NEW, STILL AS GOOD

FIX MY HEAD // KNIFE IN THE LEG
-Split LP - $10

FUNEROT - AND then YOU fucking die man...
-FINAL LP, almost gone-
$10

Wholesale from Ebullition, Distribution from a lot of places. Direct from me

www.inimical.com

TWELVE HOUR TURN

TWELVE HOUR TURN
"the expense of flight" cd

OLD GROWTH
"out of the sand and into the streets" lp

TUBERS
"anachronous" cd/lp

TEN VOLT SHOCK
"78 hours" cd/lp

bakery Outlet RECORDS

next! Witches "Forever" LP/CD, 12XU LP, Baton Rouge LP, The Cougs 7"
still now: Street Eaters 12"/CDep, Holopaw CD, Nervous Dogs 7", Landlord CD, Cassette CDep...
bakeryoutletrecords.com
distributed by noidearecords.com

Nightgaun S/T 7"

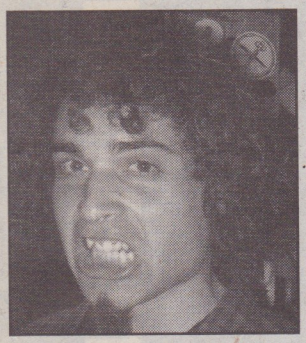
Fast as fuck raw punk from Phoenix AZ. Six tracks of damaging noise influenced by Gai, Bastards, and Kaaos, featuring members of Think Fast, Rotozaza, and Prosthetics. Available on green and blue vinyl, ask about wholesale rates.

$4.00 PPD
Also available

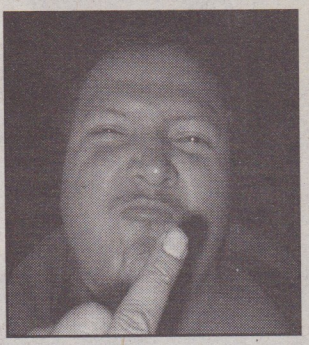
Nightgaun
"Midnight Howls"
Demo Cassette
3 tracks of noisy hardcore punk, with two originals and a Crucifix cover. Loud and blown out fuzz, wholesale available.
$3.00 PPD
To order email nightgaun82@gmail.com
cash, money orders, or paypal accepted

what's the scoop?

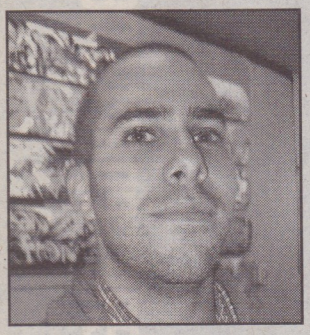
This month's question: what's the best show you missed for the worst reason? (asked at an MRR Presents show, and the Gilman show that Universal Order of Armageddon didn't play)



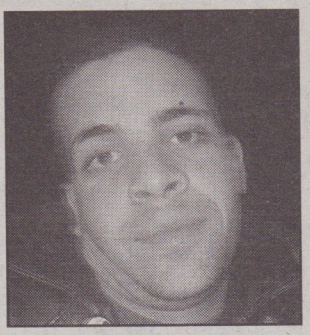
Jacob, 22, Newark CA
Curfew at a homeless shelter.



Roman, 34, San Francisco
I missed Voetsek at the Hazmat because I was too tired, and I'm old and I'm lazy, and I felt like a dumbass.

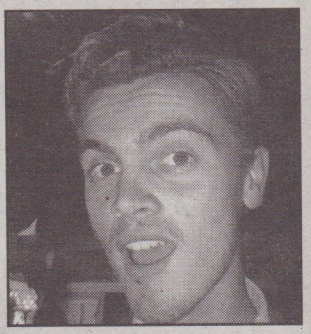


Marc, 27, San Francisco
When the Reatards played the Hemlock four years ago, I passed out and couldn't make the show.

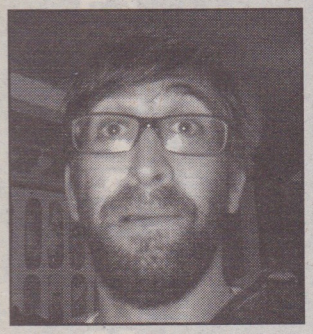


Kirk, 22, San Francisco
I had tickets to see the Damned when I was 19, and I decided to drink right at the front door, and a bouncer came up and asked what I was drinking, and I said "fuck you, fattie." He ended up knocking me and my friend out to pieces. My mother ended up picking us up and taking us to Jack In The Box, and I cried all the way home.

Trash, 34, San Francisco
Missed Sunday Morning Einsteins and Forca Macabra because of the possibility of getting laid, which did not happen.



Robert, 19, San Francisco
So one time, I missed a Reel Big Fish show because I was grounded for pitching a fit during an English final, because I wasn't allowed to have my cheat sheet with me.



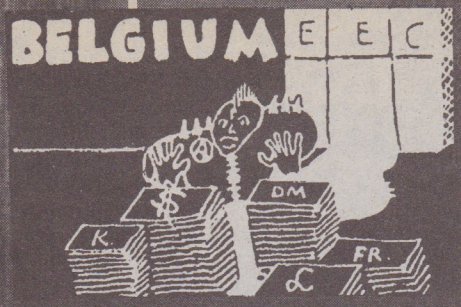
Macks, 24, San Francisco
I had no money for BART, and I tried to sell a record, but no one wanted to buy it.

Randy, 22, San Francisco
I ordered ten tickets for Gwar and Municipal Waste, but I couldn't scalp them, and then my friends and I pounded a fifth of Jack each, and everyone else got in except for me.

Corina, 20, Fresno
I missed Black Fag because a cat died in my arms.

Mike, 21, Concord
I missed almost all of the last Warkrime show with Pat because I had an hour to get to BART and then to Burnt Ramen. I did 60 in a 25 to get to BART, and then I had to hop BART. I guess it almost doesn't count, but it still counts.

cene report scene report scene report scene report scene report scene report sc



By Mario Liesens

Belgium, the "non country" as Nigel Farrage puts it so nicely (with vigorous contempt), is a bonafide shithole by any standard. Politics, economy, justice, social welfare—it's all infested with corruption, incompetence, inefficiency, mismanagement, nepotism. Income tax rates are insane (57%), yet we managed to build up a state debt of 335 billion euro that exceeds the GNP by a few percentages, making the Greek government look like A+ students in state economics. This is simply because six (!) governments for a population of ten million people can't seem to find a way to run a country that's not half the size of a small state in the US. No long term policy is possible because it's always election time for some government, and the different inhabitants of Belgium (The Flemish & the Walloons) fail to cooperate because deep down inside they fucking hate each other. The press and the media are so establishment-minded they make the Pravda look like kindergarten stuff. The people grow numb over all this shit and suicide is the second biggest cause of death (cancer being number one). And no amount of Brussels sprouts or Belgian chocolates is going to make that up.

Still, there are a few hundred reasons why you should visit Belgium, and all of them can be found in *All Belgian Beers*, a comprehensive encyclopedia of 750 of the most popular brands of beer currently available in Belgium. With descriptions of every single beer in Dutch, French, and English, this is the definite bible for any self-respecting punk; the only holy book no one is willing to wage war over simply because everyone is too pissed to bother.

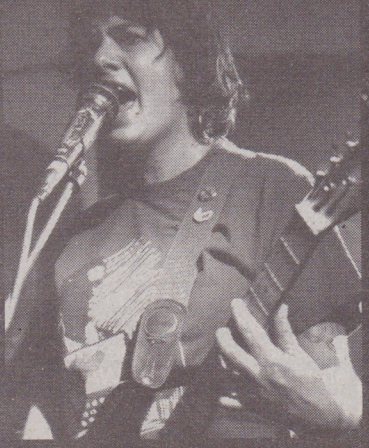
Bands

VOGUE is recording new songs for an upcoming release. It won't be on Holy Shit Records as that label ceased to be. So it will be a bitch to track down VOGUE's previous releases. Still, it's well worth a try as this blistering hardcore unit (with an occasional bizarre modern day RUDIMENTARY PENI twist to it) is probably the hottest band coming out of this godforsaken hellhole. Try to catch 'em live—it's insane! SUNPOWER have a new record out. It's straightforward KBD hardcore punk with an undeniable DEAD KENNEDYS influence. In fact I think those darn ex-STROUMPHS ALCOOLIQUES cloned Jello and put him on vocals. Retro, but fucking hot. Speaking of retro hardcore (is there another sort of hardcore these days?), BITE DOWN still have a brilliant EP available on Crucial Response. They sound a bit like IDIOT'S RULE—i.e. fucking good. DAMAGED GOODS are no longer around but their EP shouldn't be that hard to track down. Oh, and they have an album on Crucial Attack, with ten songs, lasting fourteen minutes altogether. It's early '80s hardcore, so you simply know it's good. Another band on Holy Shit Records is BLACK HAVEN. They are heavy, not POISON IDEA heavy, but more DOOMRIDERS meets CHOKEHOLD heavy, with a HOLY TERROR twist. A new release is due end of 2010. Speaking of terror: KINGTERROR is ex-VUUR, but don't sound much like them. Brilliant screamy punk hardcore that makes your balls sweat. Fierce and intense. These guys are very dedicated people who have been in the scene since fucking forever. They do the *Splinter* newsletter if I'm correct. If you wanna know what's going on in the Belgian DIY punk scene, check it out at http://splinter666.110mb.com/splinter/splinter.htm. AMEN-RA is a band with heavy NEUROSIS/BOTCH/sludge influences. pretty intense stuff and worth checking out if this is up your alley, or if you like to read *Vice* magazine and have ever been in an art gallery. Not my cup of tea, but I thought I should mention them anyway. A bit in the same vein is the BLACK HEART REBELLION. They've got the hard/quiet noise bit hands down and are better than 90% of the screamo bands you read about in whatever emofanzine you fancy. One of the better bands in the genre, at least in bloody Belgium. Still, any song that lasts longer than three minutes makes my mind wander off to the first pair of breasts I can spot. Call me a sexist, but there's only so much screamo stuff a man can take without vomiting blood.

Faster, way shorter, and with hoarse, barking vocals is IDIOT CONVENTION. Their brand of uneasy listening might upset the meek, but it's a damn good trashfest. They have a split tape out with AGATHOCLES (36 songs each!). Mind you, apart from BARBARA DEX and the late BOBBEJAAN SCHOUBEN, just about anyone has done a split with AGATHOCLES by now. IDIOT CONVENTION's vocalist also plays in DEN OF ROBBERS. These bastards go grindcore all the way. A wee bit too fast and gruffy for my taste but that's just me. EKZEEMA play in the same league as I.C. Their brand of *kromcore* can best be described as FUCKFACE on speed with a set off drumsticks up the anus. They have a new CD out called *Kankerdrang,* which will nauseate you within seconds. Expect no political ranting, but insane shit about masturbating and bar mitzvahs. PRIMORDIAL SOUNDS are pushing it to the limits with their noise/grindcore. Your hemorrhoids will agree. Far too manic and noisy for most people but dedicated fans exist. This is the kind of stuff that can only breed in the DIY scene. Check it out! DE KLATTERS (The Sluts) are currently without a drummer. If you manage the sticks and fancy midpaced punk

idiot convention
julien

ekzeema


de klatters
jan gulas

a la HARUM SCARUM/HEIMATGLÜCK, or you simply enjoy being in a band with three women, get in touch. DON'T LOOK AMAZED have a demo out called *Because This Shit Is Zever* available directly from the band or any local bum in Tongeren City. Melodic punk with gruffier vocals than you'd expect from that genre. Cool. I don't know much about garage because I think it fucking sucks but BEARWOLF make a good exception. This three piece has a female drummer on vocals, her boyfriend on guitar, and some dude on bass to avoid comparison with the WHITE STRIPES. That dude, incidentally, is one hell of a tattoo artist, so if you're in Belgium and you're in dire need of another anchor on your forehead, get in touch with Erik. The POWERKRAUTS ceased to be. No more garage for you, baby. TOD POLE also went from temporary break to nowhere. A pity because this punk/hardcore outfit ruled. Their CD *This is How We Live* is a total killer! Some members went on to form WHITE COLLAR CRIME CLUB. I don't know if that project still exists. Go ask yourself. The BACKBONES are a bunch of kids doing abrasive, fast punk. It's good to see a new generation rising up. They have a split demo out with LOBOTOMY? a ska/reggae/punk combo from Diest. Speaking of ska, The USUAL SUSPECTS are still going strong with their ska dub thingy. Very P.A.I.N/INNER TERRESTRIALS if you ask me. These guys are closely related to the Squat scene in Leuven. Since Leuven is a city traditionally run by socialists, I wonder what those leftwing bobos view is on squatting. Usually politicians don't approve of it, even socialists, because after all, not property, but squatting is theft. Go figure. An overdose of ska makes me vomit but for those who can't get enough, ASBEST is/was a punk/ska unit who produce(d) some damn fine tunes to dance to. I have no idea if they are still around. The same goes for KOPZEER. Do they still exist? Fuck knows. They mostly play catchy ska-like SPITHEAD: clean guitar, no distortion outbursts. They have this thing with covers: the VILLAGE PEOPLE, OMD, nothing is sacred. UNARMED RIOT sound like VORTEX with ska bits. What's with all that fucking ska? They have a split out with UITSCHOT (awesome name guys) who are sadly no longer around. VISIONS OF WAR are Belgium's premium crust export product nowadays. Their future looked a bit bleak when Stiv, the vocalist, decided to leave in 2009, but Willy from HIATUS took over his duties. They have a few releases under their belt, shouldn't be that hard to track down. (just ask any random person in Liege, I guess). If you fancy metallic stench crust punk, LAST LEGION ALIVE might just be your thing. They're about to do a split album with HELLSTORM from Greece. THE AGITATORS have a new album out called *Amongst Friends*. Oi! Streetpunk with massive sing-along parts. Not my scene at all but I thought I should mention it. They're about to do a tour in the US with FUNERAL DRESS. As if BP's oil spill isn't enough.

There are still chaos punx in Belgium, doing the '82 punk/hardcore thing. Take the PANDAZ for example. Simple yet catchy and effective punk that makes you wanna set fire to the parliament. They're about to do a mini-trip to France and it doesn't surprise me one bit that they're sharing stage with SID ET LES VICIEUX. Some bands are just fucking shit and VETTIGE KANARIE are even worse. Musically they are totally inept, but lyric-wise they're fucking hilarious. Imagine if CHAOTIC DISCHORD couldn't play one fucking note. "Gaat 't Manneke" is an instant classic. KAK, VAGINALE BEZEM and RANZIGAARD GODVERDOMME! play in the same "league." Somehow I think it's the same band with different names. REPROACH, Belgium's finest hardcore trash unit, are still going strong after all these years. If you play in an American band and you come over to Europe anywhere near Belgium, chances are REPROACH will be your opening band. And they will blow you away, so think twice about touring with only one mediocre EP under your belt. They're recording new songs for an upcoming album so stay tuned! SHREDDER are another fast trash unit. They appeared on the seminal *Belgium's Burning* compilation EP. I don't know if they have released anything else. Curious? Go ask them yourself. OATHBREAKER crank out some fine metallic hardcore punk tunes with screamy, hoarse vocals. They released an EP some time ago that should still be available. DAGGERS ache more towards VOGUE with their modern day hardcore sound. Pretty rad if you ask me. They have an EP, an LP and a split EP with AT DAGGER DRAWN. One of the bigger names in Belgian hardcore is of course RISE & FALL with their last album out on Deathwish, they just toured

the States. Metalcore punk at its finest. One of the most underrated bands in this country is the REACTIONARIES, who rose out of the ashes of DEAD STOP–the Belgian version of NEGATIVE APPROACH. DEAD STOP was intense and every gig was pure mayhem. The REACTIONARIES however do not sound anything like them, aching more towards a fuzzy, soulpunk version of the WIPERS. They released an album on Deranged records in 2009.

The LEAGUE OF MENTAL MEN serve grindcore although they like to refer to it as "slackerviolence." They have a few demos out for your displeasure. One of their members used to play in ULRIKES DREAM, another grinding unit, but with far more punky bits and edges to it. ULRIKES DREAM was closely related to the squatting scene and the Lappersfortbos activists (eco-activists who occupied a forest to prevent it from being cut down).

Punk with a drum machine… the mere thought makes you vomit but SUIT SIDE VS VEDA PLIGHT manage to pull it off rather well. It's crunchy and manic and actually fucking good. This two-piece hasn't released anything since 2007 but are still around (most of the time they can be found at the Carlo Levi, close to the bar). FURIOUS is another two man band (no drum machine this time), going hardcore all the way. While they lack a bass player, they still manage to come up with a full sound. And they actually sound fucking good. It's been a while since they released anything but if you ask nicely they'll probably cram something on a CD-R. Or they tell you to fuck off. They also appeared on the *Belgium's Burning* comp.

Mixing punk with flashy dance beats is a hazardous affair and should be treated with the highest caution but FETUS SUICIDE manage to create a brilliant sound. A wee bit too electro for narrow minded punk purists, but anyone who hasn't been living in the past for the last 30 years is urged to check them out. Think GROTUS in the 21st century. They're from Liege, aka tox city. That explains why they're so fucked up and have this thing with dolls and funny dresses. Comes with the highest recommendations, honestly.

Old Farts

THE DIRTY SCUMS are most likely the oldest, longest running, independent punk band in Belgium. They were founded in 1981 and they still kick around and stick to their ideals. They even have their own brand of beer, aptly called Dirty Scum. How much more punk can you be? They have a distro/ebay shop and they're selling a CD-R with old recordings from NO NUMBERS, REPULSIVES (with Brob from *Tilt* magazine) and GET STUFFED, so all you KBD tits, take note. CAPITAL SCUM called it a day in 2009 but some members (Pies and his brother) went on to form a horrorpunk outfit called BLOOD CURSE. No more politics but gore and all that bollox instead. Imagine THE MISFITS gone D-beat crust. Sounds fucking brilliant! Word is there's even an ex-KOYAANISQUATSI in their ranks. 'T VETTIG FRONT are playing fast punk a la NO DEBT (and often even faster). Some of their members date from the early '80s Antwerp scene (Stadswaag, anyone remember?). It's good to see old fuckers who don't mellow out at all. They have a demo CD-R out—get it! BAD INFLUENCE resurrect from time to time to deliver their unique brand of pagan punk. Some of those gruffy rats used to play in DONA MOBIS PACEM, an old Belgian anarchopunk outfit a la ANTISYSTEM. Whenever some old anarchoband pops by in Hellgium, these guys are the opening act. The KIDS, FUNERAL DRESS and BELGIAN ASOCIALITY are still alive and kicking as well. I don't know just how much they're still connected with the DIY scene, but kudos for sticking it out for so long I guess. The KIDS first album is reissued and is still widely available. Check out Havoc Records.

HIATUS did three reunion concerts. The gig in Liege sold out in one day (!), so they had to relocate to a bigger venue, which was located near the Jupiler brewery. Coincidence? I don't think so! It was a fucking blast to see these old crusty fucks again. SEDITION also played that night. It's not relevant for my scene report, but I just want to make you envious. By now, AGATHOCLES has probably released its zillionth split record with some band from Baghdad. This mincecore outfit is still going strong, gigging all over this globe. I don't think they need an introduction. They never mellowed out over the years, not music-wise, not lyric-wise. In my opinion they are one of the most respectable bands in the Belgian DIY scene. They're about to release a whole slew of new records so keep your eyes peeled. INTESTINAL DISEASE got their sound worked out well over the years, mixing grindcore with brilliant crustpunky stuff. They make up an integral part of the scene around Leuven. Oh, and they're fucking nice people. Bruno has his own recording facility, by the way. They did an album years ago but I don't know anything about their current releases. NAHENDE VERNICHTUNG have been delivering crust for almost 20 years now. Nice D-beat stuff. They should have some releases available, so get in touch. Anyone remember VORTEX? They appeared on the legendary *Alle 24 Goed* compilation. Well, they got back together a few years ago and continued to gig ever since. They play fast punk in the vein of SYMPHONIE URBAINE. A new album is in the making and should come out by the end of the year. Another band from *Alle 24 Goed* that is still around is WAR RISK 3. They've been quite prolific over the years and have a whole slew of records available. Crunchy '77 punk. As for my own band, SYSTEMPHOBIA has been in a slumbering state for quite some years but we play the odd gig once in a while. We've released a demo that is still available. We recently organized the "This is Riemst not LA" gig with FLATUS and ACOUSTIC GRINDER just to get the old fuckers back together, and to commemorate the birth of our tiny local scene 20 years ago (it vanished after a year or two). For FLATUS it was a one off occasion. A pity because these old fucks can bash out some fine crusty punk. They never released anything but for those interested, I have a live tape with decent sound quality available. ACOUSTIC GRINDER traded their grinding madness in for a more straightforward hardcore, crust sound. Compared to their releases from the early '90s it's a lot cleaner, without losing anger or energy. Well the crow approved at least. It was fun to get the old scene back together and see people you hadn't seen in decades. ACOUSTIC GRINDER will be doing a split EP with AGATHOCLES by the end of 2010/early 2011, after which they will disband again. And SYSTEMPHOBIA will go back to its coma, I guess. Maybe we'll record a new demo. Who cares?

There's old and very old, but some of the guys from RENÉ BINAME look fucking ancient. In spite of their scruffy appearance and catchy yet fucked up punk (think LUDWIG VON 88 meets PLASTIC BERTRAND, with bits of chansons and a nauseating postpunk electro twist) these guys are firmly rooted in the anarchopunk scene. I saw them live and they sure rocked like hell. Understanding French is, however, a plus. They have a whole slew of releases so it shouldn't be that hard to track something down.

Venues

Anyone still remember Het Lintfabriek? For years and years it was one of the best venues in Belgium. To think about all the brilliant bands I saw there (NAKED AGGRESSION, BELTONES, NECROMANTIX, SPERMBIRDS, SUBHUMANS, ELGUAPO STUNTTEAM just to name a few). The time they set fire to CAPTAIN

CATASTROPHE after which he jumped off stage straight onto a table covered with barbed wire(!) is a memory I'll cherish forever. Unfortunately, the venue couldn't live up to the necessary fire safety regulations and the owner of the place couldn't be bothered to make the necessary changes to meet the standards. That, plus the fact that the neighbors kept complaining, eventually led to a forced closure. The people who organized the gigs (Heartbreak Tunes) had to search for a new place and eventually ended up focusing on two venues: Bar Mondial and Hof Ter Lo/Trix, both situated in Antwerp. Bar Mondial would turn out to be a short-lived experience as again complaining neighbors eventually managed to get the place closed, so now it's all happening in Hof ter Lo/Trix. This place is conveniently situated next to a supermarket that has a respectable beer selection so don't forget to get yer stash! Killer bands who played here so far include NEGATIVE APPROACH, REAGAN YOUTH, MOB-47, SEEIN' RED, and ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT just to name a few.

For a while The Filthy Mob collective was organizing gigs in De Koevoet, a squat also located in Antwerp, but recently there have been some problems and now they're in need for a new venue as collaboration with the people from De Koevoet no longer seems to be an option.

Once every while punk/hardcore gigs are organized in De Rots, again in Antwerp. This pub is also home to Belgium's only official MANOWAR fanclub, so there's a slight chance you'll run into some hard rock fairy or you'll have to have to endure wanky metal shite, but it's a good venue. I saw the almighty SEX/VID and VOGUE there. Along with the CROCUS gig in the Carlo Levi that was the highlight of 2010 so far.

Of all the places, the Carlo Levi is my absolute favorite venue. This tiny pub in Liege is the refuge of the last communists and anarchists who pass there for their daily portion of *Boulet Liégeois*, a local delicacy that's actually just a meatball with gravy. It has also hosted some of the best DIY punk gigs I've witnessed (HEIMATGLÜCK, RIISTETYT, ACTIVE MINDS, RIOT/CLONE, HJERTESTOP, MARGARET TRASHER, UTOPIA, URSUS, PEDESTRIANS, just to name a few). Because of its small capacity, even less well attended gigs are cozy affairs. Like at most gigs in Liege there's rarely violence or even violent dancing, so the overall atmosphere is nice though the place is packed with drunks. Best thing to do is get pissed as well I guess. Most of the time it'S the people from Sux To Be You who organize the gigs there.

La Zone is most likely Liege's longest running independent/punk venue. Its' a private club for legal reasons so every visitor has to become a member (costs a whopping 0,50€). There's no flashy neon lights or anything to mark the venue, it's just a fucking door in a long, windowless wall. But no worries, there's always a trail of piss, vomit and drunken punks that will lead the way. It's not solely focused on punk though. Folk, electro wank, hip hop, garage, whatever fits the DIY/counterculture shoe gets its place under the sun in La Zone. Different collectives operate there but for punk gigs I suggest you get in touch with Recipes 4 Hangover.

I haven't been in De Vort'n Vis ever since it relocated to the St Jacobsstraat, which is fucking ages ago. The original site was turned into a tapas bar last time I checked. It's funny that they're now serving prawn croquettes in the same building where I once saw the people from DOOM vomit down the stairs. I can't tell you what happens in the new Vort'n Vis. You've got internet, check it out for yourself. There's an annual leperfest going on in leper. It's more (metallic) hardcore orientated as far as I know.

Other places of interest : the Frontline in Gent, a place not only used as a venue but also a spot where fraternities can organize activities. Gent hosts a university after all. Fraternities are for wankers but don't we all know that? The Pits in Kortrijk: a venue that has been around for over 22 years, completely devoted to punk, garage, hardcore and fucked up rock'n roll. Magasin 4 in Brussels. Never been there, Brussels is shit. There also was a gig collective called Teenage Kicks who organized punk/hardcore gigs in Brussels, but they got banned from every damn pub so they're in need of a new venue.

Endnotes

Brob (*Tilt* magazine) runs an interesting blog that is focusing on the '80s and early '90s international punk/hardcore scene and especially on all those bands that once played in Belgium in one of the gigs organized by the people from Smurfpunx or affiliated groups (hence the name). If you have stories, flyers, pictures from that era, get in touch. http://smurfpunx.wordpress.com/

There's more to Facebook than jerking off on your ex girlfriend's holiday snaps or boring everyone's balls off with your Farmville shit: there's a Facebook group called Bloody Belgium that has lots of info on the early Belgian punk scene, a few videos, pictures and a lot of bollox.

I'm offended, if not insulted, every time I see a foreigner come to Belgium only to drink the AB Inbev canned horsepiss you can find just about anywhere on the fucking globe. Stella Artois, Hoegaarden, Leffe? Gimme a break. It's shite! Belgium has one of the richest traditions in beer in the world. So why waste money on some multinational's product that is so diluted just to meet up to as many people's taste as possible? Ignorance is no excuse. If you take the seasonal beers in account as well, Belgium has almost a thousand different brands of beer to offer. While you won't find them all in one shop, any supermarket here has a wide variety available for a proper initiation in the wonderful world of Belgian beer. So don't just sit there, let's make drunks a threat again!

I'm still looking for demo/records from IRGALMATLAN NORVEREK and VARIOLA (from Hungary), if anyone can help me out.

It took me over 20 hours to write all this shit down, checking facts, listening to horrible bands, reading all their mindless bollox on MySpace. During that time I drank three Chimay Tripple, a Bink blond or two, some Saison Dupont and a Moinette Blond (biologique!), Oude Geuze 3 fonteinen and Oude Geuze Hanssens artisanaal, a few Zeezuipers and a Duvel because I ran out of proper beer.

In those few weeks the state debt has risen by 10 billion euro and Belgium is about to fall apart.

God exists albeit in a 33cl bottle. He's called Westvleteren 8 and once you've drank it you'll agree and no matter how much anti-religion you are you'll be glad there are still some child molesting monks around to brew this divine beverage.

There's something you need to know about abbey beer: it's all a load of shit. It's a marketing scheme to add a certain mystique to an otherwise generic brand of beer.

I tried to be as complete as possible, even including bands I don't like music-wise and some I fucking hate. If your band didn't make it, don't be a tit and whine about it. Write your own fucking scene report.

Punk is what we make of it. Support your local scene, rock front row, give new bands a chance even if they suck donkey cock and get rid of that blind adoration for anything that comes from America because there's brilliants all over the fucking globe. And don't be a passive consumer, go get involved.

Downloading is killing the scene from within. Buy vinyl for fuck's sake

All the bands can be contacted through the internet.

If you decide to go for a bicky burger, make sure you get all three sauces. Separately. The three in one is a fraud.

You can contact me at Systemphobia@telenet.be.

INDEPENDENT MANUFACTURING FOR THE INDEPENDENT COMMUNITY.

POSTERS

500 FULL COLOR 11X17 POSTERS

$250*

includes plates & shipping
no extra charges

1,000 FULL COLOR 11X17 POSTERS

$325*

includes plates & shipping
no extra charges

CDs

1,000 CDs

complete with 4/1 4 panel folder and tray
up to 3 colors on disc face
packaged and shrink wrapped

$925*

plus overs and shipping

1,000 BULK CDs

price includes:
up to 3 colors on disc face,
glass mastering and shipping

$495*

no extra charges

LP JACKETS

500 FULL COLOR

$575*

1,000 FULL COLOR

$750*

price includes shipping to one location.

* CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE FOR UPDATED PRICES & MONTHLY SPECIALS!

imprint indie printing

3449 TECHNOLOGY DRIVE, STE. 212
NORTH VENICE, FLORIDA 34275
PHONE: 941-484-5151
WWW.ILOVEIMPRINT.COM • INFO@ILOVEIMPRINT.COM

PRINTING AND REPLICATION FOR INDEPENDENT RECORD LABELS AND BANDS SINCE 1994

PUNK n JUNK MAILORDER

YOUR ONE-STOP SHOP
HAS A GREAT SELECTION OF
THE LATEST RELEASES
FROM
THESE KILLER ARTISTS

GET RAD / TILTWHEEL / OFF WITH THEIR HEADS
SPRAINS / MISCHIEF BREW / 45 ADAPTERS
LIFETIME / SETH GRAHAM / FAKE BOYS / QUEERS
YOUNG LIVERS / ANDREW JACKSON JIHAD
DAISY ANNE GREE / RUMSPRINGER / J3 & MORE...

AND
PUNK N JUNK MAILORDER HAS
SUPER CHEAP-O PRICES
ON
TONS OF CDs / VINYL / TAPES
BOOKS / ZINES / MERCH
ACCESSORIES + MUCH MORE!
+
ALL YOU CAN BUY
$2.95 SHIPPING!

SO STOP MESSING AROUND...
DROP INTO THE SHOP TODAY!

PUNKNJUNK.COM

ATTN:
BANDS/LABELS
SELL YOUR RELEASES
DIRECT WITH US!

SHARDS S/T LP

STRIPMINES
SYMPATHY RATIONS EP
MANIPULATION
NEW EP

SORRY STATE RECORDS

www.sorrystaterecords.com

RAVE UP records

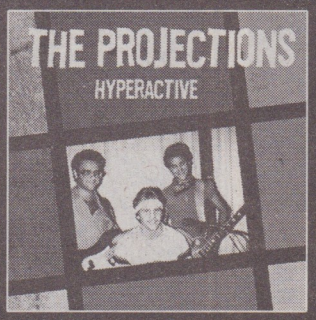
EXCITING NEWS FROM THE GLORIOUS PUNK PAST!
OUT DECEMBER 15TH

STORMTROOPER

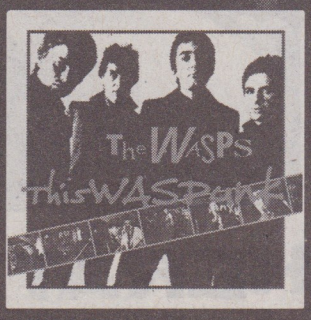
SAUCERS/ALLIES

THE PLOD

ED DAVIS BAND

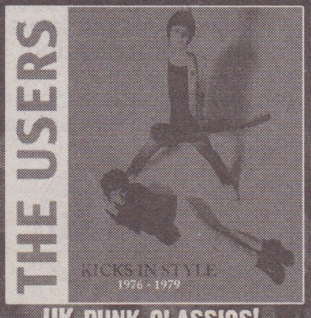


1980 DETROIT PUNK ROCK



UK 1977 TEENAGE PUNK

ITALIAN 1978 PUNK ROCK



UK PUNK CLASSICS!

www.raveuprecords.com
raveup@tiscali.it

OUT NOW:

FLESH LIGHTS

YOU'RE A STEALER 7"

AUSTIN, TX MUSCLE POP/GARAGE PUNK
LIMITED TO 300 HAND NUMBERED COPIES
WITH DIGITAL DOWNLOAD INCLUDED
$5PPD US, $6 PPD CAN, $7PPD WORLD

THE NO NO NO HOPES

6 SONG S/T 7" EP
$5PPD US, $6PPD CAN, $7PPD WORLD

NEXT, SOON:

COME AND TAKE IT 7" EP

AVAILABLE DIGITALLY FROM ITUNES OR IN REAL LIFE FROM NO IDEA MAILORDER AND OTHERS.
CONTACT US FOR WHOLESALE & TRADES:
TWISTWORTHYRECORDS@GMAIL.COM.

STEREOPHONIC SOUND
Twistworthy Records

PO BOX 4491 AUSTIN, TX 78765 USA
ORDER ONLINE: WWW.TWISTWORTHY.COM

ALL AGES RECORDS
LONDON'S ONLY INDEPENDENT PUNK & HARDCORE RECORD STORE

OPEN EVERYDAY 11:30AM - 6:30PM
27A PRATT STREET, CAMDEN, LONDON NW1 0BG, UK
TEL. (+44) 207 267 0303

www.allagesrecords.com
shop@allagesrecords.com

SUDDEN DEATH & JOE SHITHEAD KEITHLEY

THE BAND THAT DEFINED HARDCORE CANADA'S LEGENDARY PUNKS

D.O.A.

TALK-ACTION=0

D.O.A'S PHILOSOPHICAL CALL TO ARMS!

FEATURING:
"THAT'S WHY I AM AN ATHEIST", "I LIVE IN A CAR", "THE R.C.M.P." & "CAPTAIN KIRK"

NEW CD/LP OUT NOW ON SUDDEN DEATH RECORDS

Go to Sudden Death for more great releases by Pointed Sticks, Real McKenzies, The Damned, MDC and many more. Visit...

WWW.SUDDENDEATH.COM

SUDDEN DEATH RECORDS

email: info@suddendeath.com
or write to:
Sudden Death Records
Cascades P.O. Box 43001
Burnaby, BC,
Canada V5G 3H0

HERÄTYS

HELLVETTIIN JA TAKAISIN, 7"

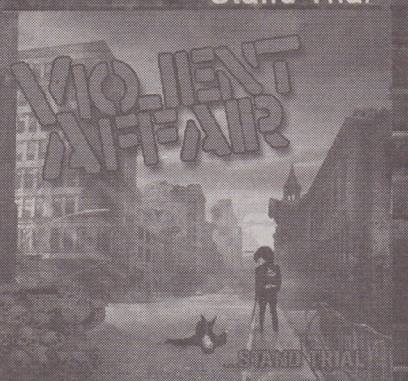
A SVENSK AND SUOMI
HARDCORE STEW – SERVE LOUD!!!
OCTOBER 2010

UPCOMING: SELFISH/CRUDE EUROPE TOUR, CRUDE LP, GEWAPEND BETON 7"

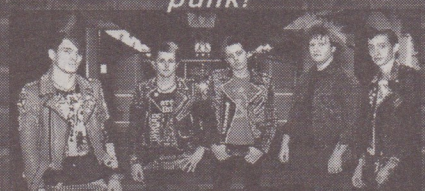
La Familia

www.lafamiliareleases.com

Violent Affair
'Stand Trial'



11 new tracks of Oklahoma City street punk!



UNREPENTANT RECORDS

MUSIC FOR PUNKS, DRUNKS, & OUTCASTS!

unrepentantrecords.com

Scene Report: Frankfurt am Main, Germany (Yes, the city with the airport where your tour starts...)

by Jan Röhlk, *Trust Fanzine*

First Words

This intro is for *MRR*'s own Martin "Los Crudos" Sorrondeguy. Two years ago Andrea from German *Trust* zine and I went to the *MRR* house in San Francisco and carried out an interview for *Trust* with the then-active coordinators. We met Martin, who asked us where we were from and when we replied "Frankfurt," he flipped through the *MRR* record collection, searching for that special band from Frankfurt that he loved... It appeared to be the old-school German punk band DER DURSTIGE MANN (a.k.a. DDM—roughly translated into "The Thirsty Man"). Well, the band is long gone, although they played one gig last year in Frankfurt because Bernd Hasenfus, one of their old drummers, had died.

Why this scene report? A lot of American bands start/end their European tours in Frankfurt because of the good international flight connections to many US airports. I moved to Frankfurt—which is in South Germany—four years ago and thought it might be interesting for y'all to receive information about what's going on with DIY HC/punk in this city. Frankfurt am Main (which means "Frankfurt near [the river] Main") is the center of all major banks, which results in very expensive rents for the approximately 670,000 inhabitants. On the other hand, there are very good flight and train connections; for example, it's one hour to Cologne or three and a half to Berlin. The subcultural history of the city is quite ambivalent: On one hand, in Germany the radical student protests of 1968 started in Frankfurt, the Green Party was founded there, and there was a famous youth center, JUZ Bockenheim, where most of the touring DIY bands played in the '80s and early '90s. On the other hand, one of Germany's best-known right-wing skinhead bands, BOEHSE ONKELZ, formed there at the beginning of the '80s (and broke up in 2003). Well, talking of good shit now:

Bands

I guess most of you are familiar with the German thrash metal band TANKARD (www.tankard.org). They started in the early '80s and are still active, along with even older punk rockers and one of the early "deutschpunk" bands STRASSENJUNGS (www.diestrassenjungs.de), who formed in 1977. There were other old bands like MIDDLE CLASS FANTASIES, PULLERMANN or MAGIC SPLATTERS, but they don't exist anymore. Oskar, one of the former drummers of DDM, is now playing drums in a psychobilly punk'n'roll band called RUMBLE DELUXE, who just performed their first few gigs (www.myspace.com/rumbledeluxe). The guitar player of DDM, ERIC HYSTERIC, is still active as a solo acoustic player.

STAGE BOTTLES (www.stagebottles.de) have been around since the early '90s; two of them, singer and guitar player, are also involved in BLAGGERS ITA, so maybe you can guess which kind of music we got here with Stage Bottles—yes, antifascist skinhead Oi punk. Their slogan is "sometimes antisocial, always antifascist." A new crust band arose out of Frankfurt, SPIT FORTH; they just played their first hometown show as support for BLOODY PHOENIX from Los Angeles on that band's European tour. Spitforth.blogspot.com. Their music is a good old-school

Hellbastard meets early Extreme Noise Terror crusty sound, and I guess we will be hearing a lot more about these guys and their female singer in the future. I know that their bass player Matze has an *MRR* subscription, so greetings to you, dumb-ass, ha ha. Actually, from the Bavarian city of Aschaffenburg are SCHEISSE MINNELLI, though now they are partly a Frankfurt band considered (even if they don't agree with that, ha ha) 'cause their singer Sam moved there (and their new guitar player lives there as well). They play an old-school RKL sound mixed with a little INFEST and sing about beer, skateboarding and drugs. They will tour the West Coast of the US in 2011, so check them out if you like what you read (www.myspace.com/scheisseminnelli).

BUNGALOW 7 (www.myspace.com/bungalow7music) is a nice garage rock band, featuring on guitar the mighty Frank Rahm (now Frankfurt resident), who played guitar for Spermbirds from their beginnings in the '80s until 2007. ANTITAINMENT originally come from the suburbs, now the singer lives in (you already guessed) Frankfurt and they became a resident band, ha ha. For their very uncommon synthesis of music, around 400 people showed up on occasion of the record release party of their recently published third album, just great. The music is hard to describe; they mix hardcore, punk, metal with organ sound (www.myspace.com/antitainment)... Singer Tobi also plays in the electronic punk outfit LES TRUCS (www.myspace.com/lestrucs). CAPGRAS SYNDROM (www.myspace.com/capgrassyndrom) is a brutal HC punk band; their bass player was part of a very decent noise band called CONFUSED that broke up a while ago.

Speaking of noise, for all of you rockers who like the mid-period Touch and Go Records sound, you also have that kind of music, which in Frankfurt is also connected to the punk scene, because they gig in the same venues and have similar attitudes. GENTLE VEINCUT (www.myspace.com/gentleveincut) describes themselves as "looking out of the inside while being sucked up after crashing down" and play harsh noise rock the old-school way. Last but not least, in Frankfurt you will find the instrumental noise fusion kind of band called DATURAH (www.myspace.com/daturah), a wonderful and intense live band. Check out their studio records. Oh, and recently I saw that COPY CATS, a female-fronted punk rock band, are playing again (www.copycats.de/main.html).

Venues

"Serving warm beer since 1986" is the insider joke slogan of one of the oldest independent DIY venues in Frankfurt, the Exzess (www.myspace.com/exzessffm). You have a political information center (www.infoladen.net/ffm), political meetings, a regular bar on Mondays, film screenings, lectures, an independent theatre group, even techno parties and in spite of that, of course, DIY concerts. There is one smaller room for up to 150 people as well as a big hall for 800 people. Admission and drinks are available at favorable prices and don't even think of appearing there wearing an Anal Cunt t-shirt.

Another old-school DIY venue is the AU, the oldest squat in Germany because it has squatted since 1983 (www.au-frankfurt.org). Both venues focus on HC and punk bands. Once a year, the AU-FEST takes place, celebrating the anniversary of the squat. It is a big open-air benefit festival with more than a thousand people. A ten-minute walk from the AU, you hit the Raumstation (www.myspace.com/raumstationffm), another fine, non-commercial small DIY space for all kinds of HC/punk shows.

Another venue is called IVI (which stands for "Institut für Vergleichende Irrelevanz," or Institute for Comparative Irrelevance, www.ivi.copyriot.com), a squatted university building. If you like electro punk or similar stuff, this is the place to be. Yellow Stage (www.yellowstage.wordpress.com) is actually a studio room with a small stage where the bands of the Hazelwood label would gig but also other bands, yet more related to the later SST Records phase (you know, jazz, songwriters, punk in spirit but not in music...).

Tracing back to the revival squatting of the above-mentioned legendary Juz Bockenheim in 2008, Klapperfeld originated (www.faitesvotrejeu.blogsport.de), which is based in an old prison building. They don't stage concerts too often, but are very active in political information evenings, regular DIY bar and so on. Still not to forget is Wagenplatz Borsigallee, a wagon site that also hosts subcultural DJ parties and live gigs.

Record Stores

If you are into old punk and garage music, make sure you pay visit to Lucky Star RECORDS, tiny but nice and the owner always has a cold beer for ya (www.myspace.com/luckystarrecords). Seniors in terms of record stores are Sick Wreckords (www.sickwreckords.de) for vinyl and Number 2 (www.no2-records.de) for CDs—check them out for your punk, HC and indie needs. Sick Wreckords also has some old *MRR* and German zines in the bins... Also good for rare and old vinyl is Mythos Records (www.mythos-records.net); used records you find in Musical Box (www.musical-box.de) and mainly new stuff in Musikladen (www.musikladen-frankfurt.de).

Media

Most important of all, a monthly flyer called *Untergrund Flyer* is published and contains every necessary piece of information regarding all subcultural concerts, parties and political stuff that is going on in Frankfurt and the surrounding areas (Darmstadt, Hanau, Mainz, Wiesbaden, Mannheim, etc.). There is also an online version—just think of Bay Area's "The List" (www.copyriot.com/untergrund). Frankfurt has a non-commercial radio station called RADIO X; check their program online (www.radiox.de). Depending on the DJs, you will get hip-hop, punk, hardcore, metal... Unfortunately, no fanzines emerge from Frankfurt at the moment although some people who are active in zines like *Punkrock* or *Trust* fanzine live there. Actually, a monthly Fanziner Skat Playing Round has been established, which means that we meet in shabby bars, drink beer and sometimes play skat (a card game). You certainly are welcome to join in (contact—only for skat playing—jan@trust-zine.de).

Personally, I can recommend two great DIY record labels (besides Hazelwood Records, mentioned before): First of all Streaks Records (www.streaksrecords.de) that is operated by Spit Forth bass player Matze and focuses on non-hipster black-doom-sludge-metal. Totally different music-wise but also DIY and recommendable is, secondly, Pure Pop For Now People (www.ppfnp.com), a label run by Joachim. On a steady basis, he releases international bands and ego-projects whose music could be described best as kind of weird psychedelic...

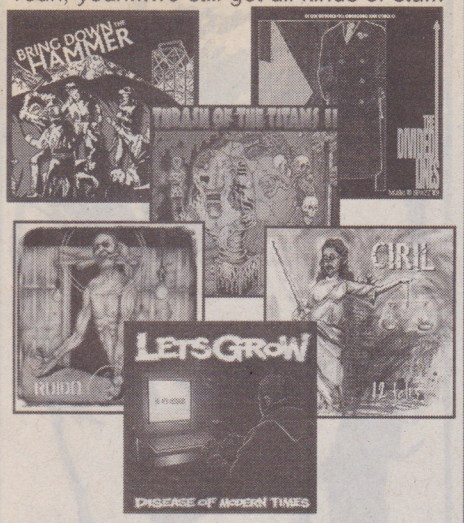
Final Words

I am not that familiar with vegan/vegetarian restaurants, but check out the underground flyer for vegan/vegetarian People's Kitchens (in German, "Volxkueche") almost every day. They take place in the usual venues and serve food for just a few Euros—for example, Mondays at the Exzess and Thursdays at the AU (starts at 8:00 PM, described in their words as: "Tasty dinner at cost price for those on a limited budget, bar open until 2:00 AM. In wintertime in the cellar, as soon as it is warm enough outside in the beer garden."). Frankfurt also has some more-or-less alternative bars to offer: Backstage (www.backstagefrankfurt.de), Feinstaub (www.dasfeinstaub.de) and Dreikoenigskeller (www.dreikoenigskeller.com, they also put on shows but more rock'n'roll stuff—a nice bar with an Elvis shrine, ha ha).

For all people who want to taste the regional things for which Frankfurt is well known (e.g. the famous Rindswurst—beef sausage), check out some traditional beer gardens. Ask the locals, everyone knows the best! And hey, I don't perpetuate the cliché of sausage-eating, beer-drinking Germans, but it's not that entirely wrong! Perhaps people reading this like to drink cider? Then try the famous Ebbelwoi, a sour sparkling wine made of apples, which is the regional drink. Or the local beers—always ask for the Binding blue, not the red one. Also, check out the farmer's market in the city center at Konstablerwache on Thursdays and Saturdays (smaller ones at Friedberger Platz on Fridays and Bornheim Mitte on Saturdays) for having a drink and eating or buying regional organic food. And make sure that your lungs are intact, because it is common that you are allowed to smoke at almost all DIY shows. People won't necessarily stop smoking 'cause a band is playing but if you announce "please don't smoke" before the show starts, that should not be a problem.

This whole scene report is far from being complete; for instance, I've neglected the huge soccer scene around Eintracht Frankfurt (amongst other soccer clubs) with their fans and music—they even have their own bands and bars. But I thought to keep this report short for all of you who start or end their trips in Frankfurt with maybe an extra day left to spend. Have a good tour in Europe and a good day in Frankfurt!

Yeah, yeah...we still got all kinds of stuff.

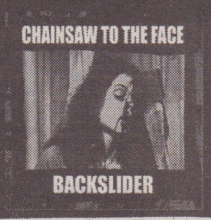


Lets Grow "Disease of Modern Times" LP
Ruido s/t LP
Ciril "12 Tales" LP
V/A "Thrash of the Titans 2" LP
Bring Down The Hammer s/t CD
The Divided Lines "Music To Spazz To" 7"
Larkin "Reckoning" CD
Ciril "Hysteria Driven" LP/CD
Meet The Virus s/t CD
Scarred For Life "Born Work Die" LP/CD
Dead Man's Choir "She Don't Like It" 7"
Insult "I Wanna Be A Burn Victim" CD

KNOW RECORDS
P.O. BOX 90579
LONG BEACH, CA 90809
www.knowrecords.com
www.myspace.com/knowrecords

BLASTCAT

BACKSLIDER LEFT COAST TOUR
NOV. 11TH -14TH 2010
PHOENIX, LA AREA, BAY AREA, CA
NEW 7" E.P. FALL 2010



CHAINSAW TO THE FACE // BACKSLIDER SPLIT 7"
-NJ POWERVIOLENCE MEETS PA BLURRCORE
$4PPD

I HATE THIS S/T 7"
-RAGING NON STOP FASTCORE $4 PPD

OUT SOON
D.O.C. // MIND AS PRISON split 7"
-mem of MAGRUDERGRIND, A WARM GUN, JUICE TYME
absolutely crushing grind
AMPUTEE TAPE
-mem of CTTF ASSUCKIN' GRIND

MESSAGE FOR PAYPAL INFO:
WWW.MYSPACE.COM/BLASTCATRECORDS
BWASTBEAT@GMAIL.COM

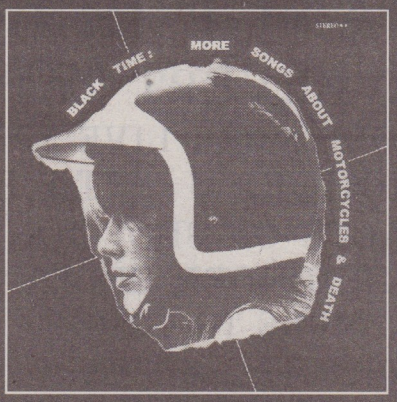
BLASTCAT C/O PATRICK FORREST
1701 LANCASTER AVE 1ST FLOOR
SHILLINGTON, PA 19607

DISTRO: EBULLITION.COM

WRENCH ★ RECORDS

BLACK TIME

The new 12" EP
"More Songs About Motorcycles & Death"
6 KILLER TRACKS!!



PRICE - £5.50 PLUS POSTAGE. Post to UK addresses is £2.40. For buyers outside the UK see web site for postage costs. Or try these distros: Revolver, Goner, Dead Beat, Savage, Crypt, Slowboy, P.Trash, Yakisakana, Ken Rock, Subterranean, Demolition Derby

WRENCH RECORDS, PO BOX 67353, LONDON N8 1BQ, ENGLAND
Email: mail@wrench.org
Web site & online catalog: www.wrench.org

RevHQ.com

VINYL, CDs, DVDs
T-SHIRTS, BOOKS & MORE
The Best Source For Independent Music.

STAY AHEAD OF THE WEATHER

WE BETTER GET GOIN' IF WE'RE GONNA

Four friends living, working, playing music and growing up in a midwest DIY scene that means the world to them. A few of them play in a couple other bands (INTO IT. OVER IT. / NATIVE / CASTEVET), but started this band for fun.

7" OUT Dec. 7, 2010
on NO SLEEP RECORDS

Atlantic Pacific
Meet your new love

Featuring Garret Klahn of TEXAS IS THE REASON, John Herguth of HOUSE & PARISH and more.

CD/12" out Oct. 26, 2010
on NO SLEEP RECORDS

HAMMERFIST
DEAD DREAMS

Southern California's **HAMMERFIST** is back with this seven song EP. *Dead Dreams* is fast and pissed off with heavy breakdowns that will apeal to any hardcore fan.
For Fans Of: THICK AS BLOOD, HOODS, TERROR and HELMET

CDEP OUT DECEMBER 14TH, 2010
ON GHOST TOWN RECORDS

LIBERTY

JUST TALKING REALITY

The first new release from legendary UK anarcho punx LIBERTY in over 20 years!
"anger and music in fusion"

CONDITION DEAD

FAMOUS FOR FUCK ALL
New H/C anarcho punx includes ex Refuse All, Lost Cherrees & others

Both on CD only from
www.activedistribution.org
order via website
$9/7e/£5 each worldwide

ACTS OF SEDITION
PENGUIN SUIT RECORDS
FIVE TEN TAPES
≠
MALADIE LP
DANGERS LP
OVERVERT TAPE
SURRENDER LIVE TAPE
MOHORAM ATTA EP
ACTS OF SEDITION/
SURRENDER SPLIT 7"
MORE TO COME...
≠
ACTSOFSEDITION.COM
PO BOX 22083
OAKLAND CA 94623

NO REPRIEVE RECORDS

OUT NOW!
SPLIT 7 INCH
FEATURING...

INJ/SYS

FAST HARDCORE! FFO NEG FX, KORO, URBAN WASTE

BLOODTYPE

STRAIGHT EDGE HARDCORE PUNK. FFO THE ABUSED

COMING SOON...
TAMPA, FL GRINDCORE
CELLGRAFT

NOREPRIEVERECORDS.COM

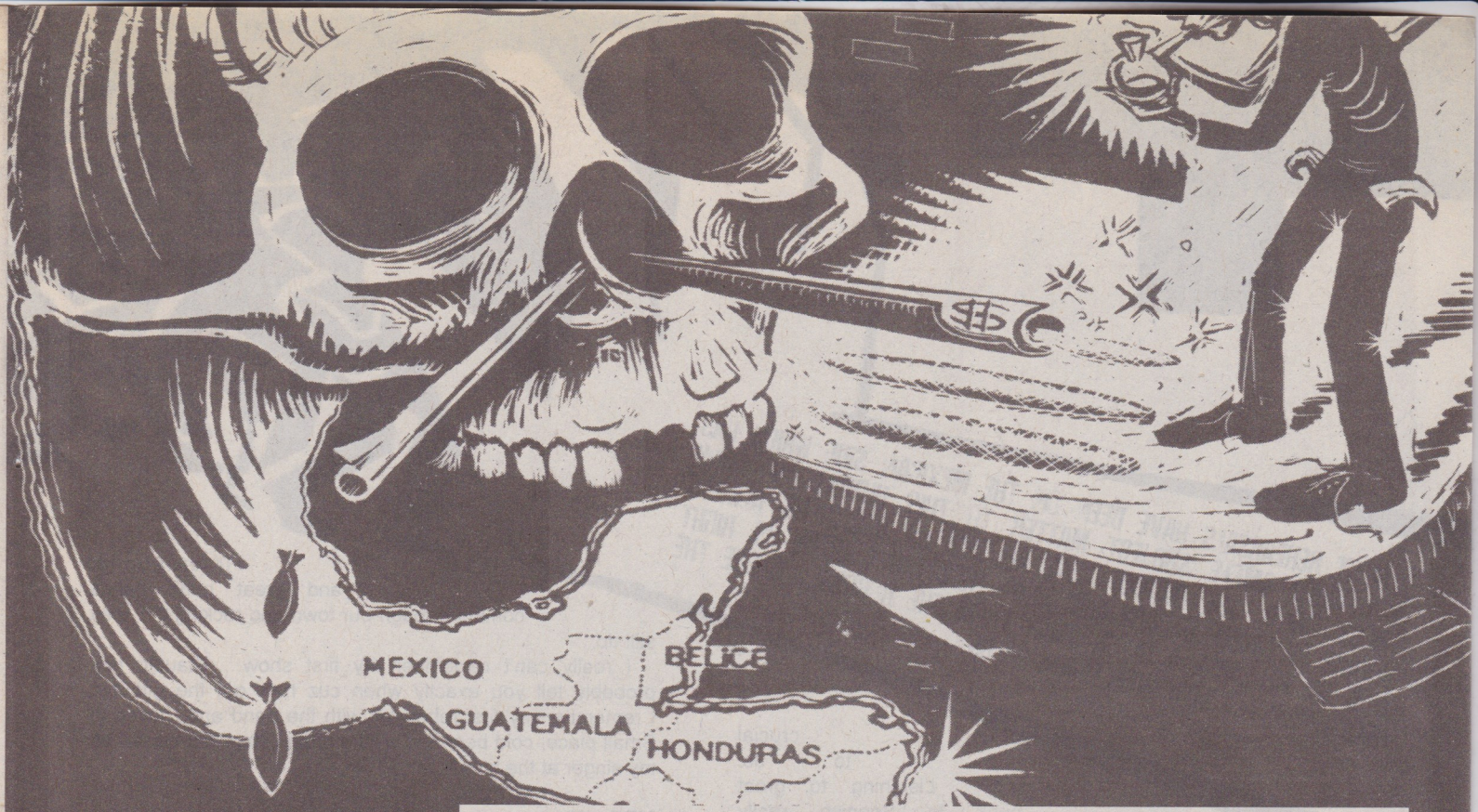
DOG COMPANY

A Bullet for Every Lie

OUT NOW!
on Contra Records

Limited Color Vinyl L.P. + CD

myspace.com/dogcompany44
www.contra-net.com



LA MERMA

Held hostage amidst a ruthless war between drug cartels, federales, racist vigilantes, border patrols, corrupt officials and a hate-filled new anti-immigration law, the city of Nogales Sonora, Mexico shelters one of the longest-running bands to ever survive in such a hostile environment: La Merma. *I had the chance to chat with los morros from* La Merma *about their first mini East Coast Tour, their turbulent fifteen year old journey in the northern Mexico punk rock scene, their opinions on the new Arizona law (which basically legalizes bigotry), their upcoming documentary and as-yet-untitled long awaited fourth album and the ups and downs of being part of an almost unknown scene situated on the dry hills of the Sonoran Desert. Let's pump up the volume on that Mexican cumbia, open another can of smooth Tecate Roja, flip that burning-bloody piece of carne asada and start with the interview.*

Interview with La Merma guitarist/second vocalist Iván by Gilberto Húmar.

Photos by Paige Zinzella, Berenice Lomelí, Gilberto Húmar.

MRR: Hello guys, I hope you all are doing fine. You guys know I've been keeping close track of the band for a long time but for those who don't know, please tell us a little bit about it. What does La Merma mean? How and when did it get started and where the fuck is Nogales Sonora?!

Nogales is right on the border. It is the border crossing between Sonora Mexico and Arizona U$A. La Heroica Nogales is always cooler in the summertime than Phoenix and Hermosillo. It has welcomed many Punk Rock bands and it is currently under xenophobic pressure from the state to deport as many "illegals" and undesirables under some racist law from Gov. Jan Brewer and fucked up lil demigods like Gestapopapá sheriff Arpaio. Arizona is thought of the testing grounds for all fucked up social experiments from the right wing fringe. In the south we have an all out war between the cartels. It is a beautiful, surreal and very disturbed place… no one like her.

La Merma means the gradual or total decline of quality. The band has been playing since 1993 and has had a lot of different members and sounds. Members are either living or dying on either side of the border. Most rehearsals have been on the Mexican side, which has provided ample subject matter to this humble lil punk rock band. The barbed wire around us keeps us always aware of where we are and what they think about us. Right now we rehearse a block away from the border… where the helicopters fly with their lights on us.

MRR: Living in a border city like Nogales you guys should be familiar with the Sonora and Arizona scenes. What bands influenced your sound from both sides of the fence?

I started listening to east coast and west coast punk rock being particular to the sounds of the Circle Jerks, Bad Brains and the hardcore scene at that time… big fan of Minor Threat of course. After this beginning, Nogales got an influx from our dear friend BTO Cruda from Guaymas of Basque and other Spanish punk rock, which was

crucial to us. Listening to great punk in Spanish really changed our views of punk in general. They spoke our language and they had a lot of shit to say. The politics were interesting and they could rock the fuck out! The bands that I fell in love with (just a few of so many) were Eskorbuto, RIP, La Polla Records, Tijuana In Blue and Kortatu, all extremely influential to my beginning in La Merma.

We had the fortune of being involved with the bands that in their own right were incredible in nearby Sonora Mexico. Bands like Suciedad Discriminada and La Perra Vida from Hermosillo, Alma Surfer from Obregon, La Cruda from Guaymas, Pinakates and No Muertos from Apson Rock City. All the bands from Sonora! So many cool and rocking bands... It is an honor and a privilege to have befriended all these people, so many bands that still keep in touch. It's a beautiful thing. I found it exciting that you could make your own music and play with other bands that liked the noise. I really like that about the Sonoran rock and roll scene. They were very good and they drew their own style too, which was very exciting.

MRR: How was the Nogales scene different back in the late eighties from today? And in which way is it better today than the good old "back in the day" times? What was your first show?
The scene in the late eighties was very exciting. My town is a very boring town filled with Paisas and they do boring things, boring music, boring parties, boring everything. So, we would get together, like any decent punk rock band, to get away from the boredom and the mediocrity of it all. We started with some covers and finally had a chance to be a part of Nogales Sonora's punk rock crew. But then my brother and friends went to see Suciedad Discriminada play in Hector's house (from Democracia Real, the first punk band from Nogales Sonora) and it all went crazy from there. We became hooked and every little show was really a treat for us so we began going to more shows and rehearsing a little bit more seriously. It was hard for us to get good music back then, so we appreciated it very much.

I think today there's a much better scene because of the fact that there are more people involved in good punk and its positive connotations. We still have the little idiots that need some independent thought smashed into their skulls but they are now very few, *jeje*. The dissemination of good punk in all its forms has made for more bands and for more people to be involved in it, which I think is a good thing. We have befriended so many wonderful people through this and I think that sets it apart from the '80s scene. The '90s were a blur but very important too as we had international and great punk bands coming through our town and rocking it... they still do.

I really can't remember my first show... Claudio can probably tell you exactly when cuz he's got the gift, but I remember my first rehearsal with the band and I loved it! Small place, cold beer and a little roland amp that pissed off my singer at the time.

MRR: What are the main problems you guys (and any other Sonoran punk rock bands) face everyday?
Where to rehearse. Where to play. Keeping the members motivated and rocking. The environment. The politics. The right documentation. The gear. The gear being stolen or pawned. The distance. The lack of transportation and money. The venues that will have us. I guess the same things most punk bands face themselves... our only difference is having to cross the border and dodging trigger happy cops and Christian *sicarios* that just LOVE to torture and fuck up your day. You need to be on your toes in Mexico and now here in the states as well.

MRR: I've seen a lot of news about Nogales on CNN and Fox News lately, as you know that's not a good thing. How much about the murders, beheadings, and plain violence is true? Have any of you had near-death experiences or being caught in the middle of the drug war-zone?

It is all true, and it is all skewed and manipulated by the media. My cousin just got tortured and riddled with 36 bullets (because 37 bullets in his body might be exaggerating a bit) by some crazy Christian and his body dumped *en las lomas pirinolas de* Nogales just this last week. My tía had to run her hands on what was left of his face to identify the body… Thirty massacred in Tubutama, a nice little town where I would go to. Daily murders, beheadings, *narco corridos* (which are the worse as they glorify this shit) political corruption and apathy. Pressure from the US states who supply the training and arms to these new children of Torquemada and the new inquisition. No end in sight. No end to all this shit…

Our rehearsals have been adorned with massive mafia-soldiers gunfights (which inspired our song "Serenata Sicaria" from our upcoming record) and "Retenes" (traffic stops from the police, federales, judiciales etc…) I have had automatic weapons pointed at my back. We have had friends tortured to the brink of death. Jail, violence, drugs and poverty… it all feeds the music and I do not know if that is a fortunate thing but that is what we talk about. Our environment does not make us a happy punk rock band, even though we find a little good in a cold Tecate beer or some decent weed and of course, Rock and Roll.

The media plays it's part by infusing the states with fear. Right now, Mexico is the new war—war on drugs, secure the border, kids from illegals overrunning Medicare and the American way of life, panic panic panic. Violence. Sovereignty questions… minutemen. McCain and the pressure from the right. We have more troops in the border with their fingers on the trigger (literally) than ever before. They check you for American guns and if you have money. They stop me and they know they have the power so it's a shame that freedom of speech is suspended in my block. Believe it America!

MRR: Don't you guys see how sad "normal" has become waking up to the blast of a hand grenade or the smell of rotting flesh smeared on the walls of City Hall? I mean, I'm from a Sonoran border town myself. I'm not that old and I remember you never saw any of this shit five years ago. What's the next step? What are the citizens waiting for to move out? Is it just that the whole violence is so out of hand today that there's really no place to go?

There is nowhere to go. There is no employment. There is no future. It is a warzone, you have no options. Kindergartens being closed down because three fuckers just got mutilated a block away. Work

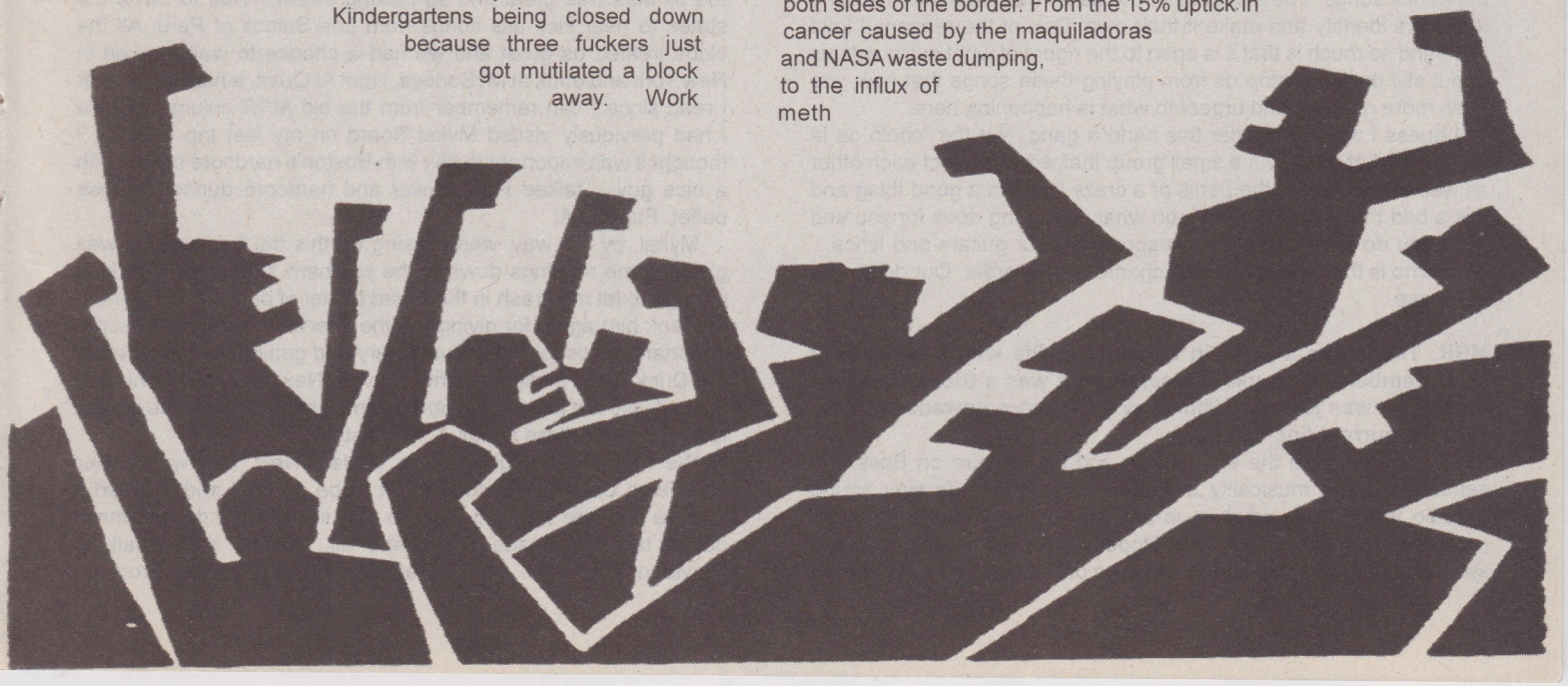
stoppage because of a gunfight outside the loading dock. Severed heads with poetic license to intimidate everyone! Because fear moves the masses, baby.

I really do think the violence is and will continue to get out of hand. We are out 30 years of being able to address this by legalizing marijuana. The plant that gave all these crazy Christians the power and now it's too late. Being from the border and being a part of all this shit has convinced me, wholeheartedly that this recent prohibition has literally left this state under the mercy of the drug cartels that now have the power to go into the most disgusting trafficking of all… political power.

I love my town. I really feel a deep sadness not because of what happens here, but because a lot of people that used to live here and those that live farther up north just don't get it. They feel protected, but sooner or later it will affect them. Some people just don't give a damn and that's a tragedy. That this hasn't convinced the people yet… it is very close to being a battleground for all the marbles and someone has to lose.

MRR: It's been almost 18 years since you guys have been writing songs about the whole xenophobic feeling the immigrants are exposed to in Arizona. All of a sudden Governor Jen Brewer's controversial SB-1070 law got the attention of the whole country. Are you surprised about the outcome? What State will be the next one to adopt this new ethnic cleansing tendency? Do you see this whole situation as a big "we told you so"?

Fuck yeah we told em' so! But it doesn't matter really what we say. We would talk about the gradual increase of bullshit on both sides of the border. From the 15% uptick in cancer caused by the maquiladoras and NASA waste dumping, to the influx of meth



I HAVE HAD AUTOMATIC WEAPONS POINTED AT MY BACK. WE HAVE HAD FRIENDS TORTURED TO THE BRINK OF DEATH. JAIL. VIOLENCE. DRUGS AND POVERTY... IT ALL FEEDS THE MUSIC AND I DO NOT KNOW IF THAT IS A FORTUNATE THING BUT THAT IS WHAT WE TALK ABOUT. OUR ENVIRONMENT DOES NOT MAKE US A HAPPY PUNK ROCK BAND... EVEN THOUGH WE FIND A LITTLE GOOD IN A COLD TECATE BEER OR SOME DECENT WEED AND OF COURSE... ROCK AND ROLL.

in Sonora. We knew that politically the states had to address this situation because of the terror propaganda that has been hammered into every freaked out middle class family from anywhere street U$A. I think a new war is on our doorstep. Unfortunately.

I remember right after 9-11 that all rights were suspended in the crossing and we learned to deal with it because of the tragedy. Since then, our rights have been crushed and you are on your own when crossing the border, which we do almost daily. It is a terrible thing to see people that can't defend themselves being humiliated by an ex-jock Latina that has the badge and wants the phallus. I can at least talk to them in their own language and get by, barely... But they have the power... Brutes and the new Gestapo enforce the law... *ta' cabron!*

The problem with the immigration issue is that it will not cease. On the contrary, I do not see one or two states adopting this measure of deportation and removal of rights. I see most, if not all, states making a push to allow authorities, in all forms, of gradually intimidating Hispanics to consider moving away. After this you will have the traffic stops or American "retenes" and then comes the knocking on doors and then... as you guessed. Concentration camps at the border starting with a massive one in Texas. They call me "el socio-damus" por predicar este maldito futuro.

MRR: When you opened for Reincidentes back in 2004, Fernando, their lead singer once referred to La Merma as a "Punk Rock Gang" more than a band. Why is it that you never seem to stick more than a year with the same line up? How does that affect your sound as a band.

As in any dysfunctional marriage.... It is hard to keep everyone focused and/or happy about what you do. Sometimes it is out of our hands (jail, deportation, love, drugs, etc...) Sometimes you work with what you have. This lends to different interpretations of border punk rock songs. The songs carry the same message and the band members identify and make it their own. One of the reasons I love this band so much is that it is open to the rigors of what surrounds us and it still does not stop us from playing these songs that now, are even more relevant and urgent to what is happening here.

I guess I would consider this band a gang. Not the "cholo de la virgen" kind of gang, but a small group that would protect each other as well as risk you to the perils of a crazy life. It is a good thing and it is a bad thing. It all depends on what your gang does for you and what you do for a gang. Our weapons are our guitars and lyrics... our barrio is the Americas... our chante is the border. Our death lies here, ese.

MRR: There was a point in La Merma's life where there were nine members. A couple of years ago it was a trio. Last time I checked it was just you Ivan. How's the score nowadays? Who is in the current line-up?

Right now we have the enthusiasm and joy of Jairo on Bass, the seriousness and musicality of Luis on drums. The forever young Claudio telling them what is up and me, trying to make as much racket on my guitar as possible. Hopefully, we will be able to fill the second guitar with the talented Berenice of Clusterfuck and Standard Deviance fame. We could do with someone who can tune and rock out like crazy! This should be the lineup for our new album and I am very excited about it.

Again, it all depends on who is playing and available. Sometimes you would be without band members and sometimes you have more than what you can deal with. Trust me, no simple matter. But I am very happy with the group we have today. Everyone is excited to be playing punk rock in Nogales. With this group, we are finalizing our first album since 2001 and even playing a few crazy shows in the States and Mexico. Things we could not previously accomplish. I am very happy to have them rocking out with me.

MRR: I heard you guys just came from an East Coast Mini Tour in Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York City back in August with CT's Clusterfuck and Tucson's Standard Deviance. Hopefully that went good with your expectations. What are the highlights of the tour? What bands, venues and places you guys liked the most?

It was a blast!!! Highly exceeded our expectations. Almost feel guilty about it... almost! We had never played in the east coast so we were a bit apprehensive about it but we had the outrageous luck to be touring with awesome people. Touring (which we had never done by the way) was made simple and fun by having toured with Clusterfuck and Standard Deviance, cool people, rocking fucking bands! Donn's a nut and everyone else was very sweet and understanding of everything, "Capitan Berenice" made sure we made it to the gigs safely and on time, such a doll! They planned it well and we just had a blast getting to know them and listening to them live. I did not have the chance to meet Holly but Lauren was sweet and Jeff has the coolest fucking songs...

I loved playing in Brooklyn on my birthday. Firehouse 13 with the piñatas was great and so fucking sweet!!! Had to travel the states to hear kick ass songs from Los Saicos of Peru. All the clubs treated us great and we had a chance to walk around in New York and drink at McSorleys. I met Al Quint, a hardcore writer I read since I can remember from the old *MRR* columns. Since I had previously visited Mykel Board on my last trip to NYC. I thought it was important to talk with Boston's hardcore hero. Such a nice guy... talked Raw Power and hardcore during Chinese buffet. Fucking A!

Mykel, by the way, was missing on this trip because he was giving some readings down in the southern states. He was kind enough to let me crash in the board hostel of punks and I wanted to thank him again for giving me the interview, sending us some important words for the documentary and getting me smashed at the Drink Club, all sober rights waived. Next time I hope he can make it. We are looking forward to him coming down to the border to play some Artless songs... sweet stuff.

We had a beautiful picnic in upstate New York with Javier and Taina Cojoba who turned out to be so cool and wonderful that we now are awaiting them to play in this here desert where decent tacos are made. But most of all... for me. It was walking Providence at night. Drinking and writing in daybreak Brooklyn

after jamming with Chris (A) Truth, the house drummer. Dim sum in Boston´s Chinatown. Joe Strummer's mural and the wonderful and impeccable weather in our picnic with Cojoba and Gilberto while our new friends finished tracking their album in the outskirts of a New York forest... It will be a memory I will always cherish.

MRR: Tell us a little bit about each one of your three records. Who put them out? Their sound and how are they different from each other. Their recording process and inspirations.
Our first album which was released in 1997 was called *Cd. Fronteriza*. Back then... I was living in San Diego finishing up an internship for a recording class. Because I was busting my ass for free... the owner offered me a weekend to record because a band from Mexico canceled, I think it was La Cuca. Anyway, I had this weekend to play with so I called the boys in Nogales to let them know that we have studio space and time. At that time, I do not think La Merma was actually playing or anything so I called them up, they agreed and that weekend they took off with Jackie and Acho from Chemo records with some gear and when they made it to San Diego I put them to work. We recorded 36 hours straight and then they got out of there. At that time it was Baldemar on gtr and vox, Claudio on drums and vox, Beto on bass and me on guitar.

I tracked, mixed and mastered everything on that puppy and we had our first album. It was great! In '99 we were supposed to go into the studio with Jim Waters from Waterworks studio in Tucson. We were so excited to be working with him. Unfortunately, the band had a falling out and we went into the studio rehearsing with Jaime Peters on only two occasions and that actually worked. Our HC album as it is known, featured Tripas on vox, monchi on guitar, Peters on drums, Beto on bass and me on guitar. The album *Opciones... Razones... Traiciones!!!* We released 1,000 CDs and 1,000 cassettes and we have no more... so if you have a copy. Lend it to me, I promise to return it!

In 2001 we went back with Mr. Waters to make our *Saludo al Tirano* album. In this one we were a bit more stable and were able to track our album a bit more smoothly. On drums we had Simon, on vox we had Claudio, Beto on bass, Choco on harmonic and Monchi and me on guitars. We also had some help in tracking by Sergio Mendoza (from the Sergio Mendoza orchestra) iris Quintanar, Tania and Melissa Woolfolk who still sings with us when she is not kicking ass in Washington.

Our first album has a more earthy feel and it is Baldemar's songs that make it great. The *Opciones... Razones... Traiciones*!!! album was faster, reminiscent of our earlier hardcore roots. The *Saludo al Tirano* album was heavily influenced by the classical corridos from Mexico as well as the Clash! Joe Strummer with a Sarape! I like them all. I think that the songs we have recorded are aesthetically different but that they still rock. Especially our corridos con salsa. Jaja.

MRR: La Merma is a very well known band in the Northern Mexico scenes. How was the experience of playing once again for a crowd that is unaware of your message, your songs and your band? Was a let down to play to small crowds again as playing to people whom might not like what you are trying to express?
I don't really mind the crowd size to be honest with you. Of course, like everyone else... I like a raucous party with everybody smiling and sweating and taking the hits like candy like everybody else, but sometimes you get to play for somebody who may not really dig what you do and that is ok too. I remember one of my favorite gigs in Santa Ana, Sonora, where nothing happens, and we were playing for four kids and the bartender. There were more people on stage than down in the crowd and I remember just ripping it and playing one of our better shows that way. Got nothing to lose and might as well. I also remember playing a big gig with thousands of people and sounding like shit so...

One thing I do understand is being humble as a punk rock band. No one likes a superstar so I try not to piss and moan regarding gear or whatever. You put an amp up there and some drums and I am a very happy camper. I think that playing to people that have never heard of you or heard your band is very important to me because it keeps you grounded in what you do. I would rather have someone say to me that they liked what we do than have no feedback from anyone in a bigger crowd. Again, it's just being grateful you have a place to play and hopefully someone to listen to what you have to say. It was something that took me back to the first punk rock shows I went to where it was always just a handful of friends and some beer, which was hard to get. Good thing we had the bigger sister of my best friend to buy us all the alcohol we wanted... they were really great times in my life. Muy Punk! My brother was still with me and he is major reason, if not the reason, that I take my punk rock seriously as well as making it really fun for me. Muy importante... give me more of that!

MRR: You seem to have a decent two-year gap in between records, with the exception of your not-yet-recorded fourth album. Come on guys! Nine years in the making?! Seriously? What's the hold up?
The hold up is the bullshit that we have to go through. The economic situation, work, band members, lack of rehearsal space... etc. the band has had multiple changes recently so that hasn't helped. But we do have new songs that we feel continue to be Border songs that will continue talking about what we feel is going on and what needs to be done. This ain't no lovey dovey punk rock album that talks about the travails of another country but ours... our situation. Our need to urgently let people know that some heavy shit is coming. But you are

THAT USED TO LIVE HERE AND THOSE THAT LIVE FARTHER UP NORTH JUST DON'T GET IT. THEY

I LOVE MY TOWN. I REALLY FEEL A DEEP SADNESS NOT BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENS HERE, BUT BECAUSE A LOT OF PEOPLE

right. It took forever and it might not even happen at all but I still fight for the opportunity to record another Nogales punk rock album de los fronterizos sin fronteras!

MRR: You seem to have a huge following in many parts of the world thanks to fellow bands like Argentina's Argies, Perú's Aeropajitas, France's Attentat Sonore, Italy's Raw Power and many, many more. Why never tour any of those places?

Because it is difficult for us. We all hold down jobs (some of us a few) and have child support payments and shitty cantankerous bosses and no car and sometimes it rains so bad that you can't leave your house and then the retenes and doubt and all that crazy jazz...

To have not toured with our friends from overseas has always haunted me but that is the way it is. I personally am very happy to have befriended all these people because they inspire me. What they do in their scene and what they do to tour and produce their albums is very important to an old punk rocker such as myself. I consider myself lucky to know Mauro and have known Giussepe RIP from Raw Power. To have talked and planned rock and roll with David de "los Argies" and to have shared a distributor in Cochebomba Rekordz with los Aeropajitas. One of the most beautiful things about my punk rock is getting to know and feel a kinship with these punk rock angels. It is a privilege to be considered their friend.

MRR: In 2003 while celebrating Hermosillo's Suciedad Discriminada 15th Anniversary you guys went on a successful "Two City World Tour" sponsored by Food Not Bombs. What's the story behind that? Any cool stories about the beautiful Mexican desert that you guys want to share?

We had the honor of meeting Keith McHenry, co-founder of Food Not Bombs, and we talked about maybe going to Monterrey Mexico to stir some shit up. A couple of months passed and he called us up if we were still interested, as he had gotten a funky blue school bus to travel in. It was great! So, we contacted our good friends from Suciedad Discriminada in order to travel and play together. We all agreed and embarked on a wild ride.

First, we stopped to play Hermosillo's Pluma Blanca Bar, which is a rock and roll bar full of poets and writers. That crazy party went very well. We then hopped on the bus. Eighteen crazies and some large tecates to keep us company. On our way towards Monterrey, the hangover set in and we were a bunch of grumpy punks that were about to get at each others throats when we ran out of gas in the middle of a peyote field. We all got out, prayed to the earth and proceeded to cut (carefully) as much peyote as we could. Needless to say... everything was beautiful blue and we learned a lot about this wonderful plant and what it can do if done right.

Coming into Monterrey... we were boarded by the Federales and some of us managed not to puke in front of them so that was a welcome victory needless to say. But, coming into the city and into the barrio where we would stay, we saw all these Federales and even a helicopter follow us into the home. They wanted to know what we were doing and they said that if we wanted a "sightseeing tour, we were more than welcome," yeah, right! So we were cool about it and they eventually left. We found out the neighbors were worried about having eighteen funky smelling punks roaming around the neighborhood, but they came around. By the time we left, they gave us some booze to drink and even partied with us. It was great!

On the way back... still with some cactus. We left our drummer in the bathroom of some unknown town. When we found out, we had to wait for him to hitch a ride from an unknown pueblito. He was without a shirt, shorts with a piece of string holding them up, rough tattoos, and a really bad bleach job on his hair so him getting a ride was a miracle in itself. After that I took a wrong turn and was headed for El Paso Texas! We finally made it back home in 48 hours... twice as long as it's supposed to. Keith went back and marked the 30th anniversary of Food Not Bombs in Monterrey this year. We are still great friends and I am happy we all made it back safe and sound and that he is still fighting the good food fight. Salud compadre!

MRR: For some reason you guys inspired the making or a soon-to-be-released documentary named *15 Años De Camino*. Please tell us a little bit about that and a possible release date.

Tino from RUDO productions and Vfilms asked us if we would be a part of a documentary he wanted to do about us and Nogales. We said, sure man! So, he asked us to supply him with photos and any videos we might have which were not a lot. He also asked a lot of people for the same thing and he got quite a bit of documentation from a lot of people, which was cool.

The film was released in Guadalajara on September 4, 2010. I think it is a good observation of what it means to be a punk rock band in the border. The production quality is topnotch and we feel it is a good vehicle for describing our sound, our band and our environment. Tino's film adequately spotlights the frustrations and the happiness of being in a punk rock band that is destined for failure and heartache. It gives hope as much as it gives you the bleak outlook of what we have to deal with as a band and I think that is what a good documentary does. I have not seen it in its entirety so I am very excited as well as nervous in seeing it completed.

We plan on submitting the work to film festivals and we

FEEL AFFECTED, BUT SOONER OR LATER IT WILL AFFECT THEM. SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T GIVE A DAMN AND THAT'S A TRAGEDY.

have every intention of promoting it as best we can. Hopefully, it will keep us motivated in finishing our new album so we can ride the wave of promotion and actually tour a bit. That would be so much fun.

MRR: Where's all that La Merma's bad reputation coming from? I heard some of the stories....
Us? Bad reputation? Who said that so we can kick their teeth in. No man, *todo tranquilo*. We have a unique grouping that is capable of doing crazy stuff. Since the beginning we knew that shit happens and we do our best to live through them. Some things were heavy-duty and some tragic, but we always had a good time and we always met a lot of people that took a liking to us and I think that is more of a good reputation than a bad one but then... some of them were reeaaalllyyyy heavy-duty.

The best and most possible punk rock clichés apply: drugs, women, border, family, money, place to play... place to crash, cops, DEA, Border Patrol, curfew, strip joints, tacos de cabeza, work, boss, beer... lots of beer, travel, party, rock and roll, bad juju from the masses, luck, bad luck, god and her hate, the hours, the boredom, the wild and the true... yeah.

MRR: What's the new direction you guys are taking for this new album. Give us a little hint about the new songs, have some of them have been played live yet?
We have a few songs like "5 de la Tarde," "Los Cholos de la Virgen ," "Siempre la Muerte," "Tu Naciste Para Engrandecer los Infiernos" etc... I think it has a dark side because of the violence and the whole waste of it all. A lot of death and a sense of urgency is what I gather from it, without leaving the fun "corrido" side and some optimistic juju thrown in. It can't be all bad that we can't dance and have fun can it? But the songs are rocking and fun and I enjoy like hell playing them. We have played a few new songs sporadically here and there. They are fun to do and it helps us get it together before we record them. We think it will be different from the last albums, which are different from each other and that excites me the most. I would like to think of it as my shot at a *Sandinista* album, crazy and unpredictable!

MRR: People have said that your time is long gone. That there's been so many line-ups and ideas in La Merma to the point of losing its essence. Do you feel like being stubborn and just not letting go? What's the fuel for this new Merma incarnation?
I think that Gera from Monterrey and Emiliano Zapata are right... "La Merma es de quien la trabaja." I think the message and the songs and now the timing is even more of a factor in keeping La Merma alive and kicking. It's easy to discount something when you feel it has changed or lost its essence or whatever but the bottom line is that the band is fun, necessary, and open to all who want to be a part of it.

Nosotros, ustedes, todos! Somos la merma.

We are all merma. Love that "thing" about it. Being a part of something cool, and maybe even important. I have known mermas that never played a song with me. I know mermas who are proud to be merma. There are mermas near the beach and mermas near big cities. As long as there is nobody hoisting this punk rock flag that I am a part of... I might as well keep it up there with whomever will believe and help keep it up because now, more than ever that flag can be seen from the halls of Washington all the way to the drug kingpin compounds en las sierras de Sinaloa. And there are more people helping out with the band than ever. There is more enthusiasm in this band and I am very grateful for that because it serves as a reminder that you have to be more than a witness. You have to do more than watch TV and swhop.... Toma un arma y matalo!!!! Chingada madre hombre!

MRR: What would you like La Merma to be remembered for?
For it's persistence. For it's fun. For it's party and it's tragedy. For where it's from and how they survived it all. For it's Flipping Off and pissing on of docile popular taste and what it brings to this world (Luis Miguel anyone?)... and for sticking it to The Man... whatever side of the border they are in.

MRR: What are your plans for the future?
Keep finding ways of rocking out with the boys as much as possible. Studio Studio Studio. Guadalajara y el DF. The word and the riff. Finding me a beach pretty soon. Hermosillo carne asada burrito y los tacos sudados del wero con el GRITO, pozole from Remmy's mom in Ensenada, tacos de la cabaña in Agua Prieta and it's respective rompope, chilaquiles and refried beans, Sarandeado fish and snail soup from Popeye and Ana in San Carlos, sopita en Chinatown and another round in McSorleys NY. So much stuff!!!! Aaarrrggghh! Jeje.

I think I have my priorities straight for once.

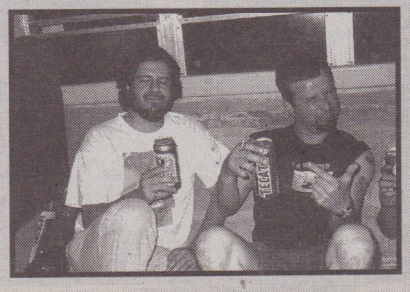
MRR: Are there any regrets? There's gotta be. Don't give me that bullshit cliché answer "I wouldn't change a single thing."
I regret that my friends who used to play with me did not have the opportunity to have experienced the last shows we did and our trip to the east. I regret not being able to hold on to a lot of things important in my life. I regret having these regrets. Ni modo.... "The show must go on" como dice el Donn.

MRR: Any last words, comments, shout-outs or mentadas de madre?
I would like to thank you Gilberto and RODADO PONCHADO Records for not only the interview but for being such an important part of the Sonora and Arizona rock and roll. Working with el GRITO, Suciedad Discriminada and us is a sign of respect and we are grateful for it. Good Luck with Rodado Ponchado because it is sometimes a thankless job but you do it with the same urgency that we do and for that I salute you compadre for not being a pusillanimous and for making shit happen! Thanks for all the stuff you did for us in our trip and we want you to know we could not have done it without you.

I would like to thank everyone that was really cool to us during our trip back east and for Clusterfuck and Standard Deviance for putting up with us and lending us their gear. All the bands that we played with and how they treated us. All the venues and the compas from the Lake who let me drink and enjoy a perfect morning in NY. Paige and Claudionnor who put us up in Boston... The rocking Venezuelan kindness of Adriana Solórzano for her priceless help and support... man... everybody was just so fucking cool. What a cool experience. Everyone should have on of those! Jaja.

And of course everyone who us helped along the way... salud compadres y comadres for everything!

For more information on what's cooking here... check these places out and be active, baby, because now it's me and tomorrow it's you.
www.borderaction.org
www.ban1070.com
Report any abuse in the border at
Acción Fronteriza
PO Box 384
Tucson, AZ, 85702
(520) 623-4944



Kylmä Sota

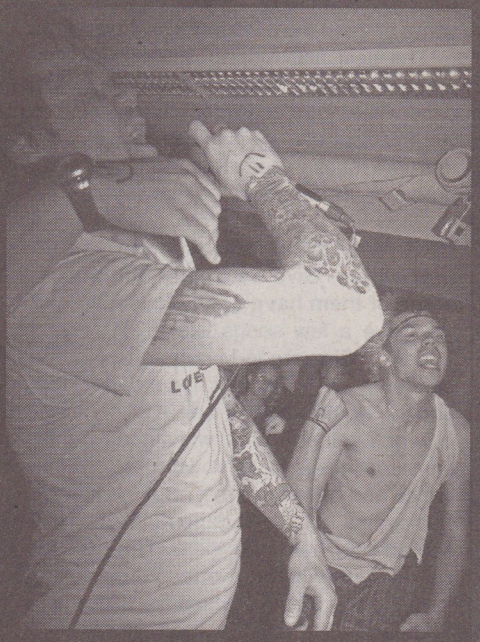
Kylmä Sota is yet another Finnish band with an unpronounceable name. The band has been around for years, but only this year came up on people's radar with a ten-track LP on the fabulous Feral Ward label. Well, at least the few lucky people that were quick enough to score it as it was only released in a ridiculous edition of 500 (why?). But it's not only due to the unpronounceable band name that Kylmä Sota has managed to stay low-key for so long, because as you will shortly find out as you read on, they're characteristically shy as only Finns can be (another and better reason may be found in the band's song "Media Paskaa"). "Shy" is however the very last word to use to describe their music. Remember what Discharge famously said about their music being noise, not music? That applies equally to Kylmä Sota! Never mind that some wise-arses say that it's lazy to compare bands with other bands, the best way to describe Kylmä Sota is to say that they don't sound too far from the almighty Disclose from Japan. That's right, we're talking over the top noisy hardcore punk, studs, acne, warts and all! And while some smarty scenesters are complaining that noisy hardcore is "all of the sudden" hyped or trendy, well this band's been around for seven years and to my ears this band does raw hardcore noisy punk better than pretty much all other bands today. Take my word for it—clocking in at ten minutes the Ten Track *LP is absolutely a criminally great album! Fuck you if you don't get it.*

Before jumping to the Q&As, here's a comment worth bearing in mind. Composing fanzine band interviews by mail is not ideal, at best it's a leap of faith! In this instance the band had to be harassed into answering and even at that the singer refused to answer because his English is shit. If punk means anything today it should be about breaking down borders and geographical distances. Who cares about English when it's about music, right? More noize!!!!!!

Interview by Tony Gunnarsson

Photographs are all by Jussi Jänis (from Huuto Fanzine) unless otherwise stated.

Kylmä Sota is:
Ronald Wilson Reagan – Vocals
John Fitzgerald Kennedy – Guitar
Margaret Hilda Thatcher– Bass
Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev - Drums



MRR: I am very impressed that Kylmä Sota has been around for longer than five minutes, because persistence in hardcore shows strong character. But I am also very disappointed that I only just found out about your horrible noise recently. You've been around since 2003 or so. How come you have largely passed under the radar up until now, despite the couple of records bearing your name?

JFK: Yeah, we've been around since 2003, four times in studio which resulted a demo, split 7" (w/ Death With a Dagger), s/t 7" EP and the latest *10 Tracks* 12". We're also on the *Freedom and Existence* compilation LP with three demo tracks. I think all the vinyl releases have had 500 copies pressed and most of the records are in Finland. We're not a lazy band but we're not in a hurry. Besides, we're not going anywhere... We started our first band together with Ronnie in '93, so I guess we have made up our minds. The Feral Ward 12" also had 500 pressed, and I'm not sure if there's demand for more but we'll see.

Brezhnev: Yeah, we've been around since fall 2003. Starting very slowly making gigs and everything. Still we ain't got no hurry anywhere.

Thatcher: We are Finnish, we don't try to be anything else but a hardcore band. There's no glitter in that. Haha, I don't think we have a chance to rule the world. There are too many shitty bands who are trying to do that. I like to keep this band pure and simple. I find myself hating when someone is taking our promotional pictures, so I don't think I'm going to be a rock star.

MRR: My friend and I sat up one night a few weeks ago, drinking and playing Finnish noise. With a pen and a piece of paper we tried to make a family tree of Finnish hardcore bands, but we gave up because it was just too complicated. But I take it you're all in 10,000 other bands?

JFK: Yes.

Thatcher: Yes.

MRR: Why is it that the noisiest hardcore bands—which as a rule of thumb are the best hardcore bands if you ask me—are always side-projects of "serious hardcore bands"? Is Kylmä Sota the main band or the side-project?

JFK: Kylmä Sota is a main band just like the other bands we play in. Gigs are booked in first come, first serve basis and we all know that so there's not that much of hassle.
Thatcher: Main band. All my bands are main bands to me. I don't whore around.

MRR: My pen pal Nils who plays in the Swedish band Dispose, told me about some recent shows he'd played at, including the Hässäkkä-Päivät dance band festival with Mob 47, Selfish and Kylmä Sota. I understand that like Pig Champion, JFK likes to sit on a chair when playing guitar and that moreover JFK also likes to drink a glass or two. Does JFK always sit on a chair when he plays noise?
JFK: Haha no! That was the first time. I had big problems with my back (and still do) and that day I ate too many painkillers and muscle relaxers and flushed them down with beer like the idiot I am. I heard it was a quite psychedelic show, I don't remember much about it. I don't spit in the bottle but most of the times I can play a gig on my feet.
Brezhnev: That gig wasn't exactly our best but it was lot of fun.

Thatcher: No, that was a special occasion. It was really our most psychedelic gig ever.
MRR: My friend the good Doctor Wankys is curious to hear about your guitarist's amp and pedal set-up. I am too, for to my mind there's fewer than five bands in Europe that have such a dreadful guitar sound so there must be some sort of art to making this broken radio sound. Perhaps your guitarist would explain how he does it? Is it's all in a Metal Zone pedal?
JFK: Ha, I don't really have a set up. Just my crappy guitar head, metal zone and inept playing "style." The sound on the record is a combo of three different basic guitar tracks just because I read that Shitlickers did that on *Cracked Cops Skulls*. Mr. Wankys also gave me some good tips haha! I think next time I'll just record Anton from Selfish snoring, because I couldn't ever make that level of noise with a guitar.

MRR: Mr. Wankys asks whether Kylmä Sota are "strong and confident"?
JFK: Yes! "Don't go all wobbly on us Mr. Wanky," said Maggie one day.
Brezhnev: We are strong and confident!

MRR: Did Mrs. Thatcher enjoy ruining her eardrums jamming noise punk with Mr. Wankys and Otto and Ile from Kuolema? Can't be very nice to have to hang out with a bunch of filthy balding old timers?
Thatcher: I didn't have anything better to do. Otto asked me to hang out in the rehearsal room, so I went. Lalli was too busy to come to the rehearsals, and I was sitting there in the corner, so Mr. Wanky taught a couple of songs to me. It was nice way to spend an evening.

MRR: Booze and drugs! We love it. We all know the Finns love their share of it as well. Right? *right*???
JFK: Right, I *do* love drinking...a bit too much.
Brezhnev: I don't, not anymore.
Thatcher: Yes, right! I'm a *megapartybabe*!

MRR: I just looked back into the *MRR* back-issues pile and I think the last Finnish hardcore band interviewed was in Sotatilla in Dec 2008. Although of course there was that "Birth of Finnish hardcore" article a few issues ago (but arguably it did not dive deep enough into Terveet Kädet, Varaus and Kuolema territory, but never mind). So, I was just wondering do you read *MRR*? Do you read DIY zines?
Brezhnev: Sometimes I read *MRR* and support DIY zines by buying those once in a while. Can't stand the idea of an internet "zine."
Thatcher: No I don't read it because I don't like to read any zines in English. Yes, there's nothing wrong with my English, I'll manage, but I just don't like to read in English. And I'm not really that interested in what is new and hot in hardcore. If there's a good band, I know I'm going to find it someday. I have a fine collection of *Toinen Vaihtoehto* from the start, only missing maybe 10-15 issues. Then I have a quite nice collection of old Finnish punk zines from '80s and '90s.

MRR: Ahhh this is fucking fantastic. *Thank you so much all of you!!!*
Brezhnev: Thank *you*! Our singer Ronnie said he didn't wanna do this 'cause his English is so bad, haha. And sorry that this took so fucking long!

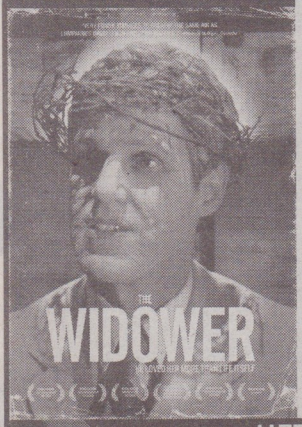
EXTORTION "LOOSE SCREWS"
10"/CD 12 new trax!
LOW THREAT PROFILE
"PRODUCT #1" 7"
BASTARD NOISE/THE ENDLESS BLOCKADE
The Red List-LP
WEEKEND NACHOS
"UNFORGIVABLE" 12"
HIRAX- CD
"EL ROSTRO DE LA MUERTE"
EXTREME NOISE TERROR
"LAWS OF RETALIATON" CD
MIND OF ASIAN/VOETSEK 7"
PHOBIA - LP
22 RANDOM ACTS OF VIOLENCE
THIS COMP KILLS FASCIST
LP with insect warfare/weekend nachos/brutal truth
HIRAX "TRASH&DESTROY LP/DVD
CRIPPLE BASTARDS
VARIANTE ALLA MORTE LP/CD
HIRAX/FKU 7"
MAN IS THE BASTARD
"SUM OF THE MEN" CD
THE SPOILS "TO THE VICTOR" LP
INFEST 12" "NO MANS SLAVE"
SIEGE 12"
INFEST 10" "MANKIND"
OUTLAW ORDER" cdep/7" "LEGALIZE CRIME
COLD WAR "BLOODY NIGHTS" 7"
PHOBIA - "CRUEL" LP
HAYMAKER/FUCKED UP 7"
LACK OF INTEREST"NEVER BACK DOWN" LP/CD
ASESINO "CRISTO SATANICO" 2xLP GATEFOLD
MAN IS THE BASTARD "DIYCD"
CROSS EXAM/SPRING BREAK 10/CD
DEEP SIX RECORDS: P.O BOX 6911
BURBANK CA. 91510 U.S.A.

GO TO GETRESURRECTED.COM TO BUY PUNK AND HARDCORE RECORDS

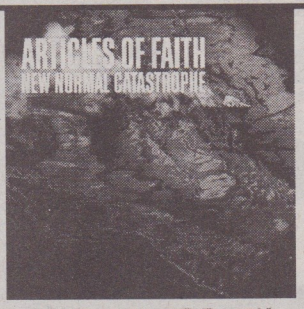
RESURRECTION
OUT NOW:

BLAH BLAH BUTTONS
www.blahblahbuttons.com
info@blahblahbuttons.com
1" starting at $23 for 100
1.25" starting at $30 for 100
1", 1.25" & 2.25" CUSTOM BUTTONS
price breaks starting at 500 pieces
2.25" starting at $45 for 100
same price for color and b+w printing on all sizes

TERMINAL CITY RICOCHET
DVD and CD soundtrack
Long lost Canadian Cult Classic film brought to DVD for the first time! directed by Dale Zalen, stars Peter Breck (Shock Corridor) and Jello Biafra. Soundtrack disc with NoMeansNo, DOA, The Beatnigs, Evan Johns, more



THE WIDOWER
DVD and CD soundtrack
Director Marcus Rogers makes the "Weekend At Bernie's" of goth romcoms Appearances by Jello Biafra, Nardwuar, and Joey "Shithead" Keithley "liven" things up. CD includes Neko Case and Her Boyfriends, DOA, The Smugglers, Coal, more



ARTICLES OF FAITH
NEW NORMAL CATASTROPHE
12" and Download

GIT SOME
LOOSE CONTROL
LP and CD

MUNLY & THE LUPERCALIANS
PETR AND THE WULF
LP and CD

SLIM CESSNAS AUTO CLUB
JESUS LET ME DOWN
Double LP

HEAR US AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME!

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS PO BOX 419092 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141-9092 USA
www.alternativetentacles.com write for a mailorder catalog
GIVING ART A BAD NAME SINCE 1979

When I lived in Tallahassee it was a place I equated with brutal hangovers and broken hearts, jobs that never quite pay enough to be comfortable and frustration with a constantly rotating cast of kids with big hopes but little follow-through. Eventually I became one of those kids, gave up on Tallahassee and its punk scene, and tried somewhere else and of course that's when things started panning out. People started believing in their community and seeing how things could work. A sustainable DIY all-ages show space materialized out of talk that previously only steered in circles. Co-ops and info shops got off the ground. Bands started recording and touring, something that was unheard of just two years ago. Little League is one of those bands, playing complex and heartfelt punk rock, made up of members who have lived in Tallahassee their entire lives, somehow distilling all the bitterness and frustration that comes with living there into something inspiring. When I was in town in late August chasing ghosts, they were finishing up their second East Coast tour. I caught up to them on my last night in town to talk about just how they ended up pulling it off. Over the course of the interview Sebastian of Witchfinger got hammered and forgot what was happening, which just made it that much more Tallahassee.

Little League

Ronnie Francisco - Drums

Arnold Francisco - Guitar/Vocals

Ouikut Kaye - Bass/Vocals

Interview and photos by: Josh Eaton

MRR: So what do you think your most annoying trait is?
Ouikut: Individually, or as a band?

MRR: Start individually, then as a band.
Arnold: I'm really bad at paying things on time.
Ouikut: It's true. I often smell bad, and as a band, it's probably me being drunk.
Arnold: I'd say us drinking too much and not playing properly.
[Sebastian enters]
Sebastian: Hey darlin'! Hey darlin'! Want some tater tots?
[laughter]
Arnold: Where did you get those?
Sebastian: I bought 'em. I said "let me get a side of tater tots" and look how many tater tots they gave to me!

MRR: Interview! Interview!
[tape skips]

MRR: Don't worry, I'll just edit that out. So what was the first CD you bought for yourself?
Ouikut: Mine was probably *Use Your Illusion II*.
Arnold: Some Beatles greatest hits album.
Ouikut: I totally expected it was going to be Blink 182 for you. At least one of ya'lls.
Arnold: I think Ronnie's was a Descendents CD I made him get.
Sebastian: He's the punkest in the band.

MRR: What was the first show you went to?
Arnold: [laughing] Uh, The Casualties and the Dropkick Murphys.
Ouikut: Oh shit.
MRR: And where was that at?
Arnold: The Beta Bar. 2004 or 2003.
Sebastian: There were a bunch of kids there?
Arnold: Yeah man there were a ton of kids there. You guys remember that kid Danny Higgens?
Ouikut: I feel like mine was some local show. Girls Can Fight and Bacconne Dolce. Something like that at the old Cowhaus.

MRR: What is your feeling on Tallahassee now, as opposed to five years ago?
Ouikut: Tallahassee now is ruling. In the last two-and-a-half years there's been a lot of new blood, new bands. People are becoming more of the long-term kind of scene. People from out of town are creating the Farside (a venue), Gaines Street Records. A lot of the bands are starting to tour and record again.

MRR: A couple of years ago it was a very house show-based scene, and now it seems like legitimate venues are popping up. How do you guys feel about that? Is it an improvement?
Arnold: The venues are awesome because they bring in bigger bands that really need the money to get from show to show. It's a fixed door rate and venues like the Farside, it's nice because you know where the door money is going and kids come to watch the bands. House shows are still really cool though.
Ouikut: Yeah. Actually the OAF house (a long running punk house) is back this year.
Arnold: Actually, two other kids moved in. One next door and one across the street and they're all in the same band so it's like three houses on that one street.
Ouikut: I feel like it's really important to have the whole spread, from little house shows to crazy big venue shows.

MRR: Do you feel that the city of Tallahassee shapes the way that your band sounds at all?
Arnold: I don't think so.
Ouikut: I don't think so at all.
Arnold: As far as the kids who moved here and all were a big influence for sure. A lot of my friends are from out of town.
Ouikut: I think this would be a good point to say that we are all local Tallahassee.

MRR: Does your history here shape your music at all?
Ouikut: Oh yeah, well, I'd say history in general, the past at least for me has a lot to do with it. A lot of lyrics base on experience... trying.

MRR: So you guys have all grown up in Tallahassee, but Ouikut, you're definitely of a different generation.
Ouikut: What are you trying to say?

MRR: That you're old as fuck.
[laughs]

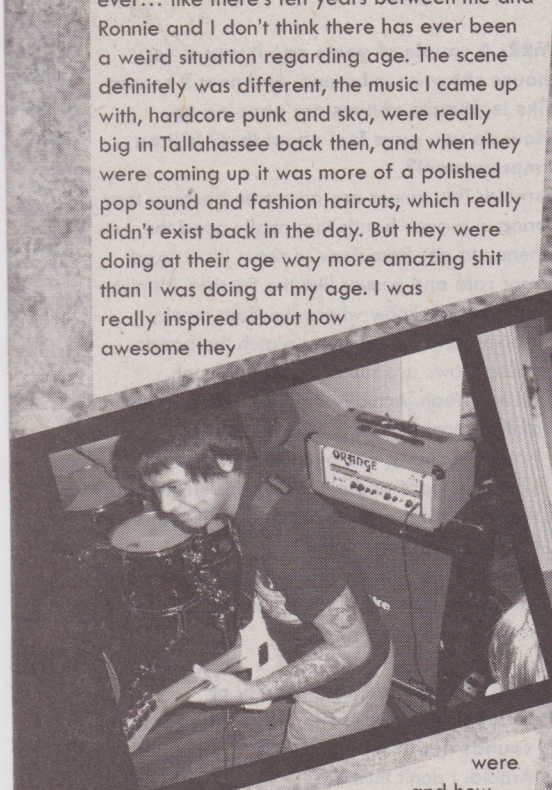
MRR: ...has that been a factor at all? Do you think you being older and having more experience with things has helped?
Arnold: I feel like I have learned a lot from Ouikut. Because, I mean, the ethics his generation had are completely different than the ones that the kids I grew up with had. Like being in a band just to be in a band instead of something... like, I know a lot of kids who were in bands just to "make it" as opposed to—
Ouikut: Go ahead say it, say older generation.
Sebastian: Like White Zombie and Marilyn Manson?
Arnold: I was going to say other local bands in Tallahassee.
Sebastian: Like Green Day?
Ouikut: I don't feel like the age thing has ever... like there's ten years between me and Ronnie and I don't think there has ever been a weird situation regarding age. The scene definitely was different, the music I came up with, hardcore punk and ska, were really big in Tallahassee back then, and when they were coming up it was more of a polished pop sound and fashion haircuts, which really didn't exist back in the day. But they were doing at their age way more amazing shit than I was doing at my age. I was really inspired about how awesome they were and how far they've come. And I think I've just passed drunk.
Sebastian: Do you want to hear a funny joke?
Ouikut: Yes, yes we do.
Sebastian: I want to tell you guys a funny joke.
[proceeds to tell long-winded joke involving a guy, a giraffe, and a bar]
Sebastian: ...and the bartender tells the guy, "You can't just leave that lyin' there." And the guy goes "Lion? That, sir, is a giraffe!"

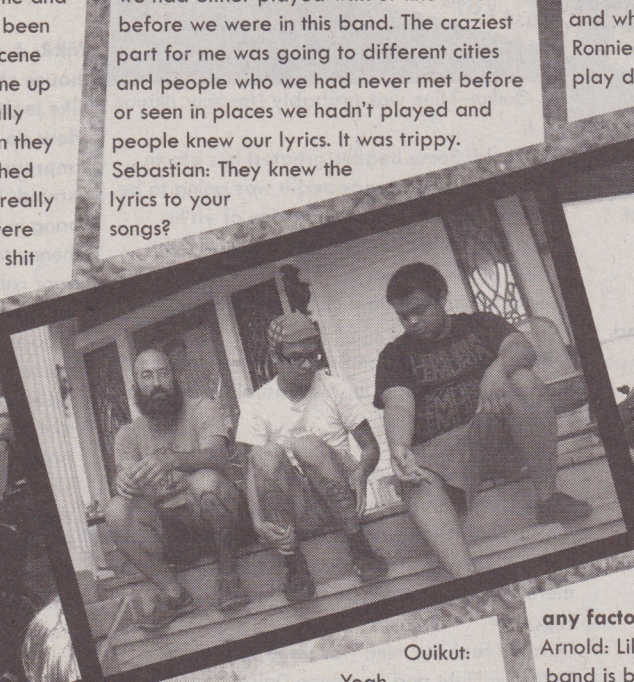
MRR: How much do you guys embrace the DIY aspect of punk rock?
Arnold: I'd say 100%
Ouikut: We book all our tours and shows ourselves.
Arnold: We've probably given away as many CDs as we've sold.
Ouikut: Definitely. We're all still struggling. Its not really about the monetary aspect. We're all pretty active about getting our shirts printed. We work with other bands and not agencies or whatever.

MRR: How was this most recent tour that you went on?
Ouikut: This tour was the best shit ever in a long time.
Arnold: I agree.
Ouikut: It was all with friends of ours who we had either played with or knew from before we were in this band. The craziest part for me was going to different cities and people who we had never met before or seen in places we hadn't played and people knew our lyrics. It was trippy.
Sebastian: They knew the lyrics to your songs?
Ouikut: Yeah.
Sebastian: On this tour?
Ouikut: Yeah.
Sebastian: Awesome. How'd that feel?
Ouikut: It was awesome, but it was strange.
Sebastian: Was it cool that people were relating to your lyrics?
Ouikut: Yeah, of course. Any time someone can relate to something like that, something that's also important to me... That way you know, it's not just your friends being like "oh yeah, your band's alright." You go to another city and it's people you don't know that are into it, it's cool.

MRR: Now that you guys have been a band for a while what was the worst show you've played?
Ouikut: How long is a while? We've only been together for a year.

MRR: I've seen you guys twice now, that means it's been a while.
Ouikut: There's only been a couple that we just totally butchered. That last CDU show.
Arnold: We had to play before a Lady Gaga live dance thing.
Ouikut: That wasn't that bad.
Arnold: They were awesome, they were really good. It was just a really strange environment.
Ouikut: We played this show, the kids who set up this show told us that we could only play for like 15 minutes or something like that, then they played for like 45 minutes to an hour, like before we played. We were just like "what's going on?"
[Ronnie finally arrives]
Ouikut: You have to introduce yourself to the tape recorder.
Ronnie: Hi tape recorder.
Ouikut: No, like you have to say who you are and what you play.
Ronnie: Oh, I'm Ronnie, I play drums.





MRR: In being a pop-punk band do politics or personal politics have any factor in your band?
Arnold: Like ethics? Like I feel like this whole band is based around a total DIY, more punk than we sound kind of ethics.
Ouikut: Maybe not lyrically as much, but our interactions with people...
Ronnie: The places we choose to play at. We try to stay away from bars and play more house shows.
Ouikut: We do not try to stay away from bars.

MRR: Do you try to stay away from playing in bars?

Ouikut: We try to stay away from playing shitty places in general.

Arnold: In Ft. Meyers we played in a bar, but that's just because that's the only place where they could still do shows, y'know? And it was still really awesome and the people who run the bar were really nice.

Ouikut: We did sarsaparilla bombs.

MRR: Do you guys have any upcoming tour plans? Releases?

Ronnie: Winter tour.

Arnold: We're doing a winter tour with this band called Senders that we're recording a four-way split with. That's for two weeks or so.

Ouikut: We just put out our EP this year. A six-song EP. And then a full-length coming out hopefully March/Aprilish?

MRR: Is that coming out on Gaines Street as well?

Ouikut: Gaines Street and JLP was really interested in helping us with it.

MRR: What are your guilty pleasure songs?

Arnold: Probably any Backstreet Boys single.

Ouikut: What's that song "Excuse me, excuse me…"

Arnold: Oh, the Maradona song? "Restraining Orders."

Ronnie: "The Thong Song" by Sisqo.

[laughter]

Ouikut: We were at this bar and it came on and he was shakin' ass right there.

Sebastian: I really like that Lady Gaga song.

Arnold: Oh man, that's a good one too.

Ouikut: Ra-ra-rah.

Sebastian: "Bad Romance," that's right. It sounds like a Danzig song.

[laughter]

Ouikut: [bangs on table] Hell yeah it does. [does impression of Danzig singing Lady Gaga]

Arnold: If Danzig sang that song it would be so good.

Ouikut: Dancezig…

MRR: Can you describe the first band that you were in?

Arnold: Do I have to?

[laughter]

Sebastian: Go Arnold.

Arnold: The only reason I even tried to start a band was because me and my brother used to be really competitive at our individual instruments. Then one day I was at a drum lesson with him and his drum teacher told me that I should start playing with him. I was blown away how good at drums he was and he was only eleven. I was like "We have to start a band." It was total Blink 182/Descendents rip off for sure.

Ouikut: That story was really bad. Mine was with this kid Paul Olsen. We played faux-grunge stuff that eventually evolved into punkish ska.

MRR: That was your first band that played shows?

Ouikut: Yeah, Atlas Shrugged.

MRR: What did you play in it?

Ouikut: Switched off bass and guitar and vocals with another guy.

Sebastian: Are there any recordings of that?

Ouikut: …yeah. It was my first band that ever actually put out a tape too.

[Sebastian starts rambling about the multitude of bands Ouikut has been in, the various member changes, and the variety of packaging of the demos and albums he vaguely remembers seeing once]

MRR: How much do your family members support you being in a punk rock band?

Arnold: My parents are totally fine with it.

Ouikut: As long as your brother stays in school and does what he needs to do. My parents are pretty cool with it, they just have that pretty typical fear of: my kid is never going to do anything with his life and be broke and whatever. My sister just recently I told her that we'd be touring and was really stoked because there's all this shit that's been going on, I texted her that, and her response was "grow up." And that was a little disappointing.

Sebastian: Grow up? What do you mean?

Ouikut: I mean she loves the music and she loves watching me play music, she just wants to see financially… She actually wants to be our manager. She's like "I can book ya'lls shows, I can make sure you get paid."

Sebastian: Your sister wants to be your manager?

Ouikut: I could not handle that.

Sebastian: She's tough?

Ouikut: She is and she gets wasted as fuck.

Sebastian: Kicks some ass.

MRR: Have either of your moms put on recordings of your bands at family functions?

Arnold: All the time.

Ouikut: My dad has. My sister quotes the first band I was in all the time.

Sebastian: You mean the one about, about having the van?

Ouikut: [laughs] Yeah.

Sebastian: Hanging out in the back of the van? [laughs] I remember that! I remember that! [cackles, almost falls off of barstool]

Ouikut: Sebastian was at my house and my dad put on the tape.

Sebastian: Your sister was singing along…

Ouikut: There's this one song with one line about having sex in the back of a van and that's all that she remembers from that.

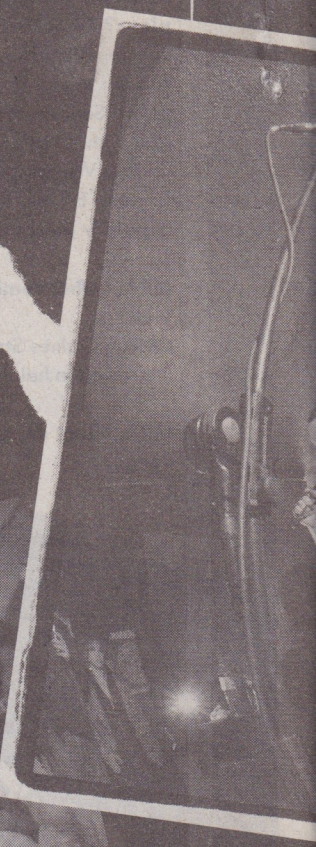
Sebastian: That was great. That was a great Thanksgiving.

MRR: Anything that you would like on the record before we close it out?

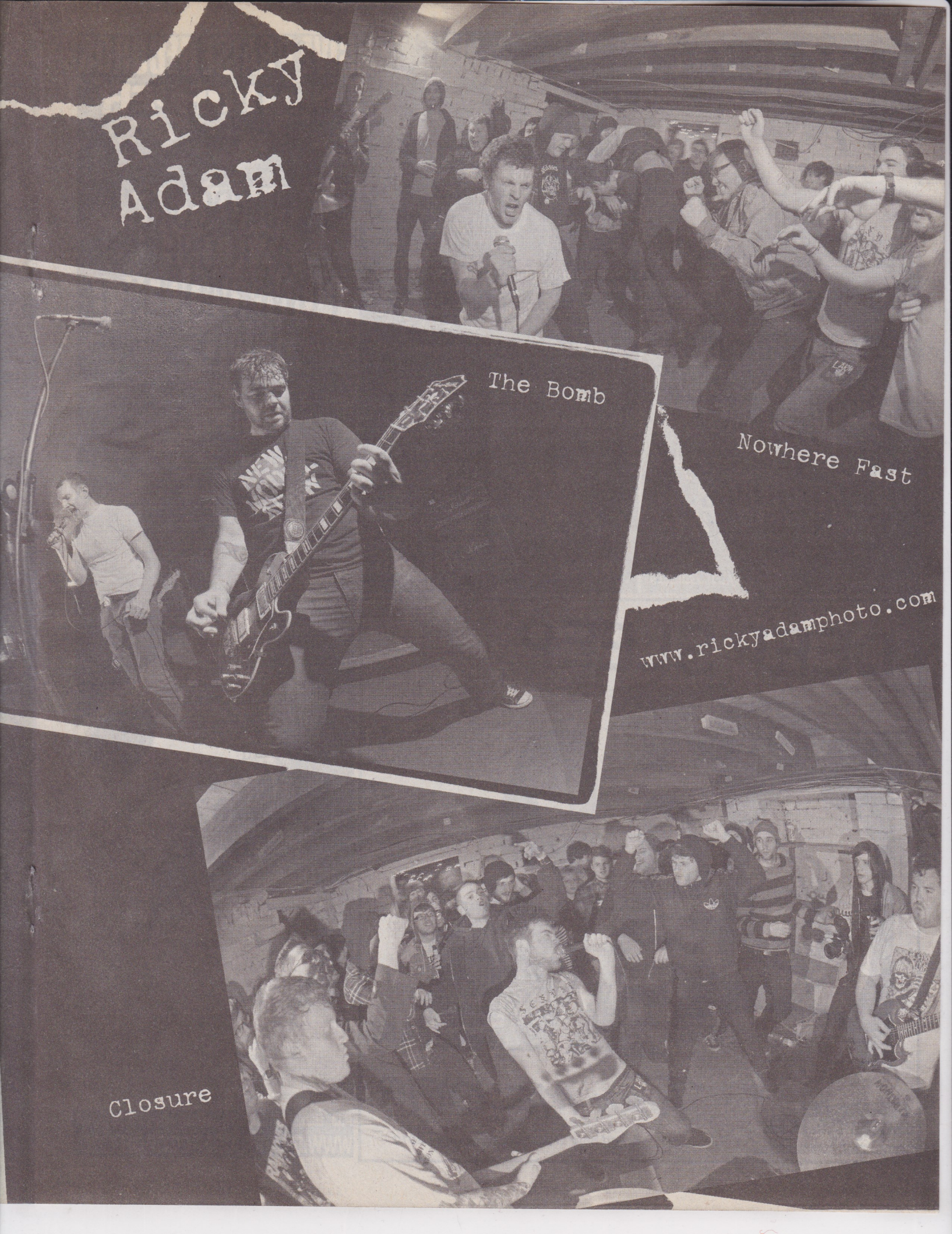
Ouikut: We're gonna fix you, Mah!

littleleaguetally.blogspot.com
littleleaguetally.bandcamp.com

Vitamin X



Nowhere Fast


Ricky
Adam
The Bomb
Nowhere Fast
www.rickyadamphoto.com
Closure

LAST BREATH

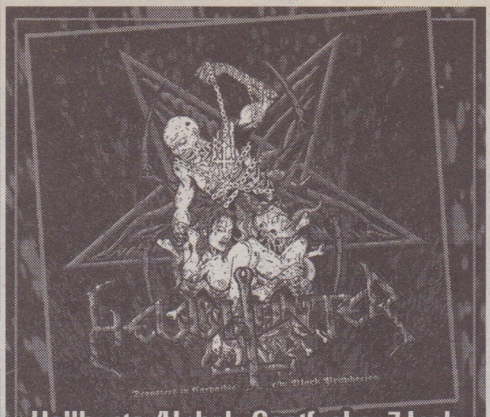
#7

out in november

interviews with:

wasted time
concrete worms
double negative
prowlers
guitar gangsters
felix havoc
the bayonetes

more info on: www.myspace.com/lastbreathzine



Hellhunter/Unholy Goatfucker 7 Inch
Oakland Raw Black Metal vs. Boston Black Crust

Chronaexus "Algedonic Awakening" CD
Sacramento Grim Black Metal...Scandi-style!

Man the Conveyors/The Skuds CD
Mid West D-Beat/Crust Attack Team!

Kuru/Embryonic Devourment 7 Inch
Killafornia Death/Grind Apocalypse!

Gruesome Stuff Relish/Call the Paramedics 7 Inch - Jersey Hardgore vs. Spanish Goregrind!

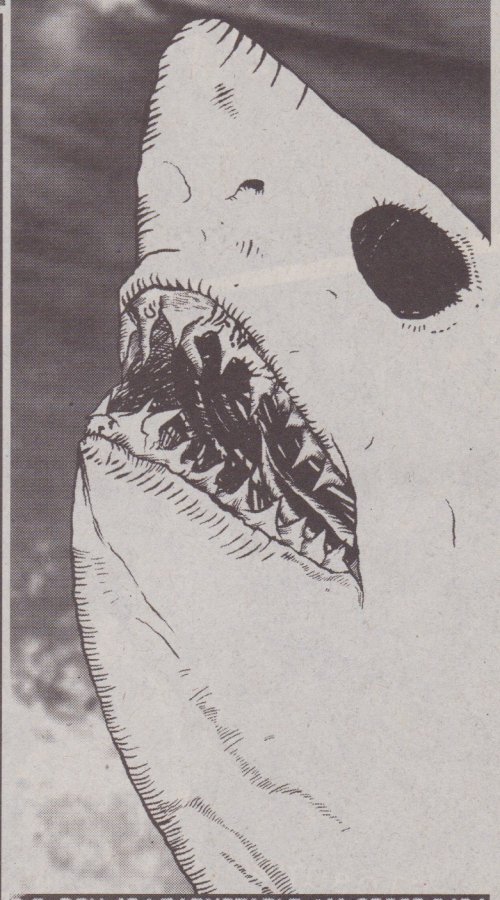
buriedinhell RECORDS

Out Next/Coming Soon...
Verlaten "Eve" CD/LP
Blood of the Gods CD
Knifethruhead/Casket Blaster "Split" 7 Inch • Maggot Colony/ Knifethruhead "Split" CD/LP

www.buriedinhell.com

GIVE PRAISE RECORDS MAILORDER

HARDCORE
FASTCORE
POWERVIOLENCE
GRIND



P.O. BOX 494 BARNSTABLE, MA 02630-0494
WWW.GIVEPRAISERECORDS.COM

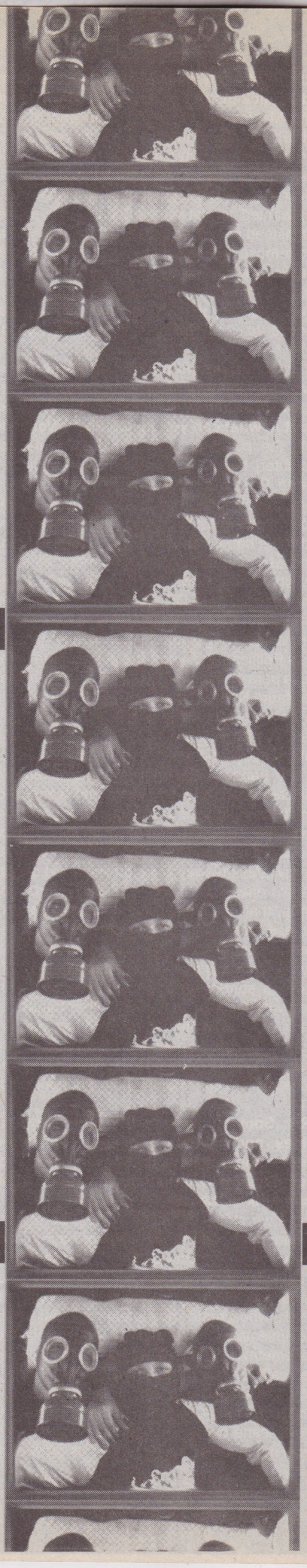
DEEP SLEEP

TURN ME OFF

Brand new LP/CD out November 2010

GRAVE MISTAKE RECORDS
P.O. BOX 12482 RICHMOND, VA 23241
WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM

doña maldad



For ten years, Doña Maldad has been creating their brand of anarcho-punk hardcore in response to and despite of the trials and tribulations of their home town of Maracaibo, Venezuela and Chavez's Venezuela at large. They have numerous releases on various formats, have toured extensively in South America and Europe, while still managing to participate in local struggles with a positive attitude. Here, guitar player Juan Pablo Nuñez gives us their story.
Interview by Rafael Uzcategui from El Libertario
Photos by Kike Barona
Translation by Trooper

Por diez años, Doña Maldad ha creado su marca en el anarcho-punk y Hardcore confrontando los tribulaciones de su ciudad originario de Maracaibo, Venezuela y el Venezuela de Chavez. Tienen discos en varios formatos, han hecho giras extensivamente por Suramérica y Europa, mientras participando en luchas locales con un actitud positiva. Aquí, el guitarrista Juan Pablo Nuñez nos da su historia.
Entrevista por Rafael Uzcategui de El Libertario
Photos de Kike Barona
Traducción de Trooper

MRR: First of all, please introduce the members of Doña Maldad and a quick history of the band for those who do not know.
Doña Maldad was formed at the end of the '90s by Troco, Jorge and JP. We play hardcore punk and always include each member's musical influences in our music. We started playing together, like any other band, because we are all friends even to this day, we all have similar musical influences and we wanted to have a good time. We also wanted to shit on the local music scene, but then you realize that instead of shitting on something that you are not part of it's better to join those who do similar things, do something positive and more creative. We always put on our own shows, put out our own releases, our own thing, etc... There was a lot of energy and desire to do things differently than usual here, the usual being bands waiting for a producer to come and point them in the right direction.

MRR: Compared with other Latin American countries, which also have a long history of punk, the scene in Venezuela is much lesser known in other latitudes. For those punks who know nothing about it, what can you tell us about Venezuelan punk?
Well, the punk movement in Venezuela according to the legend [Laughter] began with bands like Seguridad Nacional, Sentimiento Muerto, Desorden Publico, bands that are really classic that influenced many people. The scene started with people who came from the upper/middle class and had the chance to travel to other countries and meet bands, attend to gigs and buy records, it was very difficult to access material by punk and metal bands... that is what is written and what people say. Somehow we grew up listening to these bands, especially SM and DP. Then other bands were born, like 4th Reich, Primero Venezuela, Victimas de la Democracia, but by that time we were still playing with children's toys. One of our favorite bands is Crisis Politica—the lyrics, the atmosphere in the music and its "Sangre nueva para el estado..." I think that bands in Maracaibo, our hometown, like Madre Natura, Infeccion, Trauma, began the mark of what it is now the hardcore punk and grind scene of the city, but we only had the chance to listen to old material, we didn't live in that time. We can tell that the flyers and tapes from that period were very rebellious.

The bands that began the movement were reacting to social, political and cultural situations and wanted to express their ways of thinking about these situations. When we started Doña Maldad there were other bands, (some of which still exist today), that marked a big influence on us in different ways, such as Apatia No, because of their energy and the way they do things—Los Dolares, "Los Residuos," (the old ones), and Latin American bands, specially Colombian punk bands, that had similar interests. We started relationships with a lot of these bands and did good things. Right now punk in Venezuela is very divided, because there are different political thoughts and ways of working. Many people began thinking that if government institutions give you something easily but with conditions, then why make the effort with the DIY endeavor? Other bands have left the country, and well ... are now in other interesting new bands and waiting to see what happens here. For now, the punks support the government because it brings concerts of bands like Ska-P! who wrote a song in support of Chávez... You can imagine how it goes... Kinda pathetic.

MRR: Some think that the punk movement shares the same values, and have more or less been the same, throughout the world. Others believe that in each region or country values have been different. Do you think that punk in Latin America is different from punk in the US and Europe?
I think we share the same values, but of course these can change by geography and the realities of each place. What values? It is as a reaction to specific situations, social, political, as we have said. In Latin America we had the opportunity to do an extensive tour for almost four months over seven years ago and met many interesting people who create movements against troubling situations such as "movimiento de objeción de conciencia" (conscientious objection movement) in Chile, as well as some collectives in Colombia. There are really amazing bands with political and autonomous messages such as Generacion Perdida and Autonomia in Peru, Frente Urbano and Desarme in Colombia, to name just a few. On that tour we saw a whole scene based on what they call "Anarchopunk" music linked to social movements, which helped us grow a lot as people. But if each

MRR: En primer lugar hagan una pequeña introducción de quienes conforman Doña Maldad y un repaso de la trayectoria de la banda para quienes no los conozcan.
Doña maldad esta conformada desde finales de los años '90 por Troco, Jorge y JP. Tocamos hardcore punk y bueno siempre incluimos influencias de cada uno en nuestra música. Comenzamos tocando como cualquier banda unida por la amistad que aun conservamos y para pasar un buen rato, también queríamos cagarnos en la escena musical que se movía por aquí, aunque luego te das cuenta que para cagarte en algo de lo cual no formas parte es mejor unirte a las personas que hagan cosas afines y hacer algo positivo y mas creativo. Hacíamos nuestros propios conciertos, editábamos nuestras propias cosas, etc. Había mucha energía y ganas de hacer las cosas diferentes a lo acostumbrado aquí, que era como esperar a que viniese un productor a sacar las bandas adelante.

MRR: En comparación con otros países de Latinoamérica, que poseen una larga historia de punk, la escena de Venezuela es mucho menos conocida en otras latitudes. ¿Cómo le contarían sobre el punk Venezolano a quienes no saben nada sobre él?
Pues, el punk en Venezuela según cuenta la leyenda (jajaja!) se inicio con bandas como Seguridad Nacional, Sentimiento Muerto, Desorden Publico, son bandas realmente clásicas y han influenciado a mucha gente. La escena eran personas que salieron de una clase medio alta y tenían la facilidad de viajar fuera y conocer bandas, ver conciertos y comprar discos, era muy difícil tener acceso a material de bandas tanto punk como metal. Luego fueron naciendo otras bandas como 4th Reich, Primero Venezuela, Victimas de la Democracia, aunque para esa época aun estábamos jugando como niños. Pienso que bandas de Maracaibo, nuestra ciudad, como Madre Natura, Infección, Trauma realmente marcaron lo que fue el hardcore punk y grind de la ciudad, pero de ellos solo escuchábamos lo que conseguimos por allí, no vivimos esa época. Época que según se puede observar en los flyers y kcts eran bandas con mensajes

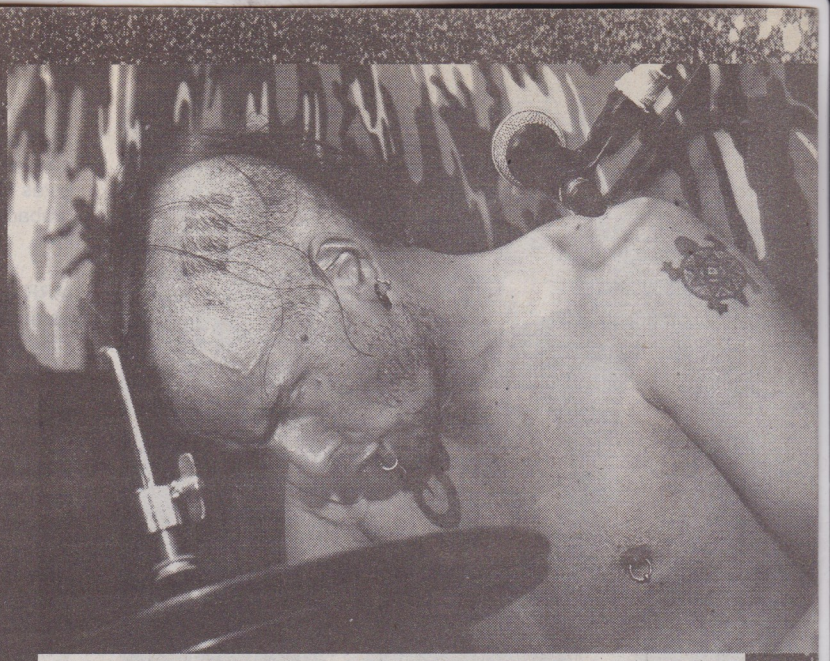
region has its own energy as you can see just going from Venezuela to Colombia, in Venezuela there is not much and in Colombia there is a lot and with a lot of energy and pretty good content, and people want to do real things often linked to social movements, I think it depends on the historical context of social, political cultural and ecohomic development of countries.

I don't know how punk is in the US, though we know there are some great bands with Latino members such as Los Crudos and Tragatelo, who have had a lot of influence in Latin America. In Europe there are many bands and I think that the differences between the Americas and European scenes are that in Europe it's easier to open a space for activities, to acquire backline, to be able to tour in trucks, release albums, recording, [Laughter]... I don't know, we went on a European tour and it was very easy to tour, play, and have a decent sound. People dedicate a lot of time to counter-culture, but in South America it's different, because your reality forces you, in certain way, to dedicate yourself to see how to fix things ... In South America, as social situations get more complicated I think that people spend much time trying to subsist and usually don't have many resources and time to invest in other things. However, this doesn't stop the scene, but these situations are reflected in the final results of the bands, recordings, releases are less professional, but I think this is changing.

MRR: Would you define Doña Maldad as an "anarcho" band? What is your opinion about the anarcho-punk today?
When we began we were influenced by anarcho punk bands of our country and Latin America. Anarcho-punk is anarchistic and we are related to libertarian ideas, many people like to categorize everything, we have realized that the important thing is that the message arrives to the people. Many times in this city we have been rejected because people don't want to work with anarchists, then you realize it is a matter and a situation of concepts that could be easy to work with these groups or people and do interesting things. I think the ghetto should be broken to avoid working in limited areas. I think that music is the dissemination of ideas and is a very useful weapon to try and communicate. But yes, long live anarchy! [Laughter] Anarcho-punk today? ...As there are many interesting bands in the East, also in Colombia and other countries, what is important and what is interestingly happening, are bands being aware of what is happening locally and talking about it. This generates debate and it is important to counterculture movement in South America.

MRR: What is the concert you remember most and why?
There are several concerts that I remember with affection... Once in Alpujarra Medellín in 2003, we played a concert with many bands that was a community potluck, similar to Food Not Bombs. Friends, like Esteban Sierra, Polikarpas, the people from Rechazo, organized the event. The main theme was to occupy the streets, so they took over an area in the street as a "tolerance zone." That day the police came in tanks, people responded and assembled almost in a riot. However, the concert continued. Uribe (former Colombian president) was in Medellin that day and didn't want groups of people assembling on the streets. But it was a very calm activity, where food was distributed to people in that area, mostly homeless, clothing was distributed and, as they say, "Fue un buen parche." [it was a good time] The show in Caracas in 2004 with Colgogz and Apatia No was a great one with very good organization. Another one would be Bogota 2007, where there were lots of people! I think all concerts in Colombia have been great, the people there have lots of energy and understand very the meaning of the songs.

MRR: Along with Apatia No and Los Dolares, you have been playing in Venezuela for over ten years, playing some classic influenced punk. However, both Apatia No and Los Dolares show the signs of being influenced by new sounds in punk. Is there a change in Dona Maldad's sound or will you continue to play old-school punk?
I don't know if we play old school punk... Well, some people in Europe said that we sounded like the '80s. I think both Apatia No and Los Dolares sound kinda different because they have lived in



bastante contestatarios.

Las bandas que comenzaron la movida eran reacciones a situaciones sociales, políticas y culturales que querían expresar sus formas de pensar sobre la situación. Cuando formábamos Doña Maldad existían otras bandas, y aun existen, y que nos influenciaron de cierta forma—como Apatía No, Los Dólares, Los Residuos (los de antes) y bandas de Latinoamérica sobre todo Colombia. Con respecto a eso del punk bandas que hacían eso que nosotros también queríamos hacer, nos relacionamos con mucha de esas bandas y se hicieron buenas actividades. Actualmente el punk en Venezuela, esta muy dividido, por pensamientos políticos y la manera de trabajar. Mucha gente de un momento a otro pensó que si las instituciones te la ponían fácil con una condición para que esforzarse en el DIY. Otras bandas se fueron del país, y bueno...ahora están naciendo otras nuevas bandas interesantes, ya veremos que ocurre, pero por los momentos los punks apoyan el gobierno porque este les trae conciertos de bandas como Ska-P! que le hicieron un tema a Chávez...te podrás imaginar como va la cosa. Un poco patético.

MRR: Algunos piensan que el movimiento punk comparte los mismos valores y más o menos ha sido el mismo en todo el mundo. Otros opinan que en cada región, o país, ha sido diferente. ¿Piensan que el punk en América Latina es diferente al de Estados Unidos y Europa?
Pienso que comparte los mismos valores, pero claro estos varían según la geografía, y las realidades de cada lugar. ¿Cuales valores? Pues es como una reacción a situaciones concretas, sociales, políticas como ya hemos dicho. En Latinoamérica tuvimos la oportunidad de hacer una extensa gira durante casi cuatro meses hace unos siete años, y conocimos mucha gente interesante que hacia cosas creativas contra situaciones, como el movimiento de objeción de conciencia en Chile, y también como las del 1er de mayo en Colombia. Conocimos bandas increíbles con mensajes realmente políticos y autónomos como Generación Perdida y Autonomía en Perú, Frente Urbano y Desarme en Colombia, por nombrar solo unas pocas. En esa gira vimos toda una movida basada en lo que llaman "Anarcopunk", la música ligada a los movimientos sociales que nos sirvió mucho para crecer como personas.

No se como será el punk de USA, aunque conocemos algunas bandas geniales estas son con integrantes Latinos y es como lo mismo en Suramérica, bandas como Los Crudos y Tragatelo, han influenciado mucho también en Latinoamérica. En Europa hay muchísimas bandas y creo que lo que diferenciaría las escenas entre USA y Europa seria la facilidad que tienen en esos lugares de abrirse un espacio para realizar actividades, de adquirir backlines, de poder hacer giras en camiones, de editar discos, de grabar, jajaja!... No se fuimos una gira por Europa y era muy fácil girar, tocar, y tener un sonido decente. La gente le dedica mucho tiempo a esa contracultura, aunque en Suramérica es distinto, porque tu realidad te obliga en cierta forma a dedicarte a ver como solucionar otras cosas... En Suramérica, como la situaciones sociales

Europe and have had much contact with these people. They have adopted much of the crust and the D-beat, even metal influences. We grew up listening to metal and some hardcore bands, we actually listen to all kinds of music, but what we play simply comes out. I don't think there is more noise in the band's new songs, we are on the same line. I think we are a little bit harder, but not crust or sludge or metal, just some "sonofabitch" hardcore punk. Although I think that when we've moved closed to something more D-beat, we are always influenced by old school classics.

MRR: The last thing you have released is a discography. Is it true that you are working on a new album? What's happening with that?
Yes. We have been working on this album for some time now. But meanwhile we have distanced ourselves physically. Jorge moved to Bogota, Troco lives in the center of the country now, I'm still in Maracaibo, that is like Hell's Kitchen. But we are working on the new album and have already played several new songs in Bogota and in Maracaibo. Recently we played in Colombia with new stuff. The material is almost ready and we are looking for a label to release this with us, as we always work in vinyl format.

We have been working using Internet. I record demos here and send them to Jorge and Troco. They hear the material and that's how we have been composing. Basically it is very straightforward hardcore punk, fast, with direct lyrics. This production brings some of that and more experimental stuff in the sense that we made two unusual songs with direct lyrics to see how they work in community radio here in the country…to see if they let some revolutionary masks fall and we become the new cultural political prisoners. Could it be that or is it that we are paranoid? Time will tell...

MRR: What are your lives like outside of Doña Maldad?
I think similar to the life of any person in this fucking world. Personally, I work independently in audiovisual media, refusing to become an employee, looking for ways to survive and keep doing what I like. That's the biggest struggle. Like the rest of

se ponen mas complicadas creo que la gente pasa mucho tiempo dedicado a ver como subsistir y normalmente no se tienen muchos recursos y tiempo para invertir en estas cosas. Sin embargo esto no detiene la escena, pero estas situaciones se reflejan en los resultados finales de las bandas, las grabaciones, ediciones son menos profesionales, pero esto esta cambiando creo.

MRR: ¿Definen a Doña Maldad como una banda "anarcopunk"? ¿Cuál es su opinión sobre el anarcopunk hoy en día?
Cuando comenzamos estábamos influenciados por bandas anarcopunk del país y de Latinoamérica, sin embargo luego te das cuenta que es una etiqueta mas que muchas veces esta distante a "hacer lo que se dice". Preferiría decir que somos una banda de amigos que hacen y dicen lo que quieren. Anarcopunk es punk anarquista y aunque somos afines a ideas libertarias nos hemos dado cuenta que lo importante es que le mensaje llegue. Muchas veces en esta ciudad hemos visto como hemos sido rechazados porque la gente no quiere trabajar con anarquistas, luego te das cuenta que es una cuestión y una situación de conceptos, que sí podrías trabajar cómodamente con estos colectivos o personas y hacer cosas interesantes. Creo que se debería de romper ese guetto para evitar trabajar en sectores limitados. Pienso que la música es difusión de ideas y es un arma muy útil para decir y comunicar. Pero sí, viva la anarquía! Jajaja!

MRR: ¿Cuál es el concierto que más recuerdan y porque?
Hay varios conciertos que recuerdo con mucho cariño…una vez en el 2003 en Medellín, un concierto que era una olla comunitaria, donde tocamos muchas bandas y se hizo en la calle en una zona de tolerancia en esa ciudad llamada Alpujarra, esto lo organizaron unos amigos como Esteban Sierra, Polikarpas la gente de Rechazo y la consigna principal era ocupar las calles y algo como Food not Bombs. Ese día llego la policía en tanquetas, la gente respondió y casi se arman unos disturbios. Sin embargo el concierto continúo. Ese día estaba Uribe en Medellín y no querían reuniones de gente en las calles. Pero fue una actividad muy bonita donde se repartió comida a las personas de esa zona la mayoría sin hogar, se repartió ropa y bueno como dicen ellos: "fue un buen parche". También Caracas 2004 junto a Colgogz y Apatia No, muy buena organización. Otro seria Bogota 2007, había muchísima gente!...creo que todos los conciertos en Colombia han sido geniales, la gente allá tiene mucha energía y entienden muy bien lo que dices en tus canciones.

MRR: Junto a Apatía No y Los Dólares tienen más de 10 años tocando en Venezuela, haciendo un punk de influencias clásicas. Sin embargo, tanto en Apatía No como en Los Dólares se nota la influencia de los nuevos sonidos. ¿Hay más ruido ahora en Doña Maldad o seguirán ejecutando punk de la vieja escuela?
Nose si hacemos punk vieja escuela, bueno una gente de Europa dijo que sonábamos como los 80s. Creo que tanto Apatía No como Los Dólares han sonado así porque han vivido en Europa y han tenido mucho contacto con esa gente. Han adoptado mucho del Crust y del D-beat, incluso del Metal. Nosotros crecimos escuchando metal y algunas bandas hardcore, en realidad escuchamos todo tipo de música, pero lo que tocamos sale por sí solo. No creo que halla mas ruido en los temas nuevos de la banda, seguimos en la misma línea, creo que un poco mas fuerte pero no crust ni metal ni sludge solo punk hardcore del hijoeputa.

MRR: Lo último que han editado es una discografía, donde han recopilado sus canciones dispersas en varias ediciones anteriores. ¿Es cierto que están trabajando en un nuevo disco?, ¿Que cosas nuevas traerá esta producción?
Si hemos trabajado en este disco hace algún rato ya. Pero mientras eso, pues nos hemos distanciado físicamente. Jorge se mudo a Bogota, Troco vive en el centro del País ahora, Yo sigo en Maracaibo que es como la cocina del infierno. Pero si, estamos trabajando en el nuevo disco y ya hemos tocado varios de los nuevos temas en Bogota y en Maracaibo, recientemente estuvimos tocando por Colombia y tocando estos nuevos temas. Hemos estado trabajando utilizando Internet, yo grabo maquetas aquí y se las paso a Jorge y a Troco y ellos escuchan el material y así hemos ido componiendo. Pero básicamente es punk hardcore muy directo, rápido algunos, y con letras directas. Esta producción trae un poco de eso y algo más experimental en el sentido que hemos realizado dos temas fuera de lo común con unas letras bien directas para ver como funcionan en las radios comunitarias de aquí del país a ver si se caen alguna que otra

the band, we are always trying to do what we like alongside work. We three currently have children and we have to move forward with it. We are always part of countercultural activities to support local struggles in some way or another, sometimes more, sometimes less.

MRR: You've had many events in solidarity with the regions indigenous movement in their resistance to the exploitation of coal. Can you explain how the situation of indigenous communities in Zulia and the problem of exploitation of mineral resources?

As this interview is for the people reading *MRR*, I can say that the situation of all indigenous people and communities of South America resemble the Avatar film! [Laughter]...but without the hero of shit that always comes and saves everyone.

At this moment, the continent is going through integration plans that only want to extract raw materials at all costs, plans like IIRSA (Initiative for Regional Infrastructure Integration of South America), Plan Colombia, Plan Puebla Panama— even the ALBA has the same initiative which pretends to unify an entire continent through infrastructure only to extract raw materials and ensure everything in a capitalist economic model that now must ensure their insurance providers of fossil energy.

In Venezuela you can see and analyze how an entire government development project for the country fits perfectly in these projects as the IIRSA. The country is divided exactly as IIRSA needs. In Zulia state, where we live, a two hour drive of Maracaibo is the Sierra de Perija, which is like the end of the Cordillera indigenous. These territories are doomed because there is too much coal underground that has already been requested by large multinational companies and not only asked, but promised these lands have been compromised by governments in the country, including the "revolutionary" government. This indicates that plans are already tripling the number of existing mining that threatens in indigenous territories, since the government does not recognize these territories as indigenous lands. These plans also threaten the biodiversity of these mountains and fresh water reserves. We have participated in these struggles and environmental movements for a long time, mainly because Troco is often visiting these areas of mountains and rivers. I began going and eventually got involved directly in this local struggle that affects the globe. Somehow, we kept being led back to this important issue. Today many things have happened with the indigenous struggle, the government had ignored the fight, then ridiculed the fight, criminalized the struggle, and there is now an Indian leader arrested for fighting for their territories. It's very easy to understand, but very complex internally. *Viva Sabino Libre*!

MRR: Living in Venezuela, it's impossible for us to avoid asking about what is happening in the country under the government of Hugo Chávez. Is it true that Venezuela is becoming socialist? What do you think of the Bolivarian government?

Chavez said he would establish the twenty-first century socialism. It is complex to understand how can a country can become a socialist while maintaining relationships with transnational corporations. The sale of oil to the US continues. The only thing that has sustained this is that out of the massive amounts of oil revenues a fraction, a few crumbs, is devoted to social plans that are dedicated to, in my opinion, buy the conscience of the people. If you analyze the context in which Venezuela has been developing in the '80s and '90s, especially after the social upheaval of Caracazo, which left many dead as people took the streets to protest the neoliberal policies of Carlos Andres Perez, Chavez's government guaranteed to work as a social pressure valve to overcome that discontent. And yet it still continues... I don't think the government is building a socialist Venezuela. While I think it is good that people want to organize themselves and address their problems, the Venezuelan government directs everything that is being done, ensuring that people do what they want. Then you see people believing in socialism and the country remains a mono producer of oil. You see indigenous communities pressured by the same multinational

careta revolucionaria, de pronto y seremos los nuevos presos políticos culturales, será eso o es que somos tan paranoicos?, el tiempo lo dirá...

MRR: ¿Cómo son sus vidas fuera de Doña Maldad?

Creo que iguales a la vida de cualquier persona en este puto mundo. Personalmente trabajando como independiente en el medio audiovisual, rehusando a asalariarme, buscando la forma de subsistir y seguir haciendo lo que me gusta. Esa es la mayor lucha. Los otros también, siempre tratando de hacer lo que nos gusta a la par de trabajar. Los tres actualmente tenemos hijos y nos toca pues echarle ganas.

MRR: Han realizado varios eventos en solidaridad con el movimiento indígena de su región que resiste la explotación de carbón. ¿Pueden explicarnos cómo es la situación de las comunidades indígenas del Zulia y el problema de la explotación de recursos minerales?

Como esta entrevista es para la gente que lee MRR, diría que la situación de todos los indígenas y comunidades de Suramérica se asemejan a la película Avathar! (jajaja!) pero sin el héroe de mierda que siempre sale y salva a todos.

En los momentos todo el continente esta siendo objetivo de planes de integración que solo desean extraer materia prima a costa de todo, planes como IIRSA (Iniciativa de Integración Regional de la Infraestructura de Sur-América), Plan Colombia, Plan Puebla Panamá, ya hasta el mismo ALBA son iniciativas que pretenden unificar todo un continente mediante infraestructuras para extraer materia prima y asegurar todo un modelo económico capitalista que en estos momentos debe asegurarse de sus proveedores seguros de energía fósil.

En Venezuela puedes ver y analizar como todo un proyecto gubernamental de desarrollo para el país encaja perfectamente en estos proyectos como el IIRSA. El país esta dividido exactamente igual a como lo necesita IIRSA. En el estado Zulia, donde vivimos, a dos horas de Maracaibo esta la Sierra de Perija, que es como el final de la cordillera indígena. Estos territorios están condenados porque bajo la tierra hay demasiado carbón que ya ha sido solicitado por grandes compañías multinacionales y no solo solicitado si no que ha sido comprometido por los gobiernos del país, incluyendo el gobierno "revolucionario". Esto indica que ya existen planes de triplicación de la extracción existente que amenaza los territorios indígenas, pues estos territorios no quieren ser reconocidos como tierras indígenas por el gobierno, y también amenazan la biodiversidad de estas montañas y las reservas de agua potable. Hemos participado en estas luchas y movimientos ecologistas desde hace ya mucho tiempo porque principalmente Troco iba mucho a la Sierra a caminar la montaña o ir a los ríos, luego fui yo y pues con el tiempo nos involucramos directamente en una lucha local que afecta globalmente. Y nos hemos dado cuenta de ciertas cosas que de alguna manera nos hacen seguir hablando del tema. Actualmente tantas cosas han pasado con esa lucha indígena que el gobierno había ignorado la lucha, luego ridiculizado la lucha, criminalizado la lucha, actualmente hay un líder indígena preso por luchar por sus territorios. Es algo muy fácil de entender pero internamente muy complejo.

corporations along with the Venezuelan state. You see, union prisoners for protesting. You see how all culture has practically become institutionalized... Somehow a single thought has been imposed, while everything else is criminalized and undermines the autonomy of social movements. Within these movements there are clear sectors, specifying in particular issues. They understand the context, but believe that with this government they have a chance to change things. They somehow stick to the process and fight from within...the error is in that their remarks never or almost never touch the president, only certain ministers.

MRR: Is there a current punk movement in Venezuela, What bands do you recommend?
There are many bands that play punk in Venezuela, but I do not think there is a strong movement. Currently interesting DIY bands are emerging in the east of the country, such as Genocidio, Amordazados, Kondenados... In Caracas, there are also DIY bands like Dissension that have very good lyrics and Anarcolepsia. But in general there are a lot of bands...

MRR: How is the relationship between punk bands in Latin American countries? Is there communication and cooperation? Is it a priority to contact other, more distant scenes?
I think there are good relations between the bands and scenes from different countries. It's a matter of affinity and desire that people have to do things with like-minded people. With the arrival of Internet, everything became easier and now anyone can organize anything, from a tour to a compilation album with Latin bands. When we started, we were sending envelopes with tapes, now everything is done online and you can do all sorts interesting things. We went on tour organizing everything in advance and played in Chile, Peru, Ecuador and Colombia. After that we went to Ecuador and Colombia several times because these countries are right next-door. I've heard of bands that are touring, like recently toured Coche Bomba and Marcel Duchamp from Chile recently touring in Colombia. During that same time, Gerk of Argentina were doing the same. Desarme from Colombia have come twice to Venezuela and have also toured Brazil. Apatia No and Los Dolares have toured Latin America in many places, too. It's a matter of will to get it all done.

MRR: Some people claim to be "Making punk a threat again," others say that what is known as punk is now more like a habit and a tradition of mercantilism, rather than transgression. What are the possibilities of punk today?
The rebellious spirit of punk music lives on as long as it continues with dissemination of ideas and expression of relief. Sometimes commercial bands, say much more about the place they come from than an independent band from that same place, yes or no? ... I think the possibilities of punk today depends on the initiatives taken by each person or band or each group to do something. And these days there are many things to do and many things to say...

MRR: Anything you want to add before we end the interview?
Thanks to Rafael Uzcategui (Libertarian Newspaper: periodicoellibertario.blogspot.com/) for the interview for this magazine, thanks for the opportunity to express ourselves here. Our great friend Trooper for translating it into English.

MRR: Viviendo en Venezuela es difícil no preguntarles que pasa en este país bajo el gobierno de Hugo Chávez. ¿Es cierto que se está construyendo el socialismo? ¿Ustedes que opinan del gobierno bolivariano?
Pues en todo el país desde Chávez se dijo que se instauraría el socialismo, del siglo XXI, es complejo de entender como se decreta un país socialista cuando al mismo tiempo se mantienen las relaciones con grandes empresas transnacionales y se continúa la venta de petróleo al imperio. Aquí lo único que ha sostenido esto es que de los millonarios ingresos del petróleo se dedico una mínima parte, o unas migajas a activar unos planes sociales que se dedican a comprar la conciencia de la gente a mi parecer. Y si analizas un poco el contexto donde se venia desarrollando Venezuela en los 80 y 90, y sobre todo luego del estallido social del caracazo, que dejo muchos muertos cuando la gente salió a las calles a protestar por las medidas neoliberales de Carlos Andrés Pérez, el gobierno de Chávez garantizaba funcionar como una válvula de presión social para sobrellevar ese descontento. Y aun lo sigue haciendo. No creo que se este construyendo un socialismo en Venezuela, si bien es cierto y me parece positivo que la gente asuma organizarse y encarar sus problemas en Venezuela todo lo que se esta haciendo esta siendo dirigido desde el gobierno, asegurando así que se haga lo que ellos quieren. Entonces ves a la gente creyendo en socialismo y el país sigue siendo un monoproductor de petróleo, ves a las comunidades indígenas sometidas a empresas multinacionales y al mismo estado venezolano, ves sindicalistas presos por protestar, ves como se ha institucionalizado toda la cultura prácticamente...de alguna manera se impone un pensamiento único, mientras se criminaliza todo lo demás y se socavan los movimientos sociales.

MRR: ¿Existe un movimiento punk actualmente en Venezuela?, ¿Qué bandas nos pueden recomendar?
Hay muchas bandas que tocan punk en Venezuela, aunque no creo que exista un movimiento fuerte. Actualmente en el oriente del país están surgiendo bandas interesantes trabajando desde el DIY como Genocidio, Amordazados, Kondenados...esas bandas te las puedo recomendar....

MRR: ¿Cómo son las relaciones entre las bandas punks de los países de América Latina? ¿Hay comunicación y cooperación? ¿Se prioriza el contacto con otras escenas mas distantes?
Pues yo pienso que existen buenas relaciones entre las bandas y escenas de distintos países, es cuestión de afinidad y de las ganas que tenga la gente de hacer cosas entre las personas, con la llegada de Internet todo se hizo más sencillo y cualquiera puede organizar desde una gira hasta un disco compilado de bandas latinas. Cuando nosotros comenzamos nos enviábamos sobres con kcts, ahora todo se hace con Internet y puedes cuadrar cosas interesantes, nosotros nos fuimos de gira organizando todo con antelación y tocamos por Chile, Perú, Ecuador y Colombia. Luego de eso hemos ido a Ecuador y varias veces a Colombia que nos queda justo al lado. He sabido de bandas que hacen giras recientemente creo que hicieron giras por aquí Coche bomba y bandas así, y Marcel Duchamp de Chile hace poco giró hasta Colombia, al igual que lo esta haciendo en este momento Gerk de Argentina. Desarme de Colombia han venido dos veces a Venezuela a tocar y han girado por brasil también, Apatía No y los Dólares han girado por Latinoamérica a muchos lugares también. Es cuestión de ganas con eso todo se logra.

MRR: Hay quienes afirman que hay que "Hacer del punk una amenaza de nuevo", otros dicen que lo que se conoce como punk es más hábito y tradición mercantilizada que transgresión. ¿Cuáles son las posibilidades del punk hoy en día?
Pues mientras se mantenga el espíritu contestatario el punk seguirá vivo como música de difusión de ideas, de desahogo y de expresión. Claro que siempre estarán las bandas comerciales, que a veces dicen mucho mas que una banda independiente desde su lugar, ¿si o no?...creo que las posibilidades del punk hoy en día dependen de las iniciativas que tomen cada persona o cada banda o cada colectivo de hacer algo. Y en estos tiempos hay muchas cosas por hacer. Y en la música se vale todo, no solo punk.

MRR: Algo que deseen agregar para finalizar la entrevista.
racias a Rafael Uzcategui (Periódico el libertario: http://periodicoellibertario.blogspot.com/) por la entrevista para esta revista, gracias por la oportunidad de expresarnos por aquí.

Are You

Looking for the following bands:

Hellshock, Wolfbrigade, Skitsystem, Driller Killer, Behind Enemy Lines, Rotten Sound, Morbid Angel, Slayer, Machetazo, Looking For An Answer, Doom, Effigy, Rupture, Rambo, Carcass, Kaaos, Misery, Disclose, Agathocles, Wartorn, Cripple Bastards, Nausea, State of Fear, Victims, Whiplash, Bathtub Shitter, MDC, Aus Rotten, The Accused, Fleas And Lice, Broken Bones, Genocide SS, Riistetyt, Diskonto, Desolatevoid, Extinction of Mankind

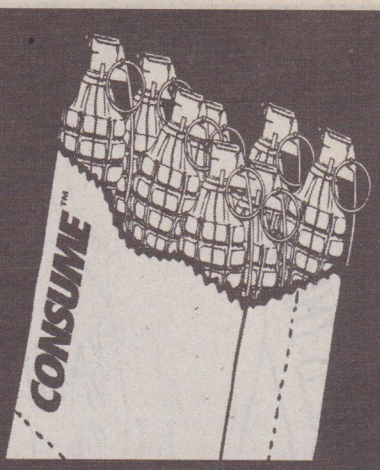
We sell approx. 3000 items with cheap prices and super fast shipping. We accept credit cards via a secure connection. Free shipping for orders over $100 in the USA.

visit

www.cahrecords.com

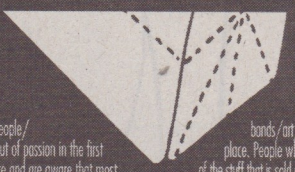
for more information

we also have 100 shirt designs



TRUST

WWW.TRUST-ZINE.DE



We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

PRANK - STILL AVAILABLE

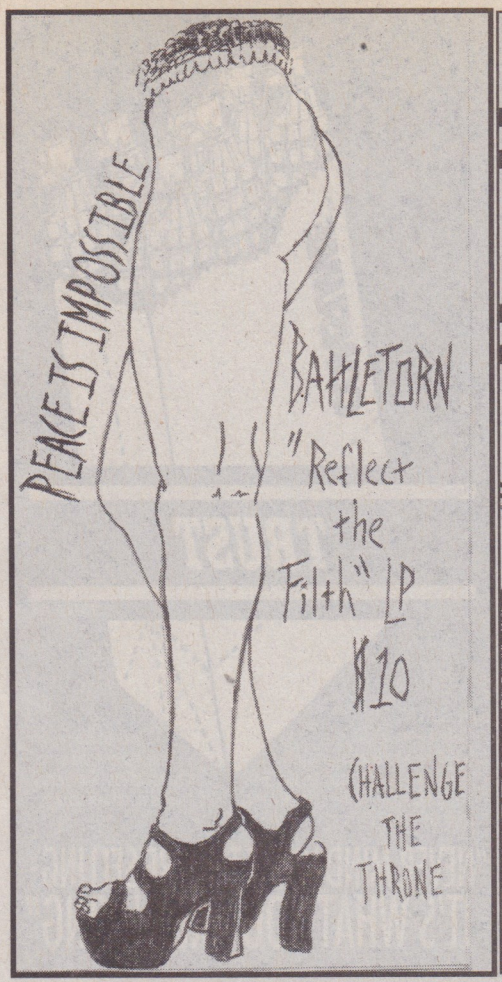
ACEPHALIX "APORIA" LP/CD
ACEPHALIX "S/T" 7"
GAUZE " BINBOU YUSURI NO RIZUMU NI NOTTE" LP
ICE NINE ' NOBODY'S SON" 7"
DESOLATION "S/T" LP/CD
DESOLATION "REST IN PANIC" 7"
MORPHEME 7"
PAINTBOX "TRIP. TRANCE & TRAVELLING" 2 XLP
PAINTBOX "RELICTS" LP
KYLESA '110 DEGREE HEAT INDEX" 7"
WORLD BURNS TO DEATH "THE GRAVEYARD OF UTOPIA" LP
WORLD BURNS TO DEATH "HUMAN MEAT" 7"
CHRIST ON PARADE "SOUNDS OF NATURE" LP
CHRIST ON PARADE " LOUD & LIVE" LP
AVSKUM "UPPROR UNDERIFRAN" LP / CD
AVSKUM "PUNKISTA" LP/CD
AVSKUM 'FOLK SOM" 7"
ARTIMUS PYLE "FUCKED FROM BIRTH" LP/CD
BORN AGAINST " THE REBEL SOUND OF SHIT & FAILURE" LP
ANTISCHISM ' STILL LIFE' LP/CD
ANTISCHISM DISCOGRAPHY CD
INITIAL STATE "ABORT THE SOUL' LP / CD
BORN/DEAD "REPETITION " 7"
BORN/DEAD DEBUT 7"

WRITE FOR PRICE QUOTE
PRANKRECORDS.COM
P.O. Box 410892 / San Francisco, CA / 94141-0892 / USA
prankrecords.com
prankrec@mindspring.com

BORN/DEAD "THE FINAL COLLAPSE" LP/CD
1332 (ELDOPA) SKINLESS 7"
TALK IS POISON 'CONDENSED HUMANITY: THE PRANK EP'S" LP
SIGNAL LOST "PROSTHETIC SCREAMS" LP/CD
SIGNAL LOST " CHILDREN OF THE WASTELAND" LP/CD
SIGNAL LOST ' YOU'LL NEVER GET US DOWN' 7"
CROW 'THE BEATING OF THE WINGS OF DESTRUCTION" PICTURE DISC 12"
CROW "FLOCK OF BEAST" 7"
CROW "NEUROTIC ORGANIZATION" 7"
PESD " POLITIKAREPOIZONEKURVAE" LP
SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS 'KANGNAVE" LP
SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS " SVENSK MANGEL' 7"
ACURSED ' TUNNELN I LJUSETS SLUT" LP/CD
BURY THE LIVING " ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SCREAM' LP/CD
.FUCKINGCOM 7"
GUYANA PUNCH LINE 'MAXIMUM SMASHISM' LP
GUYANA PUNCH LINE 'IRRITAINMENT" LP
HIS HERO IS GONE "15 COUNTS OF ARSON' LP/CD
HIS HERO IS GONE ' MONUMENTS TO THIEVES' LP/CD
DAMAD "BURNING COLD" CD
DAMAD "RISE AND FALL" CD
WORD SALAD "SPECIMEN' 7"
WORD SALAD ' DEATHMARCH 2000" LP/CD
SCROTUM GRINDER LP/CD
GRIMPLE "UP YOUR ASS' CD
GRIMPLE' PHIL" 7"
DEAD AND GONE "TV BABY" LP/CD

SLANG " LIFE MADE ME HARDCORE" LP

IRON LUNG
"LIFE.IRONLUNG.DEATH"
LP RE-PRESS (w/ 625 Thrash)
NO STATIK 12", MERDOSO 7",, IRON LUNG "SEXLESS/NO SEX" LP RE-PRESS



MAXIMUMROCKNROLL RADIO!!!
A NEW SHOW EVERY WEEK

ONLINE AT:
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM

NOIDEARECORDS.COM

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN "Here in No Exit" Picture-Disc LP

NO IDEA ¡MAILORDER!

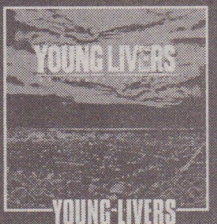
SAMIAM
"Orphan Works" 2xLP/CD

WHISKEY & Co.
"Rust Colors" LP/CD

THE MEASURE [sa]
"Notes" LP/CD

GRABASS CHARLESTONS & TOYS THAT KILL LP

LEATHERFACE
"The Stormy Petrel" LP/CD



YOUNG LIVERS
"Of Misery and Toil" LP/CD

FIYA
"Magic Words" LP

BRIDGE AND TUNNEL
"Indoor Voices" 10"

DEFIANCE, OHIO
"Midwestern Minutes" LP/CD

GATORFACE
"Wasted Monuments" LP/CD

HAVOC

WWW.HAVOCREX.COM

MINNEAPOLIS
77-84 HARDCORE PUNK RE-ISSUES
CRUST
THRASH
D BEAT AND RAW PUNK
SCANDINAVIAN IMPORTS

CHECK OUR WEBSTORE AT WWW.HAVOCREX.COM
FOR THE MOST CRUCIAL SELECTION OF RECORDS, T SHIRTS,
CDS, AND PLASTIC SLEEVES FOR LPS AND 7"S

STORES AND DISTROS WE DEAL DIRECT!

WE NO LONGER HAVE A PRINT CATALOG.

VERSIFICATOR

Versificator are a relatively new anarcho punk band from Aberdeen, the Granite City, Scotland whose members have previously played in bands such as Collateral Damage, Aktifist and Pink Death over the years. This interview was kindly done by Rags (guitar) and David (vocals). Since conducting the interview Versificator have played shows with bands such as the Wankys and Subhumans.

Interview by Mark Nelson
Photos:David Wilkinson

MRR: What does the name Versificator mean? Does the meaning have any relevance to the purpose of the band?

David: The name Versificator is taken from George Orwell's novel 1984. It was a machine whose function was to produce music and literature for the Proles and so formed part of a much wider and all encompassing web of control across all levels of society. Indeed parallels could be drawn with today's use of mass media so is extremely pertinent to the band's message and what it stands for.

MRR: Assuming you are an anarcho punk band, do you consider your message to be as important, if not more so than the music you play? What kind of messages are you trying to convey?

Rags: For me it's not so much about wanting to convey a message as wanting to make a statement about things that concern me/us. We're happy to nail our colors to the wall on any number of issues. I think what we say is more important than how we say it so we've been considering getting back to having lyric sheets to hand out at gigs, in the tradition of many of the first anarcho punk bands.

David: I can speak only for myself, but would say that the importance of the message far outweighs that of the music. Of course I would not be so naive as to believe that this scene on its own could make real change, it can only do so as part of a much wide culture of resistance where all forms of struggle are brought into play.

MRR: Can you tell me what it is like to be a punk band from Aberdeen these days? How is the local scene? Is there much connection with other parts of Scotland? I hear there are gigs in places like Elgin now, any other similar developments?

David: The only punk scene in Aberdeen to speak of is that thrown up by the GFN? collective and related bands.
Rags: Our gigs are mostly outside of Aberdeen so I see us as part of a global scene as opposed to a local one which links with the rest of Scotland and the UK. Think it's safe to say we're the only anarcho punk band in the north of Scotland, so in that sense we'd be pretty isolated if we weren't part of something bigger. There have been a number of gigs in Elgin and the broader North East scene is much more diverse than just our brand of punk.

MRR: How did this band come about? Do you share common influences and goals regarding what you want to sound like and achieve as a group?

Rags: Dave and I have shared common ground in terms of influences, opinions and goals for too many years to mention and we've wanted to work together for a long time, but it never came together at the right time for either of us until last year. I'm really happy with what we're doing because it's exactly how I'd have wanted it to be both musically and politically.
David: Rags and I had talked about putting a band together some years ago with the name Versificator being tossed around even then, so the possibility has always been there, or at least it has been for some time. Then about 18 months ago we decided to give it another try. We approached Hijacks folks Dave and Stuart regarding playing bass and drums, and Lorna lead guitar, although sadly due to study commitments, both Dave and Stuart would be forced to leave after just two practices. However Rags was able to make contact with ex-Pink Death and Pagan Noise Generator man Crookie who said he'd play drums. This would have been March 2008, and continued with this line-up until relatively recently. Rags and I definitely share a common heritage if you like with similar interests regarding what we would like to do with the band.

MRR: I think it's fair to say most of you have been around the block a few times in regard to the punk scene. Any reflections on how the scene has changed over the years, or how it might have unique qualities compared to elsewhere?

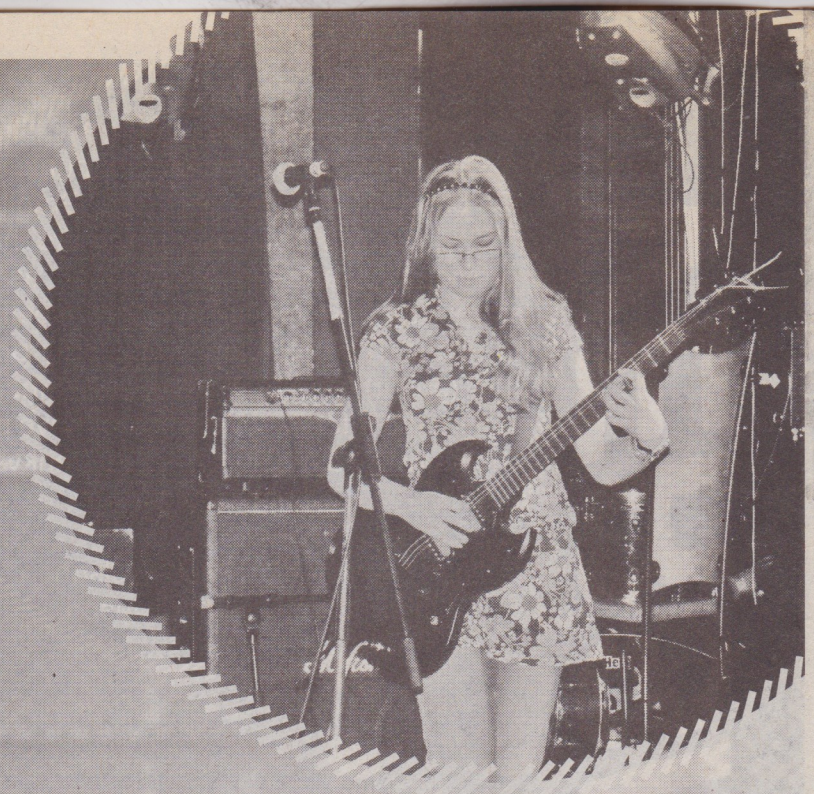
David: Politics and political action, while they were once of such primary importance and central to what the scene stood for, there has I think been a definite shift of emphasis with less consideration given to taking action and more to scene politics and lifestyle.
Rags: I think the scene has broadened out massively and it's really encouraging to see so many new and young bands doing stuff. It's easy to be snobbish about what constitutes the scene and, for those of us ancient enough to have been around for decades, three in my case, it would be also be easy to stay stuck in the past, but I think both Dave and I always look forward to seeing up and coming bands who are saying something relevant. The internet has made a positive difference to communication within the scene for sure. I've seen the scene go through its ups and downs and I guess that will always continue.

MRR: Being from the Aberdeen area, are there any bands past or present that you could recommend?

Rags: Yeah, Bloodshot and Aktifist, kidding... Check out the GFN [Good For Nothing] collective. They're doing sterling work in bringing cool bands to the area. Got to say to check out Mark Ayling's stuff—not strictly punk but acoustic with a dark and/or political edge www.myspace.com/markayling as well as his other band None Of The Above www.myspace.com/ evobaehtfoenon
David: Slain and Bloodshot, though special mention should I think be given to Toxik Ephex. A nicer bunch of people you could not wish to meet.

MRR: I know both David and Rags have done zines in the past. Could you tell me a little about them? Do either of you intend to pursue similar projects in the future?

David: I produced two zines—Incendiary, of which there were two issues, 1988 and 1989, and Insurrection, of which there was just one issue, 1990. Incendiary included interviews with Chumbawamba, Oi Polloi, Political Asylum, Life Cycle and Culture Shock plus political articles and reviews, while Insurrection included interviews with Instigators and Oi Polloi plus art, reviews and articles. Have no plans at this time to produce another zine, but have since then contributed to at least two others—Profane Existence across a number of issues and GFN? Issues one through four.



Rags: I did a split zine with a girl called Becky from Bath called Old Dragon in the early nineties. We had real problems getting it printed as there were men showing their willies in it but eventually Agit Press, Chumbawamba's printing enterprise, did it for us. After that, came Foul Hordes zine which I did myself and reflected my interest in the Picts, the Gaelic language and punk. It featured Oi Polloi and an interview with the guy from Settler Watch. I'd not discount doing another zine but I need inspiration to do it. Maybe this zine will be the catalyst for another effort!

MRR: North-east folk are known for their dry wit and the Doric dialect. Please provide a fitting example!

Rags: Aaaayeee, nae bother. Ey night ma ladlord gied me a powk wi a heow but ah'll get the cunt back fan I smack him roon the heid wi a grape.

MRR: What does the future hold for Versificator? Any releases, gigs etc lined up?

David: Lorna and Crookie's recent departures have caused us some difficulties with the future of the band at one point uncertain. However with None Of The Above man Mark sitting in on drums, things are definitely looking much more optimistic, looking forward to playing more shows, the first of which will be with Active Minds in July and possibly our first English gig after that, and releasing our first demo with plans also to release an anti-vivisection split CD with Mark Ayling.

Finally, if people would like to find out more about Versificator and check out some of our tunes, then you can do so by visiting our page on MySpace at www.myspace.com/versificator82

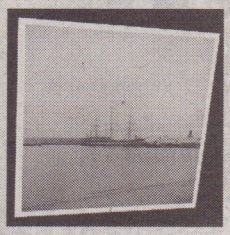
REVOLVER USA DISTRIBUTION

www.midheaven.com • since 1992

PARTING GIFTS
"Strychnine Dandelion"
Debut from new group featuring Greg Cartwright and Coco Hames, on In The Red

mailorder: LP/CD - $12

HANK IV "III"
Smash your way to Xmas with another blistering album full of blistering punk action from SF's Hank IV



mailorder: LP - $16

TYVEK
"Nothing Fits"
Detroit band's second proper LP drops the art-tinged experiments for full-on, straightforward punk blasts

mailorder: LP/CD - $12

GIRLS NAMES / BRILLIANT COLORS split
New Slumberland single w/ SF's Brilliant Colors and Belfast's Girls Names (out Nov. 23)

mailorder: 7" - $4.00

We also carry hundreds of releases on the following labels:

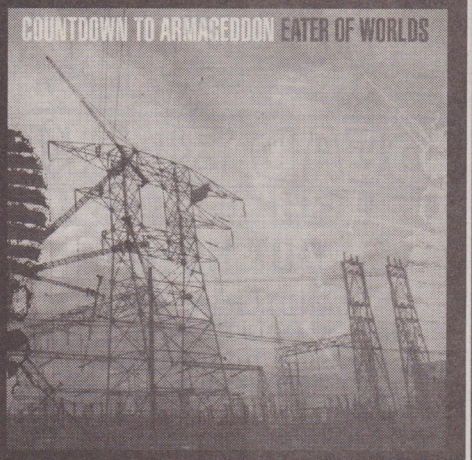
ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES • IN THE RED
BROKEN REKIDS • BONER • GONER
PINK FLAG • HOLY MOUNTAIN
SILTBREEZE • SUDDEN DEATH • NEUROT
20 BUCK SPIN • YOUNG GOD • etc.

Plus many other punk, garage, noise, and indie titles in stock! Check our website.

REVOLVER USA titles available from Midheaven Online Mailorder

415-241-2437 • www.midheaven.com

OUT NOW ON
ABORTED SOCIETY RECORDS



COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON
EATER OF WORLDS LP

DARK, ATMOSPHERIC CRUST/POST-PUNK ON RED WAX
AVAILABLE NOW THROUGH EBULLITION AND OUR
ONLINE DISTRO: WWW.ABORTEDSOCIETY.COM

STILL HOT: MURDERESS - THE LAST THING... LP
NUX VOMICA - ASLEEP IN THE ASHES 2XLP/CD

1122 E. PIKE #1377 | SEATTLE, WA 98122-3934

HEAVY LOUD

ROMERO

"SOLITAIRE"
seven inch single

$6 ppd. to:
TRICERATRAX RECORDS
PO BOX 14412
MADISON, WI 53708-0412

or online @

romeroisloud.com

LIMITED TO 500 COPIES
HAND-SCREENED COVERS

TRICERATRAX

SHOGUN

Shogun records - 3, rue du Lavoir - 51140 Bouvancourt - France
HUGE DISTRO! shogunrecordings.com
7" and tapes: €4,50, LPs: €12 - PPD world.
In the U.S., get them from Ebullition, Sorry State, Grave Mistake, and many others!
Still: GERM ATTAK EP/ NEON MANIACS tape / LOBOTOMIA LP
BURNT CROSS LP coming: DEVOUR EP / MÖRKHIMMEL LP / NASA SPACE UNIVERSE LP

NEW RELEASES!!!

MODERN ACTION
Malaise Solution LP/CD

10 songs that will splatter your sack until it's raining spaghetti strands in your room!! Serious contender for record of the year!!

COMING SOON!

THE BRIEFS

Singles only LP/CD

Modern action records
po box 1452
sonoma, ca 95476
modernactionrecords.com

MODERN ACTION RECORDS

eradicator

eradicatorrecords.bigcartel.com

ER-14 GESTAPO KHAZI - Escalators b/w Atomic Kind 7"
Slithering out of Long Beach, CA comes the most-definitive band currently reshaping the world of hardcore, punk, surf, rockabilly and country. These modern people movers are influenced as much by Dangerhouse bands as by The Gun Club and The Flesh Eaters. Lighting the musical landscape on fire while utilizing the mythology of the Southwest: hot lust, old-time shootouts, and bleached skulls. If these two songs don't move you, you're probably dead.
Limited to 200 black; 100 clear. $5

ER-17 MOSCOW MOSCOW MOSCOW - Fans of Stalin Show Yer Bottom 7"
As the only Russian-themed surf band to play on Tetris cubes, Moscow Moscow Moscow are treading some new waters in surf punk. They've managed to fit four of their explosive tunes onto their first seven-inch release (three instrumentals, and one with vocals). You'll hardly believe MMM is merely a two-piece: Red Sonja and Dennis the Red Menace. Fighting back the flying saucer attack with high-voltage songs. Tcheaper than Tchaikovsky!
Limited to 500 on yellow vinyl. $5

ER-15 THE PERENNIALS - My Side of the Mountain 7"
I had been walking around town for several months with these songs in my head, when it suddenly struck me: the rest of the world needs to hear this! The Perennials' (Indianapolis, IN) first seven-inch release on Eradicator Records consists of three garage-rock songs, performed by members of The Mans, Eric & the Happy Thoughts, and The Half Rats. Chris's raw singing style, Alex's thumping bass lines, and
Ryan's upbeat drumming is guaranteed to get anyone moving. So sweet and catchy that it might just give you a stomachache!
Limited to 400. $5

COMING SOON ⇒
Charlie & the Skunks 7"
Moscow Moscow Moscow LP
The Perennials LP

Shipping is $4 (Flat Rate)
Cash, Money Order or Check (payable to Bobb Easterbrook)
Paypal: organic_core@yahoo.com

Eradicator Records | 522 West 4th St., Bloomington, IN 47404

DEAD BROKE REKERDS

OUT NOW!

LANDLORD- 7" EP
BAD BLOOD REVIVAL- LP
THE BRASS- homosapien 7" EP
GET BENT- demo 7" EP
DOWN IN THE DUMPS- LP
ADD/C- keepin it real LP
DEAD BROKE TAPE COMP VOL.4

COMING SOON!

IRON CHIC- shitty rambo 7" EP
THE CLOSET FAIRIES- 7" EP
BASEMENT BLACK- LP
4-WAY SPLIT 7" VOL.2:
Tulsa/Killer Dreamer/U.R.T.C.L/Reaction

DEADBROKEREKERDS
139 Huber Ave. Holbrook,NY 11741
www.deadbrokerecords.com

DIRTNAP RECORDS

White Wires - WWII LP/CD

TRANZMITORS

Tranzmitors - You Get Around 7"

Mean Jeans/White Wires - split 7"

COMING SOON:

Career Suicide - Cherry Beach expanded reissue 7"

Mind Spiders LP

DIRTNAPRECS.COM

DIRTNAP RECORDS
2615 SE CLINTON ST
PORTLAND, OR 97202

HORRIFYING.

nobunny
first blood lp/cd

EXHILARATING.

john wesley
coleman
bad lady goes to jail
lp/cd

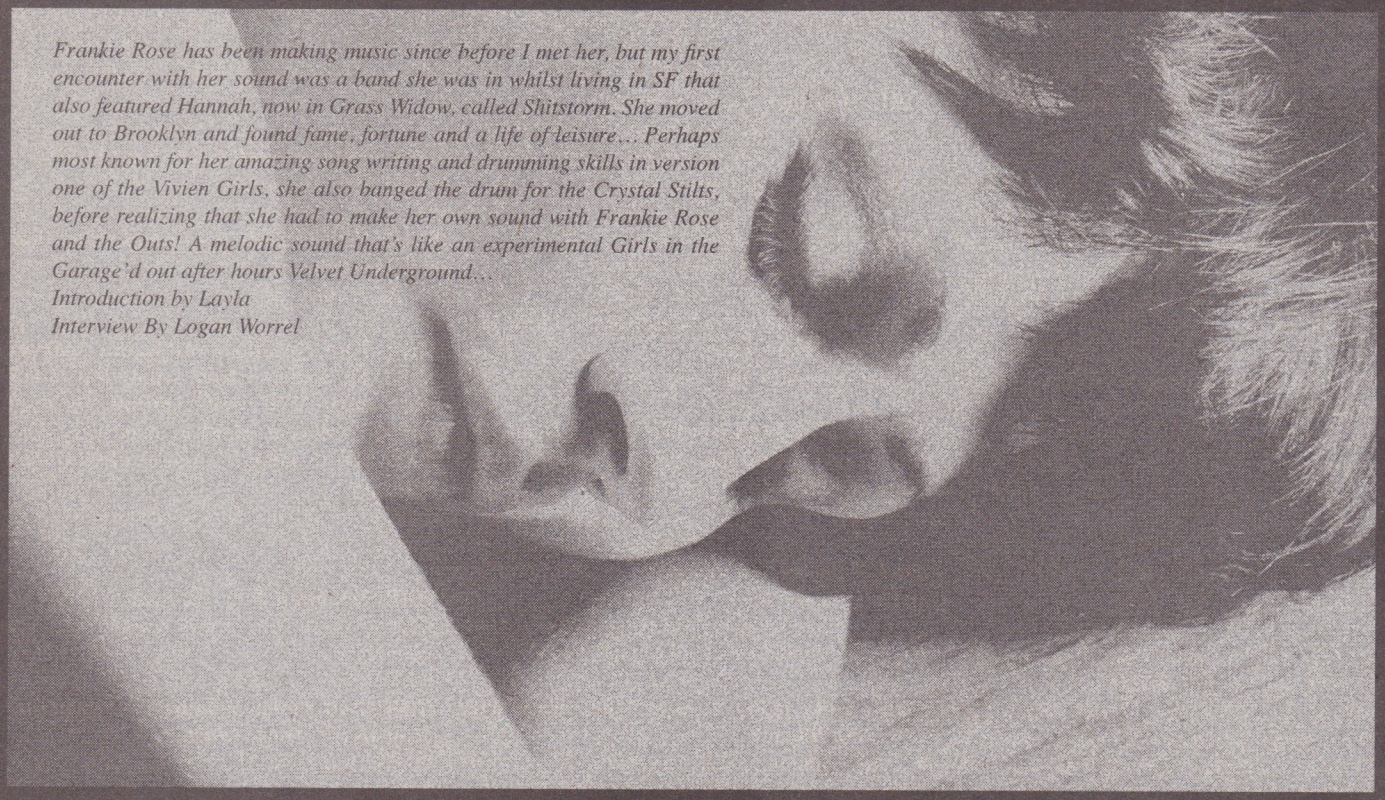
GONER RECORDS

fear
and
loathing
since 1993.

49846 01107
slr Slumberland Records STEREO
SLR 110

THEE ONLY ONE

Frankie Rose



Frankie Rose has been making music since before I met her, but my first encounter with her sound was a band she was in whilst living in SF that also featured Hannah, now in Grass Widow, called Shitstorm. She moved out to Brooklyn and found fame, fortune and a life of leisure... Perhaps most known for her amazing song writing and drumming skills in version one of the Vivien Girls, she also banged the drum for the Crystal Stilts, before realizing that she had to make her own sound with Frankie Rose and the Outs! A melodic sound that's like an experimental Girls in the Garage'd out after hours Velvet Underground...
Introduction by Layla
Interview By Logan Worrel

MRR: How the hell are you, Frankie, how's New York?
Frankie: I'm great! NYC is great, too.

MRR: The new record is all the rage over here at *MRR* HQ, how do you feel about it?
Frankie: Oh man...Well I pretty much didn't see daylight all winter when I was recording and mixing it, and at this point I think I've heard it about 50000 times. I don't think I know what it sounds like anymore. But I feel good about it, and I'm ready to take the songs on the road.

MRR: Ready to be the next Justin Beiber?
Frankie: BRING IT ON! He in fact will be doing a cameo on our next record

MRR: I can see it now, Internet sensation Miss Frankie Rose, Would you play at a mall if the paper was right?
Frankie: Oh, I will play *anywhere* if you give me enough money, McDonalds, whatever. I gotta pay that rent.

MRR: So Freedom ain't free?
Frankie: Money talks. bullshit walks. Seriously though, I do have some standards. I probably wouldn't play in a McDonalds.

MRR: Frankly, Frankie, I love the new record. Seeing you guys play a few months back was one of the best shows I'd seen in quite some time. Tell me about the tour you got coming up.
Frankie: Well, I'm starting a whole new way of touring. It's called vacation tours. It's basically a two week tour tops that covers a really small area, usually with a few days off, and with another band that loves to have a good time. Also, daily trips to a swimming hole, pool or beach are required

MRR: That's gotta be the best way to do it. It's so expensive to tour in the states these days. Plus you gotta keep that signature Frankie Rose tan in check.
Frankie: Oh *bigtime*, this shit takes a lot of upkeep. But there are no stressful moments allowed.

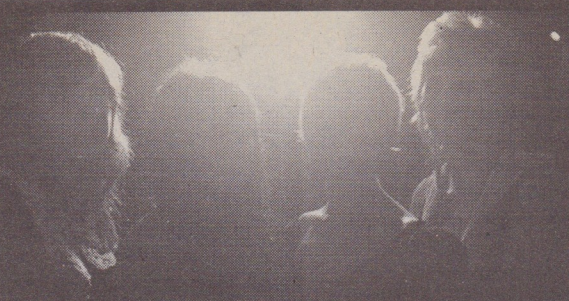
MRR: And where will the first area to be covered on this "Vacation Tour?"
Frankie: CALIFORNIA of course! The best coast, the land I love. Except that will only be one week.

MRR: Really? You like it out here? So many Californians!
Frankie: People from California are the coolest.

MRR: No, people from Texas are the coolest
Frankie: Hmmmm. I was raised in California.

MRR: Really? Tell me about little Frankie.
Frankie: That is the worst question—like 'What did I have for breakfast?' Momma put on a Shangri Las record and the rest was history! Hah.

MRR: Singing into hairbrushes and what not?
Frankie: I wanted to be Orphan Annie actually,



and Punky Brewster.

MRR: You actually kinda look like Punky Brewster, a high compliment.
Frankie: I played Annie in a music once, I must have been like twelve, but I look the same. It's kinda creepy

MRR: Are you still working at the bar?
Frankie: Always, until I win the lotto.

MRR: How often do you get hit on?
Frankie: Almost never.

MRR: You girls need a buff ass road crew on your tour. I know some guys ill put you in touch with
Frankie: Kate Ryan our drummer is pretty tough. I wouldn't mess with her.

MRR: How do Slumberland records treat you?
Frankie: Amazing. Mike is the best, It's such an honor to have him put out my record, they don't call him Papa Slumberland for nothing.

MRR: Describe an average day in the life for miss Frankie Rose.
Frankie: Hmmmm. Well. I love leisure. Upon waking up, I take a dip in the pool, I eat breakfast, champagne and strawberries, get dressed, and hit the shops. Shopping.
MRR: So you're such a diva.
Frankie: Barneys, Prada, you know… then i take a mid day nap

MRR: Oh yeah? I got a Louis Vuitton wallet with a NYC food stamp card in it.
Frankie: Man… food stamps… I've been off the grid for so long, I would be worried that signing up would put me on the map with the folks at the IRS. Hopefully they don't read *MRR*.
MRR: They don't. I haven't paid taxes since the '90s. Fuck 'em.
Frankie: I've never paid taxes. Is it dumb that I'm saying this? Oops. Fuck 'em indeed.

MRR: It's fine. You're not Lil Wayne. No offence.
Frankie: Not yet! I really wanna take a picture with like ten pitbulls in the middle of a football field with all the stadium lights on… fireworks behind me.

MRR: Have you ever been to a dog fight?
Frankie: No way. That's messed up, poor doggies.

MRR: I agree, I just like the thought of you being a huge part of some type of underworld, like money laundering or something, like that Queen Latifah movie where all those fine chicks rob a bank?
Frankie: My aunt robbed a bank. No joke. And I was gonna go teach a class at Dublin Women's Prison, but they wouldn't let me cause she was locked up there. I didn't know that's where they sent her.

MRR: Holy fuck, you're a thug?
Frankie: I didn't rob a bank! My aunt did! I'd do it, but it seems like pretty dumb thing to do. I think its like 100% chance you get caught.

MRR: 80% get away with it!
Frankie: No way, it's like the opposite.

MRR: If you robbed a bank I bet it'd look like that Patty Hearst video.
Frankie: I would wear a disguise.

MRR: How do you feel that in my iTunes you fall between Frigid Pink and Beethoven?
Frankie: Why is Beethoven after me? That makes no sense?

MRR: I don't know man. I got my shit set up all weird I guess.
Frankie: I like both so I feel good about it..I have that Frigid Pink *Pink* record and it's great.

MRR: I like it too. I suspect they are weirdo Christians though
Frankie: Hmmm… who can say… I love their version of "House of the Rising Sun" though.

MRR: I read this book about the Small Faces the other day… Did you know those dudes were hard as fuck?
Frankie: How so?

MRR: Rough-ass dudes from East London; Rod Stewart would fuck you up Frankie, they were all drink fight fuck just like GG.
Frankie: I believe it…probably not so much now though.

MRR: John Enwhistle died of a cocaine overdose at seventy. Shit's real.
Frankie: Seventy is old to be doing mounds of blow.

MRR: That's the game of rock and roll baby, and death goes to the winner.
Frankie: I keep it pretty tame.

MRR: What's next for Frankie Rose and the Outs?
Frankie: An EP on Sacred Bones records, then I go electro.

MRR: Thank God. What you been listening to lately?
Frankie: Let me think, there must be something... there must be… This is always the hardest question. I don't know why.

MRR: Rock 'n' roll isn't for the weak Frankie! I'm gonna tell everyone you listen to Rose Tattoo all day every day.
Frankie: Well Wooden Shijps is on my turntable and I've been watching *Friday Night Lights*, it's amazing, and I hate all things *sports*. Jocks were total assholes to me in high school. I have an aversion to sports related anything, especially football.

MRR: Clear eyes full hearts can't lose?
Frankie: I'm tearing up.

MRR: Well Frankie it's been decided that we are soul mates.
Frankie: Sweet.

MRR: That's just the way it is. I'm gonna make a shit ton of money from selling this interview and come to NYC, walk right into the bar and demand for your hand in marriage. We will then move to small town in Texas and the rest is history.
Frankie: No offence Texas, but does it have to be Texas?

MRR: Yes. Yes it does.
Frankie: Okay, I'm gonna need a pool with a diving board.

MRR: Well, thanks so much for this Frankie. I know you're a busy woman!
Frankie: Me, busy? Ha! I live a life of leisure!

Top photo: Lauren Bilanko
Bottom photo: Ben Pier

SIX TWO FIVE

OUT SPRING/SUMMER 2010

QUATTRO STAGIONI - LP
Crazed 1000mph German fastcore!

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - COLL CD
Long awaited CD of TX Prog-violence

V/A-Bay Area Thrash Detonation
3rd CD comp of NorCal fastcore

YOUNG OFFENDERS/GIANT HAYSTACKS
Split 12"LP-anthemic angry post-punk

FLAT OUT - Debut EP
Debut-650/Bay Area Blasting Fastcore

INSECT WARFARE - 1-Sided 12"LP
Crazed-noise-blast.The last recordinc

SFN - New EP
Midwest powerviolence-the new generation

GET DESTROYED! - Last EP
The final recording of this AZ blast-uni

INFANTICIDE - EP
Straight-forward,no-BS Swedish grind

FLIPOUT AxAx - Flipout CD
Classic Tokyo HC/Thrash-punk.Ex-LIE

DISCARGA - 3rd CD
NEW! 18-songs of highspeed thrash

RUNNING FOR COVER - LP
All hail 1000mph powerviolence

THE PROCESS - Debut CD
Punishing HC ala RINWORM, X-SHANK

INFECT - Discography CD
Cult,all female thrash from Brazil

AGENTS OF ABHORRANCE - CD
Crazed Aussie 3-man blurrcore

THREATENER - Discography CD
Coll.CD of 1000mph blasting fastcore

BREAKfAST/STRUGGLE4PRIDE-CD
Tokyo cult skate thrash

PLUS A TON MORE STUFF COMING!

STILL AVAILABLE:

TRAPPED IN A SCENE CD- Comp of pure blast
IRON LUNG-1st CD Crazy-two-man blurcore
SLIGHT SLAPPERS-2nd LP Tokyo violence
ATHRENODY CD Early 90s Death/Grindcore
BANDANOS/DESTRUCT.END-CD:Crossover-Thrash
CHARM/UG MAN-Split LP:Tokyo thrashcore
CRUCIAL SECTION/HIT ME BACK-EP:Int'l HC
KUNGFU RICK - Disco 2xCD:Insane grind/HC
IRON LUNG/SHANK LP/CD-Audio Brutality
BREAKFAST 2nd LP:Tokyo skate-thrash
SECOND OPINION - CD High Energy thrash
BARBARIC THRASH CD COMPS:Euro,CaliComps
CRUCIAL SECTION-LP: 80s RIPCORD-thrash
SHANK-LP/CD: 1000mph power violence
MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS-CD: TX fastcore
QUILL/I DONT CARE-Split CD:Tokyo thrash
APARTMENT 213-CD:Clevo power violence
HE WHO CORRUPTS CD: Corporo-grind-o-caust
SCHOLASTIC DETH-Coll. CD: READ DAMN IT!
LORDS OF LIGHT-EP Original 3-man grind
THEY LIVE-LP: Cult-classic NY fastcore

NEW SHIRT DESIGNS THRU www.badskulls.com

Wholesale and Mailorder:
WWW.EBULLITION.COM

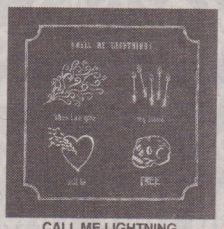
FOR WEEKLY UPDATES CHECK:
WWW.625THRASH.COM

DUSTY MEDICAL RECORDS

PO BOX 1981 MILWAUKEE WIS 53201

DRUGS DRAGONS
"Drugs Dragons" LP

THE SUGAR STEMS
"Sweet Sounds of..." LP



CALL ME LIGHTNING
"When I Am Gone My Blood Will Be Free" LP

THE MIDWEST BEAT
"At the Gates" LP

ORDER: WWW.DUSTYMEDICAL.COM
COMING SOON: THE GUILTY PLEASURES LP

JEETKUNE Records

TWO BIT DEZPERADOS LP/CD
Os Mutantes inspired psych garage from half of THE RIPPERS and LOVE BOAT and a brasilian lady on vocals!

BOBSLEIGH BABY LP/CD
my bloody valentine meets country teasers
2 roman girls & 2 french dudes
hottest thing in Rome since Julius Cesar

CAPPUTTINI 'I LIGNU LP/CD
Primitive raucous hypnotic garage blues duo feat. Samir from the Normals, A.H. Kraken

BLACK MAMBA BEAT LP/CD
Mr Stix (Black Time) new creature
DIY post punk reminding of Minutemen
Sebadoh, Beat Happening

MBG

MURDER BY GUITAR LP
Martin Savage from the Blacks + Locomotions post punkish trio. Filled with James Chance, Wire, Warsaw but still coming out of the garage

INTELLECTUALS 'Triple' LP
third full lenght album from Rome's finest dark garage trio. Recorded at Toe Rag Studios with Nick Normal (Thundercrack, Squares)

Jeetkune Records, Rome, Italy
Mailorder at www.radiationrecords.net
Available from: Get Hip, Puke 'n' vomit, Ptrash (Germany), Escalator (Japan) and more fine dealers
write us! jeetkunerecords@gmail.com

SLUMBERLAND RECORDS • FALL 2010

FRANKIE ROSE AND THE OUTS LP/CD
CRYSTAL STILTS - SHAKE THE SHACKLES 7"
WEEKEND - SPORTS 2xLP/CD
DUM DUM GIRLS - BHANG BHANG 7"
GIRLS NAMES/BRILLIANT COLORS SPLIT 7"

OLDER: LOADS OF CLASSIC RECORDS AND CDS FROM BANDS LIKE BOYRACER, THE AISLERS SET, HOOD, CRYSTAL STILTS, ROCKETSHIP, LORELEI AND MORE.

CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE FOR MAIL ORDER INFO, BLOG, PODCAST AND MORE: WWW.SLUMBERLANDRECORDS.COM

PO BOX 19029, OAKLAND, CA 94619, USA

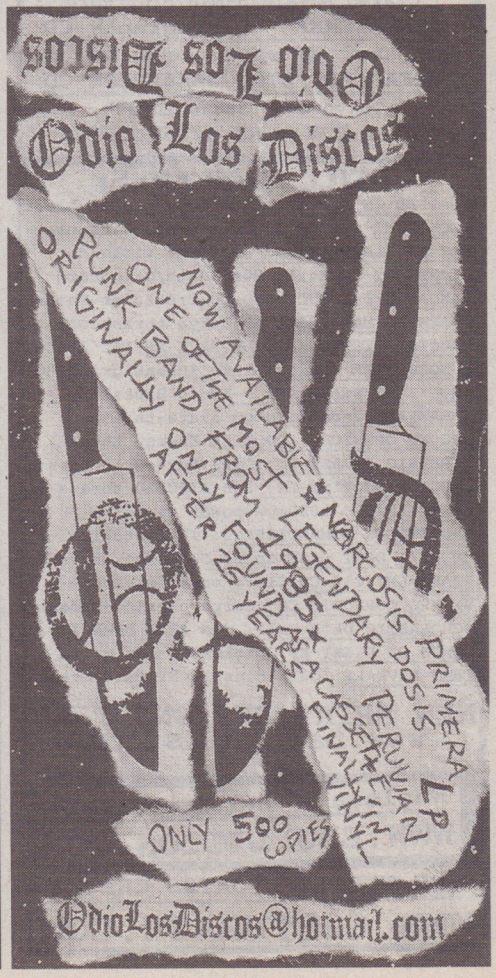
slr

LAST.FM: WWW.LAST.FM/USER/SLUMBERLANDRECS
SOUNDCLOUD: HTTP://SOUNDCLOUD.COM/SLUMBERLAND-RECORDS

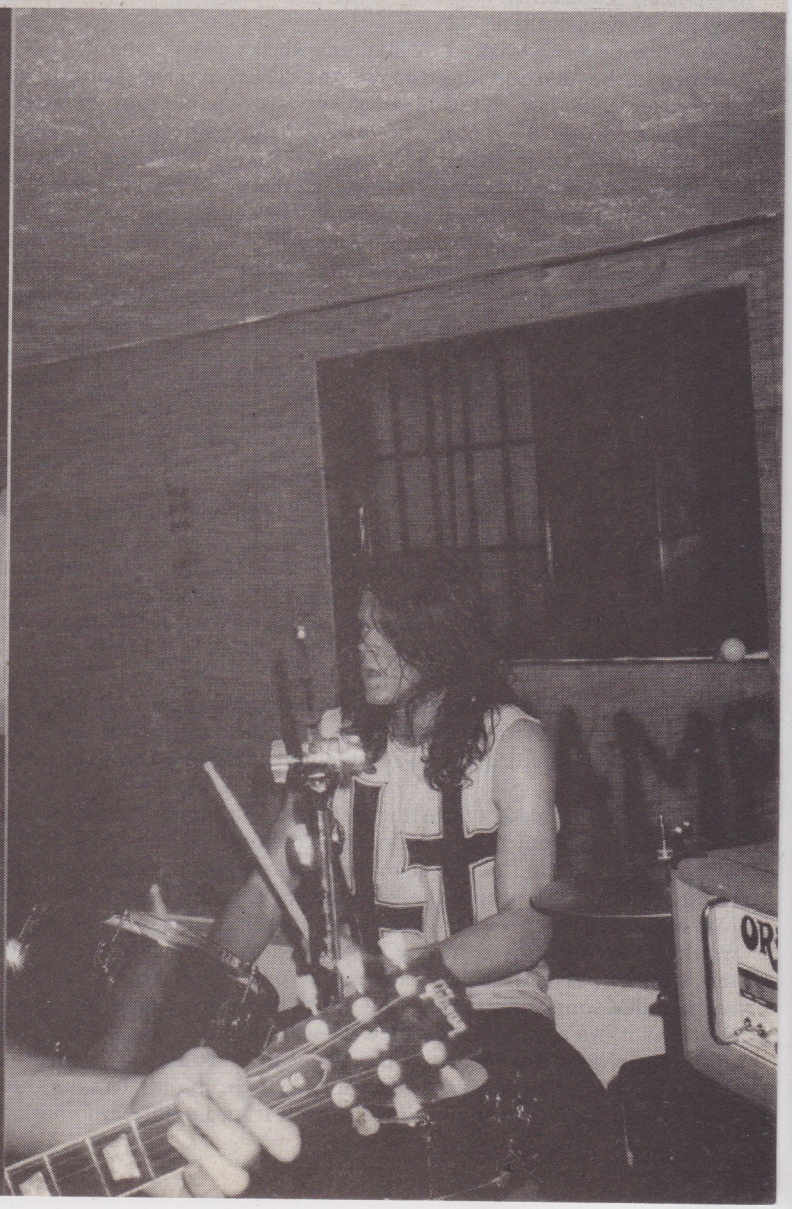
NO PROBLEM
YOUR EYES E.P.
NEW FOUR SONG RAGER BY DUDES FROM WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES, LET'S DANCE AND HIGH JINKS. PISSED OFF YET CATCHY AS HELL ANTHEMS THAT WILL STICK IN YOUR HEAD FOR DAYS AND MAKE YOU WANT TO EITHER START YOUR OWN BAND OR DESTROY EVERY SHITTY ONE OUT THERE.
AVAILABLE FROM: EBULLITION, GRAVE MISTAKE, GREEN NOISE, INTERPUNK, P.TRASH, PER KORO AND OF COURSE DIRECT.
TRADES WELCOME, GET IN TOUCH!
HANDSOME DAN RECORDS
HANDSOMEDANRECORDS.COM
INFO@HANDSOMEDANRECORDS.COM

MAMMOTH SOUND
MASTERING
FLAT RATES PPD
7": $40 PER SIDE
LP: $100 PER SIDE
CD EP: $125
CD FULL LENGTH: $200
PROUD TO HAVE COMPLETED PROJECTS FOR ARTISTS INCLUDING:
WASTED TIME
Ampaker
AUTISTIC YOUTH
SEEIN RED
CAPITALIST CASUALTIES
CANNABIS CORPSE
DIRECT CONTROL
Abscess
HjerteStop
FYFAN
TOTAL ABUSE
CLOAK DAGGER
NOOTHGRUSH
Urgns
MDC
NO FRIENDS
ANS
GOVERNMENT WARNING
CHOUL
AMDI
ANNIHILATION TIME
MAGRUDERGRIND
PETERSENS ARMÉ
CALL / EMAIL FOR QUOTE
WWW.MAMMOTHSOUNDMASTERING.COM
(831) 566-5381

PUNK STUFF .COM
PUNK
CRUST
METAL
HARDCORE
HORROR
SHIRTS
HOODIES
LONGSLEEVES
PATCHES
GIRL SHIRTS
WWW.PUNKSTUFF.COM
HUNDREDS OF DESIGNS! UPDATED WEEKLY!
WE DO WHOLESALE AND CUSTOM PRINTS


Odio Los Discos
NOW AVAILABLE ★ NARCOSIS PRIMERA LP
ONE OF THE MOST LEGENDARY DOSIS PERUVIAN
PUNK BAND FROM 1985 ★ A CASSETTE IN
ORIGINALLY ONLY FOUND AS A CASSETTE IN
AFTER 25 YEARS FINALLY IN VINYL
ONLY 500 COPIES
OdioLosDiscos@hotmail.com

TOTAL ABUSE



Total Abuse is a band. Rusty sings, Ryan plays guitar, Matt drums, Dustin plays the bass, and Duncan also plays guitar. You can read about their aberrations on various internet message boards if you partake in such activities.

Interview by Charlie Willhoit / Photos Mikaylah Bowman

MRR: Good bands from Austin include?
Rusty: I liked Repercussions, but they're gone
Ryan: Sacred Shock
Rusty: Another thing is Austin is filled with the worst shit music—just watered down blues, dads playing in watered down bullshit rock with old guys that are one second away from dying, playing their hearts out to women with big butts.
Rusty: I think Austin punk is terrible anyway. One last thing about Austin is it's the most cliquey little scene ever, in terms of punk, and we will probably never be asked to play Chaos in Tejas and have been threatened.
Dustin: And assaulted.
Rusty: We never get asked to play any shows. We've literally been slapped in the face and told that we'd be driven into the ground and we'd never play any shows and that we are terrible and insincere and I'm glad that we are maybe terrible and insincere. What does sincerity have to do with punk at all? I never liked the bullshit aspect of punk and hardcore that was all about *earning* respect. I'm sincere about my hatred for most punks or something.
Ryan: I think people telling us we sucked from day one made us a lot more negative and write better songs I think.
Rusty The song "Banned In Austin" is truly just about certain Austin person who controls everything that has to do with Austin punk rock, just told us we would never ever be able to play any shows ever again. And obviously we do play shows in Austin. Some people have actually supported us. For the most part the powers that be, in Austin punk rock, wouldn't give us the time of day because they didn't like us. That's how Austin punk is and how supportive the DIY scene is.

I still can't think of one good band in Austin besides Total Abuse. Honestly. There are a few humans who do support us. People who run the Broken Neck, people who run Club 1808, people who run Trailer Space and Beerland too.... Thanks to those freaks. I am a little older now and don't give a fuck about anyone trying to slowly destroy Total Abuse...It didn't work.

MRR: What does the negative reaction make you feel like? It seems like you sort of feed off it to a certain extent, is that out of necessity since it's been pretty constant since the existence of the band?
Rusty: I agree. Since 2006 we have received a fair amount of negative attention, and from that beginning I realized we had to embrace that hatred. We had to use it to our advantage. We had to spit in the faces of all the people that wanted us to completely fail. There was a night in Austin when one of the big punk bookers told me he would make sure we would be "destroyed." All that bullshit made me want to prove that motherfucker wrong. Total Abuse to some seemed like some small project meant to be released as a demo and that was it. As a band we decided we want to push the boundaries and write the best songs we could. We wanted to move beyond the pigeon hole of what it meant to be a "hardcore" band. To take that tag and morph it into something else. Put it into a different context all together. I wanted to somehow speak to the people who had no interest in hardcore (who viewed it as a genre for teenagers), to show them hardcore held a power and rawness that no other type of music had. But to change it on our own right.

MRR: How was getting out of Austin on tour?
Ryan: Tour was really fun.... Actually most of it wasn't fun.
Matt: It was good. One night in Nashville I woke up to the sounds of some kid puking in his sleep into his shoes one foot away from me, throw up literally splashing onto my sleeping bag, I moved about eight feet away from him and down the hall I could see a kid standing in the middle of the room pissing on the carpet in his sleep.
Rusty: The last tour we did in the summer of 2010 proved to be a wake up call. Many people seemed to really hate us. Not necessarily in terms of kids in the audience, but rather older show promoters and such. We got weird vibes from a few humans that will remain nameless. I can understand. Our reputation is not the best. The best shows on that tour were in LA and were mostly attended by non punk humans (they seemed to be more accepting of our behavior). They enjoyed the sets more than regular punk dogs. All in all it has been pretty fun every time out no matter how bad the shows were. You meet cool people. You play with terrible bands and you get to drunk every night. It's great. But honestly one of the best experiences I had touring was just getting to see Sex/Vid play on our 2008 summer tour. We played a show with them in some crazy house out in the woods in Olympia. And watching them was a total mind blowing experience. I'm glad I witnessed them in person...

MRR: The art. Guy puking, girl getting blasted with cum, and a freak in a latex mask, anyone wanna touch on motifs? Also, I feel like Total Abuse is very sexual. In the demo, the image of the guy with the candle looking at the vagina...
Dustin: I laughed at the candle up to the vagina for at least fifteen minutes after I saw it, but I was shocked to open up our own tape and see a drawing of a man creeping up to a girl's open vagina with a candle. I was not asked. I was just handed it on a plate.
Matt: The whole sexual thing was brought in by Rusty.
Rusty: When the band first started I was living in San Antonio and going to school. I was living there by myself in this big apartment, alone, and all I would do everyday watch various TV shows I had on DVD or Larry King Live, and masturbate constantly. I was just very lonely. I hated everyone, would go to school and not talk to a single person. I think I was honestly going crazy. I hated everyone, and so whenever we started the band I think it was a good outlet to express my frustration with how mentally frustrated I felt.
Matt: There was a specific event, I remember, that was a big influence on the whole direction of the band. It was one of me and Rusty's first times to hang out, and we were at a party, and I had bought this post-punk book and I had been reading about Whitehouse and Peter Sotos... how Whitehouse was into Soto's zine *Pure* and how they inducted him into the band.
Rusty: When I was feeling that intense anger and frustration, which I guess I still feel, I was reading a lot of Peter Sotos—his work connected to me in a very real way... If you some how go online and read about him, there's links to his early zines, which I don't necessarily think are the best representation of his writing, if you are interested in his writing, because I think he is a very very good writer. He writes about the media and our culture, and sexuality in an interesting and very original way. Try and check out his later books, because they're worth reading.

Matt: What's a good one to read?
Rusty: I recommend *Predicate, Comfort and Critique*, and *Selfish, Little* to start. I will say though that his writing got me reading Andrea Dworkin and Pierre Guyotat who are some of my favorite writers as well. If you want to roll your eyes and talk about how terrible all the Peter Sotos material is, please at least check out the stuff I mentioned. Not having read any of his recent stuff is like judging a band based on their very first demo cassette...

In terms of the imagery of the band I feel like Matt and I spear head much of the art that appears on the records. I think our visual styles mesh pretty well... Matt designed the demo tape, the *Sex Pig* EP and the s/t LP cover. I designed the demo 7", the insert / poster for the s/t LP, and most of the cassette versions of the records. On *Mutt,* which was more of a direct concept album, I enlisted the help of visual artist William Boone. His illustrations coupled with some of my own stuff is what made the visual aspect of that record. Really I would say aside from the fact that Matt and I work well together in terms of design, I try to focus on the art because I don't directly write the songs musically. I need to be doing something, while all the guys are writing...

MRR: Biggest influence from each man, musically?
Dustin: Oh god, my biggest bass influence? Well to be perfectly honest, I wasn't really listening to too much of the early '80s hardcore that the other guys were listening to when I entered into the group, so I didn't really know what I was in for. I wouldn't say that what I like influences me to play music in Total Abuse.
Matt: I guess my biggest influences are probably the *No New York* bands, especially Mars and Teenage Jesus. They've influenced my musical taste, but not my drum playing at all. Also, I hate Willie Nelson, but he's still my bitch.
Ryan: I don't know. Flipper, SSD, Negative Approach, Brainbombs.
Rusty: Lately Sonic Youth, Harry Pussy, Whitehouse and even more so Sutcliffe Jugend. I think much of the early power electronic stuff has a vibe that is even more confrontational and upfront that some of hardcore bands of the '80s. I always love hearing about William Bennett loving *The Second Annual Report* by Throbbing Gristle but then after *20 Jazz Funk Greats*, just being so pissed off at how wussy and disco it all sounded. So of course he started Whitehouse...

Here is a current playlist direct from iTunes for everyone: Test Dept., The Vyllies, Sword Heaven, Halflings, Martial Canterel, Whitehouse, Opera De Nuit, Prurient, Absolute Body Control, and Boy Dirt Car. PS I own all material listed in record / tape form except for ODN material. Just a heads up!

MRR: How do you feel about initially getting grouped in with Y2K thrash, like in that *MRR* review that dropped "post hardcore revival revival"?
Matt: Honestly I hate the Y2K flip-billed hat, bandana thrash crap. We once played at this house and these girls were romping around with no shirts on, just sports bras and flip billed thrash-hats that had upside down crosses drawn on them with markers and it was just the grossest sight.
Ryan: I love the spirit of that shit, but the music...
Matt: What the fuck, "The spirit of thrash?"
Ryan: No, no, I don't mean that. I like to get fucked up of course.
Matt: Dude, thrash is not about getting fucked up.

MRR: It's about pizza and zombies skateboarding.
Ryan: I don't like bongs. I don't like boogie boarding in the pit. I don't like Municipal Waste. I don't like those hats. I don't give a fuck.
Matt: Old thrash music is good. The modern kind is the worst, cheesiest little scene I've ever gleamed.
Ryan: Yeah, early thrash is good, like obviously DRI, Septic Death is good. I feel like we got cheated getting lumped in with that, because I feel like the content of our band is more dark and negative and fucked up than a lot of those bands.
Matt: I realize the first tape has some kind of thrashy beats on it, as soon as I realized what kind of scene we were being lumped in I was a little freaked out. I remember going to a thrash show in high school and it was like five kids in their underwear with flip hats dancing in a living room going "one more song" for two hours. Never wanted to be connected to anything like that ever. Now look.
Rusty: And I guess when we say thrash, we mean, for all the people going "No! Thrash is this..." we're talking about 625 fastcore thrash post-What Happens Next? like everything muddled down to the worst thing ever, just like post-everything to where its the grossest, worst version of your thirteen year old brother with a bandana on.
Matt: When I think of thrash I just think of a kid sitting in his room who's exhausted his penis of all the cum that he can and he's just like talking shit on a hardcore message board to other thrash heathens while chatting on AIM with other douches.

MRR: It's been a little ways since "Enraged/Pissed." What do you think did it, boy? What made the songs get literally five minutes longer and twenty less riffs per song?
Dustin: I think that our first practice we were kind of just making weird little joke songs, we were kind of like, "What the hell are we doing?" How did we get past "Millions of Dead Jocks?"
Rusty: But I love "Millions of Dead Jocks," I don't like "Enraged/ Pissed" anymore. Some of those songs are just outmoded and boring.
Dustin: I showed up to the first practice like, "You guys, I have the best name for a song ever... 'Enraged Slashed Pissed.'" In retrospect... Not that good.
Rusty: I still love that song name. I honestly think the songs

that are on the demo, minus a couple, are awesome. They are just crazier and faster and sloppier. "Breathing Down My Neck." We play that song still.
Dustin: Some of the songs off our demo were true sing-a-longs. They had choruses where we repeated the song title like four times in the chorus.
Matt: Don't you think we got bored of that pretty fast?
Dustin: Yeah, yeah, for sure.
Rusty: I'm shocked that it still happens. There's a million bands that release a 7", and then an LP that is the same as the 7". And all the songs literally are just the same fast '80s hardcore songs, and that's totally fine. But it's crazy to go on a distro's website and you read, "Ok, you know what this is, it's just like '80s hardcore, you know what to expect," and then for some stuff its like that "...but with power violence influence." That's it. Everyone's just trying to rehash stuff and that's partially what our band did, but I think it's good to grow and say, like, "OK let's switch up the songs, and really try to do something else that still has the same spirit and power and energy, but doesn't necessarily have to be the exact same songs over and over again."

MRR: Total Abuse is about power and energy [laughs].
Ryan: I just try to be simple as fuck now.
Rusty: The first Total Abuse songs were simple and fast and Total Abuse songs are still simple just in a different way.
Matt: We have a new philosophy of "no more than one riff per song."
Rusty: We were actively wanting to move in a heavy / stranger direction. We did it. I feel like Total Abuse has always been about progress. With every record we tried to do new things. I feel we accomplished this task.

MRR: Rusty, Total Abuse is not a very political band lyrically. What would you say it's about?
Rusty: Politics have nothing to do with Total Abuse... I think the recent Total Abuse songs are now about the things you do everyday to fuck up and destroy your life... and how you are just too lazy to stop the cycle. Much of Total Abuse is about self-hatred and the inability to change I guess.

The most recent release (*Mutt* LP) was about being aware of our own personal self-imposed prison of obsession. About our sexuality trapping us. About our chemical vices controlling us. About our secrets dragging us deeper in the hole.... similar in a sense to the early material, but a little more complex maybe?

MRR: Future plans?
Rusty: *Prison Sweat* EP on PPM.

MRR: What is your favorite record right now?
Dustin: I've been listening to a lot of Wolfie
Matt: Third Magma record. The *MDK* one from '73, also the Sleetmute LP.
Rusty: *Nipples* by Peter Brotzmann... *I Have Become the Disease that Made Me* by Sickness. Also Prurient's album *Black Vase* is to me one of the most important punk records to come out in the last ten years.
Ryan: Naked Raygun — *Understand?*
Rusty: *The Brutal Wave* by Frank (Just Frank)

MRR: Since this is for *MRR*, just talk about punk and DIY and what it means to you.
Matt: My brother gave me an Operation Ivy tape when I was in fourth grade, and I would skateboard up and down the street jamming Op Ivy and Reverend Horton Heat on the other side of the tape. Haha... That was the first punk music I had ever heard and it was good timing because I had just gotten into skateboarding. It was the perfect soundtrack to this whole new skate world. Also skateboarding was cool back then — now it is pure shit culture. What do I think of punk? I think currently it's a lot of posing and elitism, which most of us are guilty of.
Rusty: I was exposed to punk, because my mom managed an Austin band called D-Day, and she gave me a Dead Kennedy's *Holiday In Cambodia* 7" when I was twelve or something like that. From there my friend Duncan showed me Blink 182 and DRI. Anyway, we did The Snobs, and that was a band that people loved because we were young, and all hardcore people have a little fetish for pedophilia in their hearts for little mini kids playing instruments, and everyone had a boner for that.

DIY is just doing whatever you want, no matter how many people tell you that you are terrible. We tried to do that.

MRR: What about "Mysterious Guy Hardcore?"
Rusty: I realize we are lumped into this group of bands, but I would really like to say I feel like many of the early bands considered to be part this "genre" all popped up independently and completely unaware of each other's existence. Right after we recorded the demo in 2006 I remember a friend telling me about the Sex/Vid 7". And when I finally got a chance to hear it a couple months later, it felt like there were some very real similarities between the beginnings and visions we had for TA and aesthetic and musical elements that were so strong and perfect in S/V. It wasn't until March of 2008 that I met Tommy from Cult Ritual at a Total Abuse show in Austin, we talked a bit and he later sent me their second demo tape. I was blown away...It seemed to me (I'm not speaking for any of the other bands) like without even knowing each other, certain congruent ideas were forming between bands. To me it felt like these few bands wanted to take the raw basic elements of hardcore and fused them with certain aspect of post punk, noise and really all forms of experimental music to create something new. That may not be their intent, but that's just how I saw it. Either way I'm glad it happened. I guess it's over though.

MRR: Do you think you're sort of in the position that a band like maybe, What Happens Next? (or maybe like more one of Brandon's bands) were with all the pizza thrash shit, where your band is a touchstone in terms of aesthetics and musical constructs and ideas for a certain group of kids?
Rusty: It's strange to see a trend grow and move and spread. The way some of the second and third tier bands digested the commonalities that existed between those original bands and then created their own version of it is very surreal. Seeing some of those groups was incredible to me... in the sense that I had always wanted to see punk kids fucking with the basics of the hardcore song and adding their own spin on it. As a band on our early tours we would often talk about how depressing it was to see kids have no interest in any music that didn't sound exactly like something off *The Year in 7"s*. It felt like shit was so stagnant... it was great to see (two tours later) things picking up and moving in a more creative direction. But like anything else, when everyone is trying to look and sound like something before them, that stagnation appears again. Going on tour and seeing a bunch of bands who instead of trying to sound like Government Issue, are trying to sound like Cult Ritual or whatever. Cult Ritual were great because they were doing their own fucking thing. These kids shouldn't just try to emulate something. It never works.

THE GIFT

FULL LENGTH DEBUT LP COMING SOON
FEATURING FORMER MEMBERS OF TURBOSTUE, EXODUS AND TRADITION DIES HERE

AVAILABLE NOW:

BIRDS & WIRES
S/T 12" EP

ZEGOTA
"RECLAIM" LP

TRADITION DIES HERE
"TIME TO TURN THE TABLES" CD

1905
"VOICE" CD

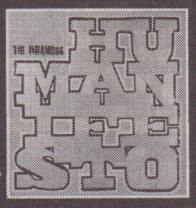
AMOR Y LUCHA
P.O. BOX 28073
WASHINGTON, D.C.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
WWW.AMORYLUCHA.ORG

OUT NOW:

No Resistance - Gentlemen Prefer Bombs CD

"A unique, melodic brand of late '70's and early 80's Oi! spiced with old school '77 punk."

Humanifesto - The Infamous Limited LP/digipak CD



"Unconventional, politically charged vegan punks w/ a good sense of humor! Fast, energetic, & catchy punk rock a la NOFX, Propaghandi, Strike Anywhere."

Failsafe For Tomorrow - Give Up The Ghost CD

"Powerful, melodic, metal edged post-hardcore from the UK a la Boy Sets Fire, Rise Against, Atreyu"

The Nutcutters - Clyde CD

"Energetic boy-band pop-punk w/ infectious melodies, fast beats, fun lyrics & lashings of old school punk riffs a la NOFX, Blink 182, Green Day."

www.KOIRECORDS.com

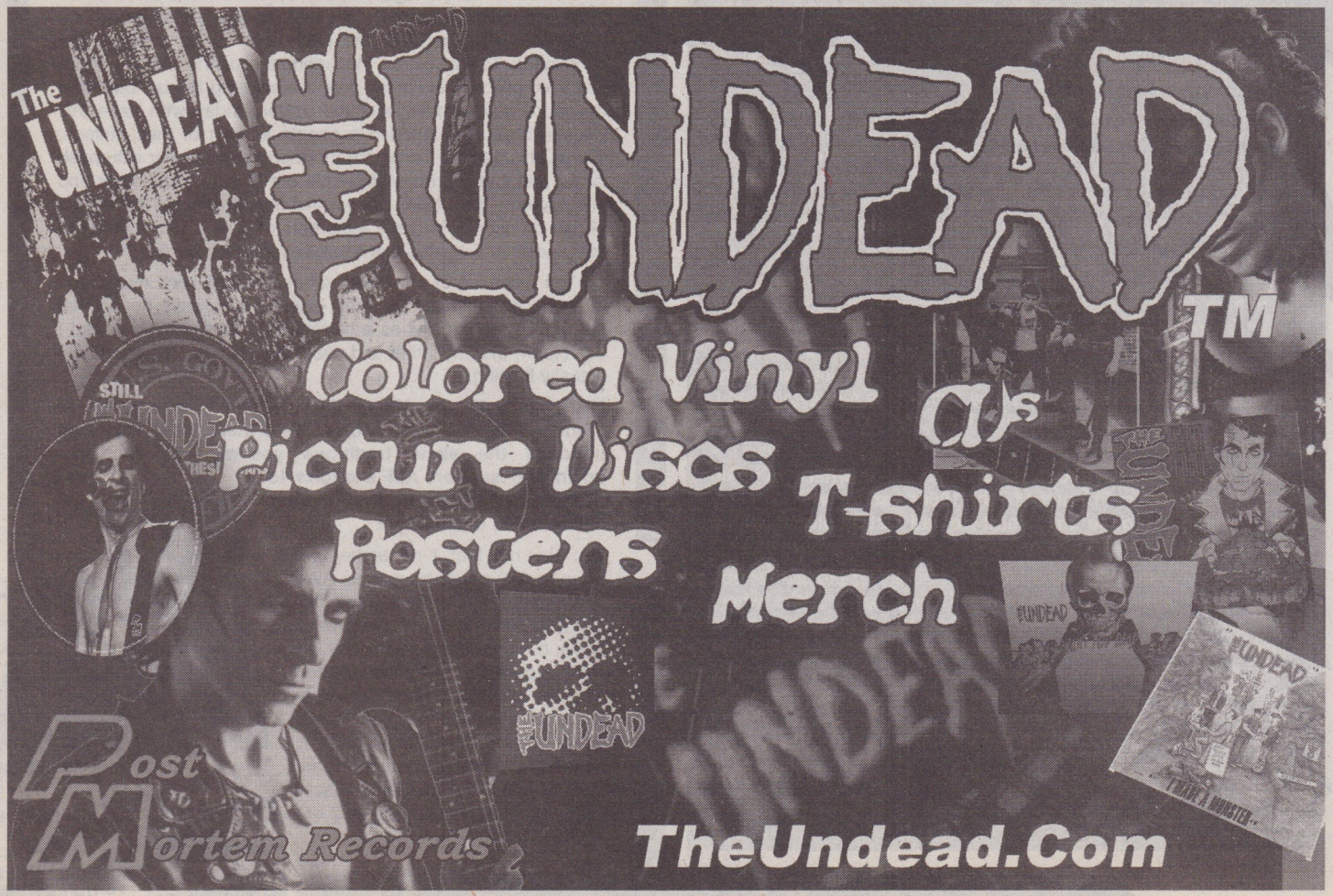
FIN
SelfisH
+
JAP
CRUDE

NORTH WIND BLOWING EUROPEAN TOUR 2010

04.11. **HELSINKI** FINLAND
05.11. **TAMPERE** FINLAND
06.11. **STOCKHOLM** SWEDEN
07.11. **COPENHAGEN** DENMARK
08.11. **POTSDAM** GERMANY
09.11. **PRAGUE** CZECH
11.11. **BRNO** CZECH
12.11. **FRANKFURT** GERMANY
13.11. **RUHRPOTT** GERMANY
14.11. **AMSTERDAM** NETHERLANDS
15.11. **ATHENS** GREECE

FOR VENUES + UPDATED INFOS, PLEASE VISIT:
WWW.LAFAMILIARELEASES.COM
WWW.MYSPACE.COM/HAKODATEHARDCORE
WWW.MYSPACE.COM/SELFISHFINLAND

La Familia



WHAT HE WANTS IS STILL FREE!

AN INTERVIEW WITH VIC BONDI

Having grown up in Rockford, IL, a mere seventy miles west of the Windy City, I know the small crowd of punks from the northern prairie state area deeply admired bands like sing-along Naked Raygun and ferociously fast and nimble Articles of Faith, especially since AoF wasn't afraid to wield heavy duty political sentiments that were avidly debated in the pages of Maximum Rocknroll. *Plus, work like* In This Life *also revealed a deep poetic sensibility as well. Though Bondi's career path, which led him from college history instructor to Microsoft industries, still raises eyebrows, his musical trajectory, from Alloy and Jones Very to Report Suspicious Activity, percolated with intelligence and integrity. As Chicago prepared for AoF's reunion at Riot Fest, I pursued this exchange with Bondi.*

Interview by David Ensminger

Photos by Marie Kanger-Born

MRR: Both you and the Kinmans from the Dils grew up in military families, yet you espoused ardent leftism that definitely questioned those military value systems. Do you think you would have been so political if your father had not been in the service?

Vic: Probably not, but not for the reasons you might imagine. My politics aren't a direct reaction to growing up military. Instead, what growing up in a military family teaches you is a visceral and intuitive suspicion of authority.

My father was a captain in the Navy, and a fairly daunting figure. At one point he was the executive officer of NAS Corry Field in Pensacola, with a command of about 20,000 sailors. And he was as much the captain at home as he was on base—strict, authoritarian, and in charge. Except that every two years or so, we'd have to uproot the family, lose all our friends, and move on to another military post.

Not to overly psychologize, but that kind of itinerancy is traumatic when you're a kid. I moved 22 times before I was 18. And what you learn from it is that no matter how powerful an authority your father might seem to be, there are more powerful authorities capable of dramatically affecting your life, whether you like it or not. That experience breeds a healthy skepticism, and makes you constantly consider the difference between how authority is represented and what it is actually capable of doing. That's the experience that led me left.

MRR: Was it hard to reconcile your father with what you have described as an era in which: "...the 1960s had blown the doors open, Nixon had gone down, and we had lost a colonial war. I thought we'd have a future of reason, peace and prosperity."

Vic: Well, my father wanted a future of peace and prosperity, too. Remember that he was in the military during the Cold War, when nuclear war was a real and viable threat. My father could hardly hope for a future of ignorance, war, and poverty. Besides, my father was, and is, something of a progressive. He grew up when GIs had fought the Nazis, so joining the military could easily be interpreted as a progressive act. He supported the Civil Rights movement when it counted, and has always embraced diversity and tolerance.

That said, he was a Nixon Republican and voted for Reagan, and for a variety of reasons, some of them political, we had a very difficult relationship in the early 1980s. But his attitudes have evolved significantly, and the Bush years caused him to break with a lot of the more regressive attitudes he held at one point—he very much despises Bush, and what that administration did to the country and the world. So my father's political opinions and mine—especially today—are less divergent than you might expect.

People who join the military aren't monolithic in their outlook. There are probably soldiers in war zones who become so corrupted and warped by their experience that they emerge full-blown nihilists. But I don't find it difficult to believe that some people joining the military today are, in fact, joining it with idealistic motives—whatever the actual practices of the military as an institution. Members of my family are in the service. They're not fascists.

Some of the political leaders of the last ten years—people like Dick Cheney and Karl Rove—are fascistic in the sense that they have a contemptuous and cynical attitude towards humanity, and that outlook predisposes them to commit the military to adventures such as the morass we are in today in Asia. Many of them do fundamentally believe that people are innately ignorant (and need to be managed); that war is inevitable (and needs to be proactively engaged); and that poverty is a sign of moral weakness (and therefore the poor need to be isolated and contained). To the extent that members of the military share this toxic philosophy I'd say they are trending fascist, but there are more people outside of the military today who have this witches brew of outmoded concepts as part of their outlook. These attitudes are becoming more prevalent as our elite push larger and larger groups of people out of the middle class and into poverty—the vicious circle is that people who are the victims of this philosophy become adherents of it, in a vain attempt to manage circumstances that seem beyond their control.

You get a lot of this, even today, in punk rock music and in music subcultures. To some extent, I've always hoped that the music I do can act as a corrective to these attitudes. But I don't know that my father and people like him are the ones I am actually fighting.

MRR: An ex-Marine, Mike Sukow, helped finance *What We Want Is Free* and fund shows. Were there other vets who opposed the same traditions you wanted to tear down and support AoF's efforts to use "music to attack the broader conventions of society"?

Vic: No, not that I remember. Mike wasn't really a vet; he was an AWOL serviceman. There may have been plenty of punks who were vets for all I knew; but I can't remember any who were in punk bands—although there might have been. Most of the vets in those days listened to classic rock. I guess current vets listen to punk; it makes me wince every time I read that GIs play the Ramones or Black Flag during operations in Iraq or Afghanistan.

MRR: Like many punks, from Shawn Stern to Biscuit of the Big Boys, you listened to black music growing up, including Marvin Gaye, the O'Jays, Stevie Wonder, and Sly Stone, yet many people continuously describe punk music as a purely white phenomena. Are there strong links between punk and black cultures (besides Bad Brains, The Clash, etc) that are routinely ignored or under-represented, especially if we consider AoF part of a rock tradition that is multi-ethnic (Chuck Berry!)?

Vic: Well, sure—and it's more than just a rock tradition, especially if you define rock in terms of its musical conventions. People have been singing about their oppression for a very long time, both on the plantations of the antebellum south, and on the factory floors of Victorian England. On the new record we have a tune, "Hammer Song," that begins with a work chant from a Texas prison in 1939. We put it there deliberately, because we were trying to explicitly tie what we do to that tradition.

The biggest single evolution in my thinking over the years has been about how music plays a role in that tradition of resistance. When I was originally in Articles of Faith, I wanted to destroy those traditions—everything. I was in my Robespierrean mode, and wanted what we did to define year zero. It's a conceit of youth to assume that you can declare revolution and the world will follow. I'm not young anymore.

If your muse tends to the political, as mine does, than you sooner or later realize you're part of a broader tradition of resistance, and that it will take endurance and generations and stamina. Which is where I'm at now.

As I write this, I'm listening to Sly Stone's "Family Affair," and I think part of what is interesting in your question is how much I love this music and how little it is actually manifest in my music. I simply don't have the voice or chops to be a soul singer, and never bothered to try. So in form, the style of hardcore I've done has almost nothing in common with black musical forms like soul or hip hop. But the spirit is there. That blues in Sly Stone's voice. I understand that.

MRR: In fact, would AoF have existed, at least in the form we know, without you seeing the Bad Brains?

Vic: Probably not, given the inspiration they provided. But give the band some credit: we don't sound like the Bad Brains. Dave and Virus and the guys have chops and imagination. I figure we would have found that sound sooner or later.

MRR: You went to school in Dekalb, where you formed Direct Drive, barely a half-hour from where I grew up in Rockford. There wasn't much of a punk subculture there, apart from the Subverts nearby, but was there much underground student radicalism, or any links to Beloit or Madison, that stirred your politics?

Vic: No—I wasn't dialed into those student movements directly. They were waning by the time I was in college. The history department at Northern was fairly radical, and that did influence me greatly. The sixties revisionists made a real impact on me, especially William Appleman Williams. I had started school as an architecture student, but those history classes grabbed me, and I ended up switching majors.

MRR: "I wanted to be Joe Strummer," you told one zine, but you never said why. The politics portion might be obvious, but what about musically? In the liner notes to *AoF Complete*, you state you weren't as interested in "reggae, jazz, and funk" as much as the rest of the band. Were you a fan of the Clash's later fusion styles?

Vic: No, not really. I think those records are hit and miss. The big Clash record for me was *Give Them Enough Rope*. It was one of the first punk records to make it to Pensacola. From the moment I heard that snare shot on "Safe European Home," I was hooked. I learned how to play guitar listening to that record. I learned every riff and chord. The jazz and reggae stuff—that's Dave and Virus and Joe. I didn't get into jazz until after AoF. I was listening to a lot

of Miles and Coltrane when I was in Jones Very.

I wanted to be Joe Strummer because he was just the coolest. As a teenager, he was my Elvis. I was lucky enough to meet him a few times and his private persona held up to his public persona. He was engaged and alive. He died too young.

MRR: More than once, you've described the irony of the skinhead cliques that were actually the sons of Evanston elites in Chicago, yet have also described the Washington, DC, scene as "almost gang-like. And the kids there were suburban brats. But they didn't dress up and act like they were something they weren't." To outsiders, punks often seem to symbolize gang-threats, from the clone style of the Ramones, to the actual gangs at the Fleetwood, to the roving hardcore kids of DC. Do you think that this clannish/tribal behavior was an act of self-preservation, or often family-like—punks helping punks alienated from parents and schools? Or were they really thugs?

Vic: Well, again, this many decades in, I tend to view those social mores as temporal. Teenagers hang out together. So do young adults. We're social animals, and that clannishness is probably hard-wired into our biology as a selected evolutionary trait.

What's fascinating is how it dissipates as you get older. There just aren't roving gangs of seniors. And the older you get, the weaker you get, so you'd assume that at a visceral level, older people would be more gang-like than kids. But it's not the case.

As you get older, you probably become more aware of the limits and downsides of that natural clannishness. It's a visceral component of conformity, small-mindedness, gossip, racism, and nationalism. Most people drop it from their behavioral set, or sublimate it productively into small-group relationships like families and work teams. Assuming that pack behavior is biological doesn't mean we're bound to it. Quite the opposite.

MRR: You've spoken at length about Hüsker Dü, including Bob's recording techniques to their drug habits to their personal ups and downs. In some ways, did they become the Black Flag of the Midwest, shaping touring networks, the sound of records, and the lore? You admitted, "I don't think there is a real DIY ethic without them (Toxic Reasons and DKs too)."

Vic: I don't know that they were just the Black Flag of the Midwest. Like Flag, their constant touring and support of other bands was national in scope. They were certainly key to the scene in the Midwest though. They were really the first guys out of the box.

MRR: Looking back, were you aware of any ambivalence regarding the sexuality of Bob and Grant? Having worked with both Gary Floyd and Biscuit, I have become much more aware of homophobia in hardcore, which Dave Dictor suggests is the result of the younger kids being part of "crews" that really didn't have links to 1970s punk.

Vic: I don't know what it is like now. If hardcore kids today are homophobic, I'm not at all surprised. I was pretty homophobic when I was a teenager. In some ways it's a natural (if abhorrent) effect of the complexity of sexuality, and the overwhelming force that sexuality plays in the lives of young people. Sex is kind of scary when it is the subject of every other waking thought. It was for me. You try and box it in, and attach it to conventional objects.

Homosexual desire is all the more difficult because of the overwhelming force society places on heterosexual convention. So boys in particular try and fence this stuff in, or laugh it off—I'm sure "That's so gay," is still a mainstay of the conversation of boys.

Since hardcore was (and probably still is) a very homosocial subculture, this denial and panic can become pretty acute. We all know someone who is intensely homophobic precisely because he is so attracted to the same gender. In a more open society this would be less of an issue, which is why we have to work for a more open society.

I don't even remember when Bob told me he was gay. But it was pretty important to me in terms of helping me get past my own anxieties about sexuality. Bob put to rest a lot of stereotypes I was walking around with. Hopefully that is happening a lot more these days.

MRR: As a teenager, I denied how intensely drugs and alcohol were woven into the fabric of the hardcore movement. Until I heard stories about Hüsker Dü, MDC, and many others, I didn't realize the cost. No doubt people like Sid Vicious and Johnny Thunders symbolized this, but do you feel that the toll on hardcore punks is much greater than we realize? For instance, even Pete Hines in Alloy...

Vic: Well, Pete was an alcoholic, and if you're keeping score, booze has ruined a lot more musicians than drugs. I don't know that hardcore is any different here than jazz or rock. There's a lot of theories out there about how creative people self-medicate, or are drawn to dope because of their brain chemistry—I just finished a book, *Pandora's Seed*, where the author argued that creative people are similar to schizophrenics, and therefore likely to use drugs. I've definitely experienced people whose physical tendencies made them addicts. Pete was a physical alcoholic—you could actually see the way booze would transform him. And I know depressives who are physically unable to function without their meds.

Still, I'm not sure I buy the connection between drugs and creativity. The convention is that genius and madness are proximate, and therefore creation and hallucination linked. I saw a lot of guys try and cop to a lifestyle image via drugs, and it didn't have a lot of direct connection to their creativity. In the case of a lot of people I knew, like Grant Hart, it destroyed it. Bob became a better musician after he gave dope up. And Ian and Biafra have never touched the stuff. So I don't know how important it is for real creativity.

MRR: In Texas, three of the major clubs in three cities—Raul's, Tacoland, and the Island—were Hispanic owned. You were able to use a performance space owned by Guatemalans (The Centro-America Social Club?). In LA, there was the Vex. There seems to be a link between marginalized groups—Hispanics and punks—that were able to work together. How important was it for AoF to play outside the bar/club scene of Tuts, COD, and Metro, which you played as well?

Vic: It was crucial for AoF. But I'm not sure it was for the scene. The Chicago bar scene was open to punk: OZ, O'Banion's, Exit, Club COD, Lucky Number, Tuts, Metro—there were a lot of places to play, and Aof played all those bars. But most of those places were overage, and if you wanted to play for and with the kids, you had to put on your own all-ages shows. So we did it. But the scene didn't need it. When AoF broke up, the shows stopped. So, clearly the DIY scene wasn't that important for the other bands, who kept playing the bars.

I do think you're romanticizing the inclusiveness of the scene. There's a pretty healthy Hispanic hardcore scene in Chicago today, but there wasn't in 1984. The Guatemalans didn't hang around for the shows. Which is not to say that they couldn't—they just didn't. We paid them, and that was about the limit of their interest in what we were doing.

MRR: Your critiques of John Kezdy have been detailed and forthright (he's "temperamentally and aesthetically a conservative...defending the status quo"), and in recent years the politics of the Leonard (the Dickies), Dave Smalley (Dag Nasty/Down by Law), and John Paul (Really Red) have

caused much ire in the left wing side of punk. How should we cope with such differences, which were felt even early on, like your *MaximumRocknRoll* interview with Ian Mackaye and Dave Dictor. Is there a common ground between the Mentors and Meatmen and Crucifix and False Prophets?

Vic: No, there isn't. Other than musical convention, there wasn't a lot of common ground back then. Conservatives like Tesco Vee *hated* AoF. He probably still does. God knows there are more than a few of those guys who still hate me. It's actually more uncommon that you get along with someone from that end of the spectrum—Dave Smalley, for instance.

There was always a heavy right wing movement in punk. The Sex Pistols were ambiguous enough in their politics that their fan base went both ways. Even today I'm astonished that people misinterpret me. When AoF played in Germany, we had one show where some guy kept throwing up the Seig-heil as we were playing "Remain in Memory." So he was interpreting the line "Remember me!" in a way I had never intended.

Punk and hardcore are not intrinsically expressions of political resistance. So it's a mistake to try and lump all the bands from then into that category. It's more often those positions evolve over time, which is why I like Fugazi a lot more than Minor Threat. You've got people like me, Biafra, and Dave Dictor, who have been pretty consistent in their perspective over the years—but none of us were born that way, and none of us are dogmatists.

I think one of the saddest things I experienced was touring with Born Against in Germany. They were dogmatic and severely judgmental, part of that punk fundamentalist direction *MRR* took in the late '80s. They just couldn't accept that we drank, or ate meat. They imputed all sorts of "sell-out" motives to us because we wouldn't toe their ideological line. It's pretty hard to take that anywhere—you end up in a puritan cult, and check your compassion and reason at the door.

I certainly understand the perspective that says that compromises with the status quo end up compromising your commitments—he who fucks nuns joins the church. But you can become a monster the other way, too: when your politics become so dogmatic that you become intolerant of the broader humanity—the *evolving* humanity—of people, you've lost the whole reason to resist the status quo, because that's ultimately what the status quo does.

MRR: In *AoF Complete,* you discuss the issue of resistance—the electrifying romantic defiance of G7 rioters, Attica prisoners, and even Woody Guthrie. Many people have described punk as folk music: music by and for the people, about the topical issues of the day.

You seem to feel that AoF was part of the continuum. Did the other members of the band see it similarly, or were they more interested in aesthetics? I know Dave was a heavy metal fan, but Virus and Bill were more ideological.

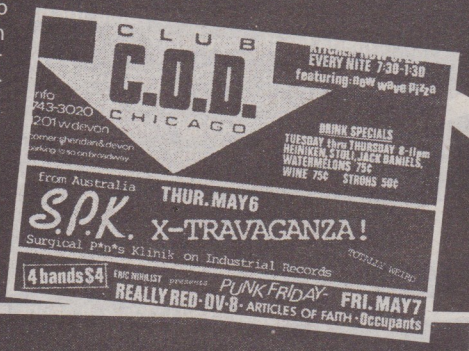
Vic: I'm not sure how the guys view the band's place in that continuum of resistance. I will say that when we got together for the new record and rehearsals for Riot Fest, it immediately clicked for us. There's an unconscious sync that we have at a musical—and political—level. We picked up immediately where we left off. It feels pretty good.

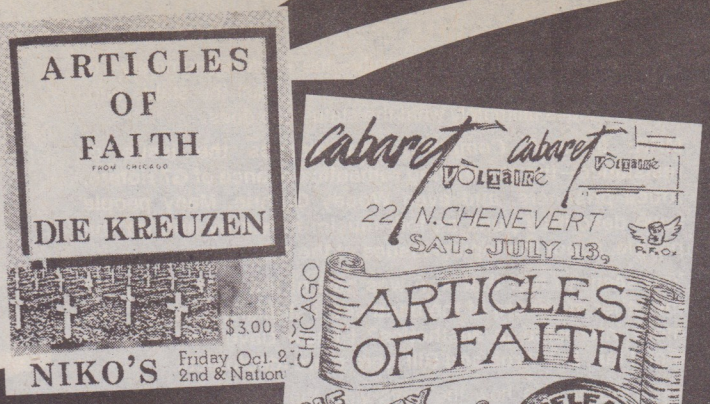
We'll have to see how the reunion plays out, but I wouldn't be disappointed if we kept the band as a recording project for the next few years. It feels great to play with them again.

MRR: Does your work with Tom Morello, and your

say, the last AoF record, which seemed steeped in abstract poetry?

Vic: I'm reluctant to overthink it. I've been playing music for over thirty years, in four different bands and as a solo act. The stuff with Tom fits into that. With all the differences between what I've





done, it still feels like a fairly cohesive body of work.

MRR: Two of your more adamant declarations are worth exploring—"the record industry deserves to die." But isn't the record industry partly responsible for delivering bands like Elvis Costello, the Ramones, and the Clash, into your life? Is there no room for an industry that can be re-made for the new era?

Vic: As far as I'm concerned, the deeply capitalist record industry does deserve to die. For every Elvis, Ramones, and Clash, there's a Nightranger, or Britney Spears, or Lady Gaga. The dimensions and goals of this industry are inhuman and designed to exploit the talent and industry of some people for the overarching benefit of some other people, who in my experience lack imagination and passion.

The exciting thing about digital technology is that it has shattered the monopoly on distribution and creation that the music industry used to have. It opens a whole new space to folk music: people who can make music in their basement, and put it on the web for people to consume. Already this is happening. People are finding each other and the sounds that appeal to them without intermediaries and middlemen. It's very exciting, and produces a lot more interesting music than the old record industry, which is desperately clinging to the last vestiges of the celebrity industry (a la *American Idol*). LastFM has more interesting music than radio. And most of the bands there are unsigned.

MRR: If the record industry dies, will Alternative Tentacles go with it? I know you've argued: "Independent labels can be as rapacious and greedy as major labels. Jade Tree never did right by me."

Vic: Well, yes, AT is struggling, like a lot of independents. They had to cut back when the recession hit. But I find it interesting that people are more than ready to pay for the music they hear on independent labels. A lot of people understand that these labels have a direct relationship to the bands, and the money they pay for a download goes more directly to the bands.

Truth of the matter is that no one really needs a label anymore. You can do it yourself. AOF and RSA worked with AT more out of solidarity for the broader goals of the label than need—that, and I'm kind of lazy. I haven't updated my own website in about four years.

MRR: "You need to look no further than Christian radio stations to realize the complete bankruptcy of embracing the hardcore sound without the hardcore ethic." In this Internet teeming, easy download era, can the ethic remain the same as during the hardcore years? For instance, how can we maintain them, when as Devo recently argued, music itself has been culturally devalued and nobody wants to really pay for it?

Vic: All content has been culturally devalued—but that's because it was overvalued. Writing, making music, and storytelling certainly sometimes rise to the level of art and have the ability to evolve and transform attitudes and lives, but I don't feel they are really equivalent to science or technology. There's no rock 'n' roll without electricity. And electricity can do a lot more than power amps. So let's keep this in perspective.

Digital technology is now democratizing the creation and dissemination of art and entertainment, and that's a good thing. We overpaid and overvalued it in the past—in part because it was so directly tied to an industrial process that enforced scarcity and elevated prices.

Talent and creativity are almost ubiquitous. Everyone has a story. The more people are able to frame and structure that story, the more they understand themselves and their place in the world. The fact that certain lucky individuals can't make obscene amounts of money telling their story anymore doesn't bother me in the slightest. Their stories and their lives were never that much more worthwhile and important than the rest of us.

I know a lot of people, like Bob or Kristin Hersh, who've managed to have a pretty good life playing music with modest returns. They would play music even if they got paid less. It's what they love. I've never made a living at music, and I'm still doing it. For thirty years. Because *I* value it, regardless of the broader culture.

If the record industry disappears tomorrow, it's no cause for worry. People will tell stories. They will share them digitally and in person—hell, the live concert business has never been more profitable. People want to get together and share their lives and their passion for life.

Digital technology has the potential to really deliver on hardcore, precisely because hardcore was never specifically about the musical genre. It was about a host of great ideas, expressed in the music: drive, passion, anger, intelligence, and hope. Some of that is unique to youth, and some of it you can grow with. But all of it is generally translatable to other musical genres and forms of expression. We listened to more Johnny Cash in the van on tour than anyone else. He was hardcore before there was hardcore. And that attitude will outlast and survive the specific musical genre of hardcore that I was (am) associated with.

HEADACHE RECORDS CATALOG 2010

CD URBAN RIOT –public enemies
CD STEEL TOE SOLUTION - 8 year war
CD WRETCHED ONES – make it happen
CD WRETCHED ONES – go to work
CD NIBLICK HENBANE – happy happy oi oi
CD LIMECELL – destroy the underground
CD LIMECELL - s/t
CD SQUIGGY- hate, destruction, and.....
CD LOUSY BREAK – wait for the next time
CD WRETCHED ONES – we don't belong to
CD WRETCHED ONES – s/t
7" BRASS TACKS – the good life
7" THE CUFFS – cut throat
7" LIMECELL – bloodthirsty stalker
7" MENTAL DECAY – walking stick
7" STEEL TOE SOLUTION
7" LOUSY BREAK – no reason- pic disc
7" TR6 – psychobilly mayhem
7" HEIDNICK STEW – trials and tribulations
7" NOTORIOUS GRUMBLE
7" WRETCHED ONES – rut/lady boss 45
5" THE CANDY SNATCHERS – live on a five
5" DROPKICK MURPHYS – live on a five
5" wretched ones – live on a five

All titles available from:
www.headacherecords.com
www.interpunk.com

NEW RELEASES!!!

The STITCHES
Monday Morning Ornaments 7"

SHARP objects
Another Victim 7"

THE BODIES
Angel on the Nine 7"

Modern action records
po box 1452
Sonoma, ca 95476
modernactionrecords.com

MODERN ACTION RECORDS

THE INOCULATORS
www.inoculators.com
www.myspace.com/inoculators

Dropped Their Brains *LP*
on green 12 inch vinyl or CD, $8

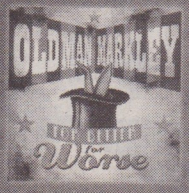
Noise Attack / Inoculators *Split EP*
7 inch red / black splatter vinyl only, $5

Home for the Holidays *single*
7 inch green/red splatter vinyl or CD, $4

All prices include postage worldwide:
Murphy Lynch / Inoculators
P.O. Box 291806 Los Angeles, CA 90029 USA

FAT WRECK CHORDS

FAT MUSIC VOLUME 7
"HARDER, FATTER+LOUDER!
FIRST FAT COMP IN 8 YEARS!
THE BEST SONGS FROM THE LATEST CROP
OF FAT RECORDS, INCLUDING 8 NEW ONES!
CD $7.98 / LIMITED 2xLP
$16.98 OUT NOVEMBER 23RD!



OLD MAN MARKLEY
"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
7" OUT NOW!

NOFX / THE SPITS
SPLIT 7"
OUT NOW!

SWINGIN' UTTERS
"TAKING THE LONG WAY"
7" OUT NOW!

WWW.FATWRECK.COM

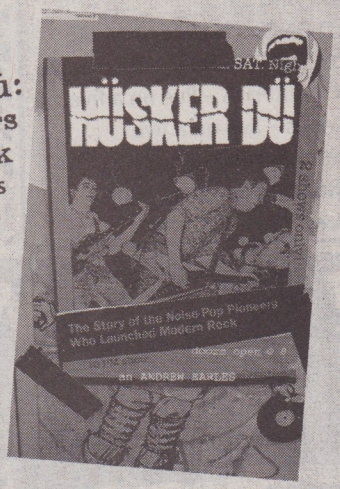
From the Stage to the PAge
Rock's Legendary Misfits

Cheetah Chrome
A Dead Boy's Tale From the Front Lines of Punk Rock
By Cheetah Chrome, Foreword by Legs McNeil
6 x 9, 368 pages, 45 b/w photos, $24.00

"Cheetah Chrome is one of the true icons of rock and roll. And the sooner more people get that through their fucking heads the better." —**Slash**

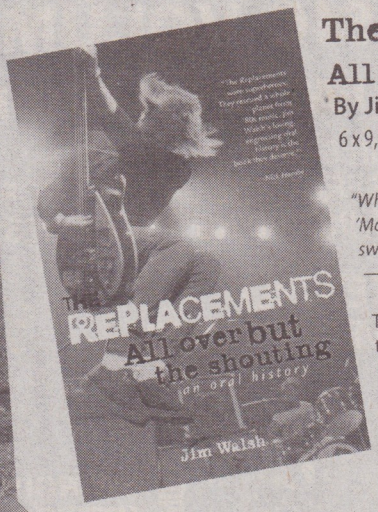
Here is the no-holds-barred autobiography of **Cheetah Chrome**, lead guitarist of the Dead Boys, one of the greatest punk bands ever. It's a tale of success and excess—amazing music, legendary antics, epic drug use, and eventual resurrection—that only a true rock and roller could deliver.

Never mind the Sex Pistols, here's Cheetah Chrome.



Hüsker Dü:
The Story of the Noise-Pop Pioneers Who Launched Modern Rock
By Andrew Earles
6 x 9, 304 pages, 20 color, 20 b/w photos, $24.00

In the twenty-plus years since Bob Mould, Grant Hart, and Greg Norton dissolved **Hüsker Dü**, critics, musicians, and fans have constantly cited the trio as one of the most influential rock bands of the 1980s.. In this long-overdue band bio, author Andrew Earles interviews Hart and Norton, along with numerous players in that decade's underground, charting the band as they rise above their "loud fast rules" peers and become sonic trailblazers welding pop melodies to ear-shattering volume.



The Replacements
All Over But the Shouting: An Oral History
By Jim Walsh
6 x 9, 304 pages, 81 b/w photos, $14.00

"Whether you were there when it all went down or just wish you'd been, this account of the 'Mats' enduring chokehold on music history is as ragged as a punk's pedicure, as bitter-sweet as an illicit pot brownie, and so pure it floats to the top of the rock-lit heap
—**Diablo Cody**, author of Candy Girl: A Year In The Life of an Unlikely Stripper and the film Juno

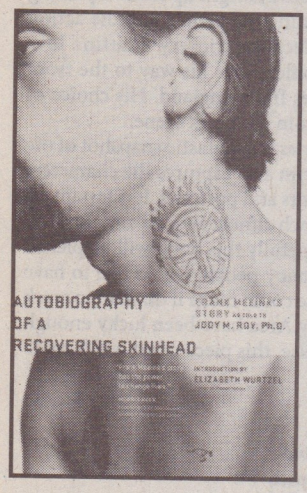
This is the story of **The Replacements**, a band in three acts: from its founding through its ascension from the club scene to the national indie circuit and a major label deal in 1985, to its slow and painful implosion. Longtime Twin Cities music journalist Jim Walsh tells the story of the band that began in a basement and was eventually celebrated by *The Village Voice* and *Rolling Stone*.

Voyageur Press

IN BOOKSTORES AND ONLINE RETAILERS EVERYWHERE.

www.voyageurpress.com

BOOKS



Autobiography of a Recovering Skinhead: The Frank Meeink Story
Jody M. Roy
350 pages • $15.95
Hawthorne Books
1221 Southwest 10th Avenue, Suite 408
Portland, OR 97205
www.hawthornebooks.com

Having come of age in an area close to Philadelphia with a reputation in the '80s and '90s as a haven for Nazi Skins I was immediately interested in this book. Falling on the opposite side of the ideological fence from Frank Meeink, I felt that reading this book would be like stepping into Htrae. In the end, Meeink presents a powerful case study on what makes a young person throw their lot in with a group of Neo-Nazi skinheads and later, what makes one leave the same group.

I don't mean to paint some sensationalistic picture or portray a hard-ass façade, but if you came up in the punk/hardcore scene, you yourself had, or knew someone that had an early life like Frank Meeink. Frank was born in South Philadelphia to teenage parents who had a penchant for fighting, drugs and alcohol. Frank Meeink was an unwanted kid with parents that had no interest in his upbringing, growing up in a city famous for its ethnic neighborhoods and gangs. A young Frank was an ideal candidate for indoctrination into a group that based most of its ideology on disenfranchisement, anger and hate, all traits Frank harbored to the nth degree.

A freshly minted Neo-Nazi, a teenage Frank hears tales of skinhead glory from the older crews, most notably the infamous "Uprise." He sets out to form a crew of his own. Frank's crew, "Strike Force" has a goal to make the behavior of the old school movement members look pedestrian. Frank craves violence and he and his "Terror Squad" force it on their unsuspecting enemies, using boots, fists, bottles and hammers to frightening effect on these "missions."

After one of these violent episodes Frank is sent to a juvenile facility where some cracks start to appear in his racist armor. He ends up playing football on a team with some Puerto Rican boys who treat him as a person and not a mere collection of racist tattoos and hate-filled slogans. Unfortunately Frank is not incarcerated long enough for a true transformation to take place. After his release, its back to Philly and his Nazi cronies for more drinking, drugging and fighting. Ultimately, Frank is forced to flee the East for the Midwest; this is where the story takes a truly dark turn.

After arriving in the Midwest, Frank finds himself an adept movement recruiter, "I didn't need to bother recruiting racists. All I did was befriend kids who were pissed off about being picked on day in and day out. I trusted them to pay me back with loyalty. I trusted that I could turn their humiliation into hate. All I had to do was redirect their rage until it came thundering back out as racism." Frank found that once you recruited one kid it was easy to get their friends to come along, and if he got to the kids with cars it was even easier to get their friends involved. It was a simple plan and it worked to perfection for Frank. Eventually dozens of kids in Springfield, Illinois were following Frank Meeink.

After delivering a brutal (videotaped) beating to a perceived traitor, Frank is off to prison. His cellie quickly schools him on the gangs and hierarchy of the Illinois prison system and how, with his tattoos and skin color, he will be well looked after. While he is locked up, he befriends two young men from the black gang, The Vice Lords. Frank comes to realize that his Aryan Brothers are only interested in the gang and not him. On his way out of prison his Vice Lords friends send him off with personal well wishes, his white brothers send him out with impersonal chants of "White is right." Doubt is starting to creep into Frank's head in respect to how true that statement is.

Another run in with the police sends Frank back to Philly. Frank soon realizes that he has changed and that he has no real interest in being the big bad Nazi skinhead any longer. He stops hanging around his crew and replaces the space they filled with drugs and drink. Eventually, after a funeral of a former skinhead mentor he is jumped out of the crew. As Frank lay broken, beaten and bloodied at the bottom of a set of stairs he feels relief and happiness as this stage of his life has ended. Sadly, this ending is the beginning of an even darker time filled with drugs and self-loathing.

Frank drinks and drugs his way through life for a while and then after the Oklahoma City bombing, Frank reaches out to the FBI. The FBI put him in touch with the Anti-Defamation League. The ADL gets Frank speaking engagements and he works through his pain and confusion in front of these groups. It's after one of these speaking engagements that Frank has the idea to put young kids of any race on the hockey ice so they can see that they are all the same. With this thought the Harmony Through Hockey program is born. At this time it seems like Frank has it all together, he has a beautiful intelligent woman by his side, he has a good gig with the speaking engagements, Harmony Through Hockey has the blessing of Ed Snider, the owner of the Philadelphia Flyers, yet Frank remains full of hate for himself and hides behind more drink and drugs.

With the help of his ADL handlers Frank, who finally admits he has a problem, is able to get into rehab, but never really stays clean too long. Frank ends spends a lot of time running through cycles of rehab and relapse until one time he comes close to taking his own life. It takes putting a gun in his mouth to make Frank see that he has always taken the easy way out of things. With this realization Frank finally gets his life back on track and live on his own terms

Frank's voice is very matter of fact in this book. He details some physically and emotionally brutal items in this book, never asking for forgiveness from the reader or himself. Some have found fault with this tone and think that perhaps he should be more contrite in his writing. In my opinion, any other style than what is offered would come off false and feel too much like a part of a twelve-step program. In the end, Frank Meeink does not want your forgiveness, he just wants to let you know how he became the man he is today.

—Trent Reinsmith

There Are A Million Stories In The Naked City When You're A Girl Who Gets Naked In The Naked City
Fiona Helmsley
120 pages · $14
Self-published
www.lulu.com

This book features two short stories, both told by a narrator who spent the '90s in the Lower East Side in NYC. I'm a sucker for any sort of New York punkstalgia, so this is a great premise as far as I'm concerned.

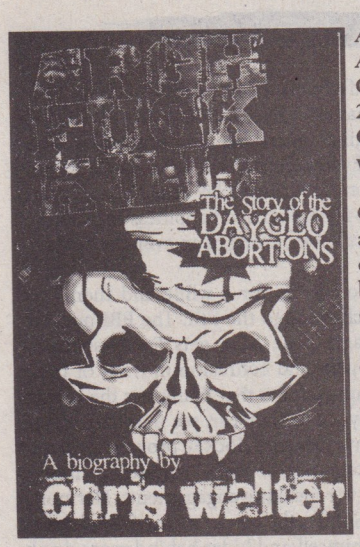
Story one, "There Are A Million Stories in the Naked City When You're A Girl Who Gets Naked In The Naked City," is about the tenuous friendship between two girls who work together at a happy ending massage parlor (or, as I learned, a "jack shack") or I think that's what it's about. The purpose of the story is a little unclear, but it is decently written, and if you imagine it as part of a larger semiautobiographical story, then I think it succeeds as an entertaining vignette. It's also features my all time favorite club name. Instead of going to shows at Coney Island High, they hang out at a place called Staten Island Low. So good.

The weirder and shorter "Hard" includes a racist skinhead who has to unwind his third leg / "cock carpet" which isn't referring to pubic hair – think about that, because I'm not going to – to bone the narrator. The plot of this story is that ex-junkie nazi skins have experimental sex, but this particular guy

can't keep it up so the narrator slips him some Viagra in his coffee and then dumps him. It's really not as compelling as the other story, but it does have more sex.

There are too many "look back at our glory days as LES junkie punx" books by guys, and they are so boring. I think Helmsley would do a good job with that sort of punk coming of age thing, but in the meantime you can make do with these stories.

—Thera Webb



Argh Fuck Kill: The Story of the DayGlo Abortions
Chris Walter
249 pages • $19
GoFuckYourself Press
www.punkbooks.com

Canada's DayGlo Abortions have been around since 1980, so a 250-page book can only tell so many stories about the band. Penned by Canada's Chris Walter (who himself has been around since 1959 and has a lot more pages of stories devoted to him), this book follows the seemingly standard arch of a working band. Included are all the tales of drugs, alcohol, sex, unreliable transport, in-fighting, member-changing, boys-being-boys, etc. but in the eyes of history the DayGlo's still manage to be more than that.

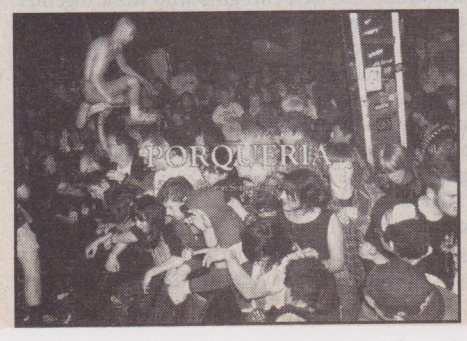
By the end of the '80s the band had successfully made a name for themselves through constant touring and by releasing two albums. But it wasn't until their third album was discovered by a small-town police officer that the band really found themselves as famous/infamous as they had aspired to be.

Here Today, Guano Tomorrow—and their previous album, *Feed Us A Fetus*—and the accompanying cover art and lyrics, landed them at the center of an obscenity case which garnered national attention that still affects them today. In terms of music business success the band had reached that next level where their uncompromising approach to their craft was both attacked and rewarded. The new publicity brought infinitely more fans and opportunities, but the money never followed since it has forever been tied up in legal costs.

Walter does his usual thorough job of tracking down long lost characters in the story whether or not that person has good things to say about the subject. Being that the band has lived fast and careless for 30 years now the detractors and critics are as ample as the fans. Add in all the damaged property and feelings, and their lyrical subject matter, which could easily and often be mistaken for idiotic (if not downright stupid, "argh, fuck, kill…" and "fuck my shit stinks…" come to mind) and you've got a band that can't be ignored. After hearing that a racist skinhead gave the band his zine, Tim Yo chided them for creating and spreading such a low brow form of art that a nazi punk thought they shared common interests. But when a Sex Pistol alternately tells you you're the best punk band they'd ever seen you soldier on and do what it is you do best, i.e. write stupid songs.

Despite some bombastic rock and roll journalism ("…and the furious guitars were a wall of noise on which to hang the unrelenting drumbeat and savage vocals") the book is brutally honest and spares no one, least of all the band itself. It takes some depressing turns, some of which have yet to be resolved, and that is why the band biographies that Walter's produces are so effectively written. He wants to include even the ugliest parts of the story. After all, Walter is a punk writing about punk from a punk's perspective—what else can it be but ugly?

— Craigums



Porqueria
Martin Sorrondeguy
194 pages • $?
www.recordshopbase.com
www.badskulls.com

Martin Sorrondeguy is probably best known as the frontman for such bands as Limp Wrist, Los Crudos, and NN as well as being distro coordinator for a time at this very rag. As well as being a teacher, running a label and playing in multiple bands, Martin is also one of the more accomplished photographers in the punk scene. This book collects a multitude of photos from Martin's early days in Chicago to bands and people he encountered on the many tours and trips he has taken. From the Effigies, Rorschach, Chaos UK to Look Back And Laugh and Destino Final. There appears to be no real chronology to the photos as they span different decades and continents back to back.

The majority of the pictures are from San Francisco, Chicago and Japan but there are English, French and Italians scattered throughout. The best thing about Martin's photography is that he is nearly always right up front capturing the moment. His photos are clean and clear, letting the people and the action create the mood rather than photographic effects or trickery. Martin's love for the music comes through, as only a fan would shove his way to the front to photograph Vacuum from SF, or the Sceptres from England. His choice of bands is eclectic, although almost exclusively from the punk scene.

This book, like *MRR's Life Is A Bowl Of Cherries* is a fantastic snapshot of the last two decades of punk. As well as bands, Martin also captures the characters of punk scenes around the world with crowd shots and portraits. It is testament to Martin's involvement that he is able to approach almost anyone and them be open to his shoving cameras in their faces. Hopefully this book will be picked up by a domestic publisher, as it's something many people would like to have on their shelves and it being exclusively Japanese could make it difficult to track down. People from Japan, Chicago and the Bay Area have been lucky enough to see Martin's work in galleries, for everyone else, this piece of art will have to suffice…..

—Tim Brooks

Sausage Hand
Andrew Smith
$6.00
Teenage Dinosaur / Sparkplug Comic Books

The first page of Andrew Smith's comics blog is mostly drawings of women defecating and eating their own feces. One of his comic strips on the page incorporates attempted rape in an attempt to be funny. I don't think it's funny. I didn't think much of his mini-comic *Sausage Hands* before I saw his other comics, and now I don't think much of him either. I don't really get why someone would waste their time publishing his work, given how many amazing unpublished cartoonists are out there working on interesting projects and pushing the medium.

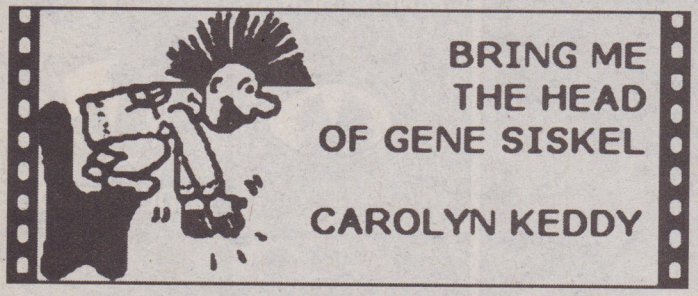
Don't get me wrong, there are lots of ways to create media that will make an audience uncomfortable that I find potentially positive. Unsettling works can make us reflect on atrocity in a new way. Like, Passolini's *Salo* is an appalling but powerful ethical statement on fascism. I find it mostly impossible to watch because of its violent and coercive extremities, but it's trying to show the horror of Italian fascism. Because of the subject, the extremity of the scenes is understandable, even if we find them unnecessary or unsuccessful in conveying that horror. Smith doesn't attempt anything like that.

Sausage Hands is not this kind of uncomfortable. It tells the story of a man who is in a mall and is lazily struggling against being overtaken by the sadistic "half" of his personality because he went to a violent movie. Smith doesn't attempt a reason for the grotesque world he's created. It pushes the reader towards alienation as if there were nothing more natural. It's presented as if Smith is unveiling paranoia and awkwardness as a reality to be embraced. It's slightly offensive to the reader, not because it's shocking, but more because it leaves little room for thought. It's like he thinks he's doing us a favor by showing us everyone is hopelessly disconnected. All that's left is the matter of degree. Sure, most of us who read *MRR* probably feel awkward at shows, let alone shopping malls, but do we want to romanticize that? And if you really feel that way, why take the time to share that through a defeatist narrative?

In short, it's an obnoxious comic from a small-minded person.

—Zane Grant

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

GO OUT AND BUY SOMETHING

Could you think of a better holiday treat this year than a Jello Biafra double feature? Alternative Tentacles has released two films featuring Biafra in supporting roles 1990's **Terminal City Ricochet** and 1999's **The Widower**.

Terminal City Ricochet has always held a weird place in my heart since it is directly responsible for my illustrious San Francisco community radio career. It was the day after Thanksgiving 1990, I had the day off work and I was listening to KUSF 90.3fm. Biafra was on being interviewed about the film, which was opening in town that weekend. The station was giving away a copy of the soundtrack and Biafra asked the question, "What did Bart write on the blackboard on last night's *Simpsons* episode?" I knew it since I had yelled it out to my roommate who was in the kitchen during the opening credits. It was "I will not do that thing with my tongue" from the episode *Bart vs. Thanksgiving*. I called and won. When I went to pick up the record the next week at the station, I asked how I could join the station. The following week I was at a meeting and the rest is history. I am still there twenty years later.

I also went to see **Terminal City Ricochet** that same weekend. I remember much less about the film. Watching it again should have revived my memory. It did although not in a fully positive way.

Terminal City Ricochet has an interesting premise. Television personality Ross Gilmore is mayor of Terminal City. He rules as a dictator with his band of corrupt cops led by Biafra. When a paperboy Alex witnesses the mayor's hit and run of one of his supporters, the mayor has Alex branded as "The Rock N Roll Terrorist." The fear of "The Rock N Roll Terrorist" is used as Gilmore's campaign for his upcoming reelection attempt. When Alex goes on the run, he meets up with a group of underground rebels who try to foil Gilmore's plans. As Alex discovers anyone who stands in the way of Gilmore's reelection gets labeled a terrorist or is simply ends up dead, though not really dead.

One of the more annoying of the plot devices in **Terminal City Ricochet** is these fake deaths. Hockey superstar Ace known as the Saviour because of his play-off heroics is supposedly dead. He has amnesia from getting hit in the head so he doesn't remember who he is, but everyone else instantly recognizes him. Also, Gilmore's son Jim is willingly kidnapped, but his dad escalates the event to his murder. He sees it as a good way to get the sympathy vote. Neither person is dead so their reappearance confuses the mindless citizens of Terminal City. Gilmore and his police squad are already so corrupt it doesn't make sense that they wouldn't just kill anyone who gets in the way. Of course, I know the answer is because then there wouldn't be a plot. Sorry if that is a spoiler.

Overall **Terminal City Ricochet** is a time capsule of quaint '80s paranoia. Rock 'n' roll and television corrupt people's minds. Politicians are liars. Elections are rigged. People are mindless drones. Things were bad then, but looking back it is nothing compared to all the nonsense we have now. Yet, the constant barrage of conspiracies and doctrines in the film get too monotonous. Instead of a fun political satire, **Terminal City Ricochet** is weighed down under too much theoretical tedium. Not to mention the odd inconsistency that even though everyone is supposedly so fixated with television they still get the newspaper delivered.

The **Terminal City Ricochet** DVD also includes some DOA and I, Braineater music videos, plus two interviews with Biafra about the film, one from 1992 and the other from 2006. I will assume Biafra didn't watch the 1992 version before his 2006 interview. It is reassuring that he would say almost the exact same thing about the film in both interviews.

The Widower is a more straightforward film. Milton's wife has passed away. He however does not want to let her go so he keeps her corpse in the apartment, dressing and feeding her every day. He avoids the landlady who complains about the smell emanating from his apartment and his wife's sister who is growing more suspicious when her calls don't get returned. A nosey neighbor gets a glimpse of the scene and reports it to a couple of incompetent police officers. Milton and his wife go out on the town while the cops and the neighbor try to track them down.

I was expecting more of an indie **Weekend At Bernie's**, but it seems everyone except the cops are aware that Milton's wife is dead. Though in the cops' defense they never get to actually see the corpse. Although people make disgusted faces it doesn't stop the couple from getting served at a bar or driving around town. When the film delves further into Milton and his wife's relationship, he transforms from sympathetic, lonely widower to spineless, subjugated husband.

In **The Widower** Biafra plays two minor roles: the proprietor at the "Funeral Parlor" which is really an S&M club and the devil. Unfortunately for him the best character in the film is the nosey neighbor. (www.alternativetentacles.com)

Radical Act is a series of interviews done in 1995 with various female musicians and other women involved in the music scene. Each discusses how she got into music as well as how her gender defines what she does. Some of the women interviewed are Kathleen Hanna, Toshi Reagon, Kim Coletta, Melissa York and Gretchen Phillips **Radical Act** doesn't come out and say it, I suppose since the term has such a stigma these days, but the Riot Grrrl movement is really what this film is about.

A few months ago I reviewed another DVD from the same time period about the same subject called **Anything Boys Can Do**. Unlike that film, **Radical Act** focuses on the more positive things about being a female musician. Here there is less of wanting to compete with males and more of a focus on the uniqueness of the female perspective. That is probably due to the film's director Tex Clark who is also female.

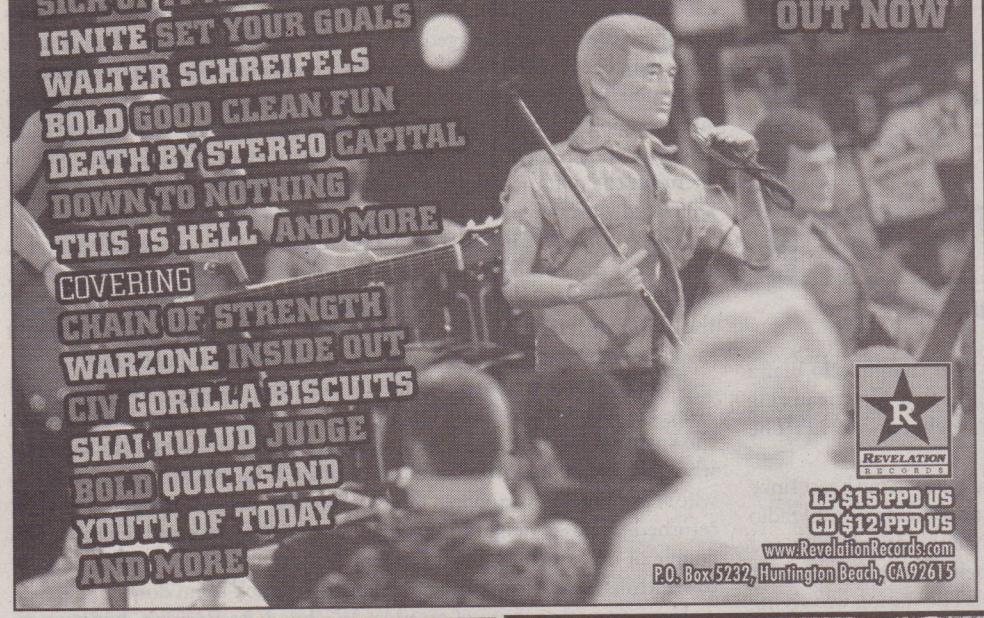
The most fascinating part of **Radical Act** is seeing a young Kathleen Hanna discussing how she started playing music. She is so idealistic and still resolutely independent minded. It's nice. (www.radicalactmovie.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

REVELATION 150
PASTPRESENT
BREAKING OUT THE CLASSICS

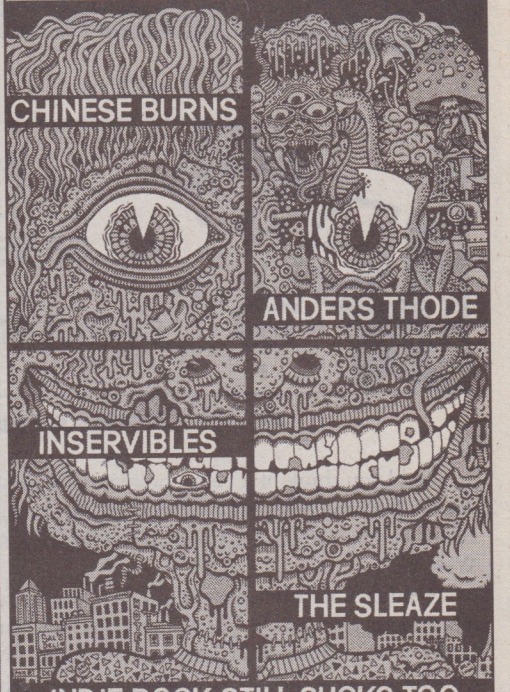
18 TRACK LP WITH POSTER
23 TRACK DIGIPAK CD
OUT NOW

FEATURING
SICK OF IT ALL TERROR
IGNITE SET YOUR GOALS
WALTER SCHREIFELS
BOLD GOOD CLEAN FUN
DEATH BY STEREO CAPITAL
DOWN TO NOTHING
THIS IS HELL AND MORE
COVERING
CHAIN OF STRENGTH
WARZONE INSIDE OUT
CIV GORILLA BISCUITS
SHAI HULUD JUDGE
BOLD QUICKSAND
YOUTH OF TODAY
AND MORE



REVELATION RECORDS
LP $15 PPD US
CD $12 PPD US
www.RevelationRecords.com
P.O. Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615

LEATHER BAR RECORDS
NEW LIMITED EDITION SINGLES BY...



INDIE ROCK STILL SUCKS TOO

SIOUX GUITARS
SIOUX CITY, IOWA

WWW.SIOUXGUITARS.COM

THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO PARTIED AT THE TANKCRIMES BRAINSQUEEZE! UNTIL NEXT TIME...

DIRECT CONTROL
"BUCKTOWN HARDCORE" LP
2003 CULT DEMO, WAR ALL THE TIME DEMO
PUBLIC SAFETY SESSION 2006, + MORE!

TANKCRIMES

DISTRIBUTED BY I.L.C. AND EBULLITION

RECORDS

Send **two** copies of vinyl or CD-only releases (if on both formats, please send the vinyl) to **MRR, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146, USA**
We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore, etc.—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

Reviewers:
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(BB) Brace Belden
(GB) Graham Booth
(TB) Tim Brooks
(DB) Dan Butler
(WN) Robert Collins
(DD) Dr. Dante
(HD) Helen Degenerate
(MD) Mark Dober
(BD) Brian Dooley
(SD) Sean Dougan
(JF) Jonathan Floyd
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(BG) Bob Goldie
(GG) Gemma Greenhill
(JH) Jason Halal
(AH) Aaron Hall
(GH) Greg Harvester
(MH) Mike Howes
(CS) Chris Hubbard
(ML) Mike Josephson
(KK) Kenny Kaos
(RK) Ramsey Kanaan
(CK) Carolyn Keddy
(BL) Brad Lambert
(AL) Andy Larsen
(RL) Ray Lujan
(MM) Marissa Magic
(JM) Jeff Mason
(AM) Allan McNaughton
(RO) Rotten Ron Ready
(KS) Ken Sanderson
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(JS) Jess Scott
(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(SS) Steve Spinali
(AU) Andrew Underwood
(VX) XYosefX

ABRUPT – "My Crematorium" EP

There is so much music in the world and so many shows and releases to dig through, it's easy to not know about a band even if they are from your own backyard. ABRUPT is from San Francisco, have been around since 2007 and have former or current members of the SCURVY DOGS, DESOLATION, BORN/DEAD and MACHINE'S AGENDA yet somehow I've never heard of them. I was also a bit fooled by the artwork. The logo is all spiky and red and looks like it belongs to a death metal or grindcore band, the sleeve is all black with scary ghost-like creatures, and it's titled *My Crematorium*—so I expected some brutal shit. *Nope!* ABRUPT is catchy punk/hardcore with a good dose of melody and sung female vocals you can understand. They remind me a bit of BALLAST's brand of speedy, tight, melodic HC that you can sing along with. Not really anthems, but close. I wanna see this band live. (MH)
(Burnt Bridges)

ACCORDIAN CRIMES / LION SIZED – split EP

Both of these bands have a similar sound that would fit well among any of the earlier AmRep releases. ACCORDIAN CRIMES brings somewhat of a screamo vibe (as in the pre-radio-bastardization of the term). I wouldn't really say they sound like them, but for some reason ORCHID comes to mind when I listen to this song. LION SIZED has a more intense feel overall, but the vocals are missing the intensity that I feel would go better with the sense of urgency conveyed in the music. (BD)
(Cash Cow Production)

AL AND THE BLACK CATS – "Through Thick 'n' Thin" CD

Rock'n'roll punk with stand-up bass. Light on the rockabilly even though this includes that bass sound. Along the ways of the SWINGIN' UTTERS and recent RANCID sound-wise. From Michigan, this is decent for what it is. (RL)
(Joe Pogo)

ANTISECT – "Demos/Live 1982" LP

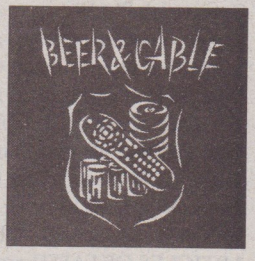
Not really sure what needs to be said about ANTISECT and their impact on black-clad, politically-charged, DISCHARGE-obsessed punks over the last 30 years, but the demo tracks on the first side will do a pretty decent job of reminding you if you've forgotten, though my third-generation cassette copy sounds better than this fancy looking pink LP (a little quality control, please?). The live side of this LP is utterly forgettable—the tracks are scorching, but the quality is quite shit, and the tape hiss competes with surface noise from a shitty pressing, which makes me wonder if this (seemingly official) release could have been made absolutely essential had just a little more attention been paid to the final product. Three inserts compile flyers, reviews, letters and interviews from the band's early existence—a killer presentation all the way around, but ANTISECT needs to jump off the turntable and knock you on your ass, and while the *songs* here still have every bit of power that they should, this record just makes me want to pull out the real shit. (WN)
(Antisociety)

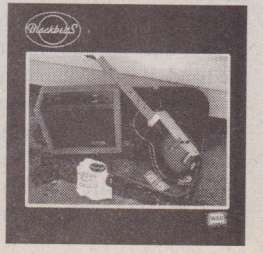
ANTISECT – "Leeds 2.4.86" LP

Possibly the fourth or fifth ANTISECT live record and possibly the strongest in terms of sound quality, this LP captures the band in the middle of their metallic transition—it features both "Out of the Void 1" and "Out of the Void 2" as well as unreleased songs that were to be part of the band's never-completed second LP, *Welcome to the New Dark Ages*. The potential of that unreleased LP is what's captivating about these live recordings. As *In Darkness There Is No Choice* is such a revolutionary anarcho-punk record, the promise of its follow-up looms as it would've been as much a landmark crust record as AMEBIX's *Arise* and *Monolith* LPs. Featuring only one track from *In Darkness There Is No Choice*, this is a pretty deluxe (and apparently authorized) treatment, with a reprint of Lance Hahn's "Story of Antisect" from *MRR* and old flyers on a separate fold-out insert. This is for fans by fans to inspire new fans, as these things should be. (KS)
(Antisociety)

ANTI-SYSTEM – "No Laughing Matter" LP

Released the same year as SACRILEGE's debut record, *No Laughing Matter* is a classic crust-punk record, exemplifying the early merging of metal, punk and politics. Unlike bands like ENGLISH DOGS and ONSLAUGHT, however, ANTI-SYSTEM never fully crossed over. From reading the interviews included in this reissue, it sounds like punk was as much (if not more) connected to politics, to an attitude, as it was to a specific style of music. One couldn't be sacrificed without the other. Punk and anarchist politics seemed inextricable, one in the same, so to go totally metal





would compromise their message by default. Nevertheless, in comparison to their debut, the riffs on *No Laughing Matter* are obviously beginning to show signs of thrash. But at the end of the day ANTI-SYSTEM always just sound like metal-infused anarcho-punk to me. While ANTISECT and SACRILEGE are credited with pioneering the more metallic strains of crust, ANTI-SYSTEM pioneered crust-punk that's less about atmosphere and more about anger, attitude and anarchism. This is a great reissue of what is by far the best ANTI-SYSTEM record. It looks good and sounds good. There's a pretty thick booklet with interviews and pictures. Kinda pricey, but worth it. (DB)
(Antisociety)

ARTICLES OF FAITH – "New Normal Catastrophe" 12"

Unbelievable! This five-track killer is proof positive that taking a 25-year hiatus doesn't guarantee that an ounce of conviction or musical ability will be lost. Vic Bondi and the rest of the original members have returned to deliver some new tracks that seriously stand up to those on *Give Thanks* and *In This Life*. The lyrics for these new songs are imposing and intelligent, and reveal that the years have only made Bondi more annoyed with the state of affairs in the world. In fact, a sense of frustration is apparent throughout the album, especially on the song "The Hammer" written about the desire to smash everything ridiculous if one only had the ability to do so. But aside from Bondi's incredible delivery, what made ARTICLES OF FAITH so amazing was the awe-inspiring music that swayed back and forth between tuneful and all-out hardcore destruction, and again the years have not diminished this at all. The guitar work on here absolutely destroys! I wish this was a longer album, but then again I'd rather have an EP that rules than a full-length with needless filler tracks. *New Normal Catastrophe* is the ultimate comeback album, and I think I speak for most people reading this magazine when I say welcome back (and please stay)! (BG)
(Alternative Tentacles)

ARTICLES OF FAITH – "New Normal Catastrophe" 12"

Yet another cheap attempt to make a "comeback record" by an older band. My review is by no means taking an ageist attitude towards the older scene—it's more of a critique of a band that had plenty of anti-hardcore shit to say during HC's "dead years" but since its popularity and interest have been on the rise, have decided put out a new record. When they were around, ARTICLES OF FAITH produced some incredibly powerful music as well as lyrics that made an impact and stayed with many of us who loved the band. It is inevitable that comparisons will be made, and these new tracks fall flat and in no way possess the power, ferocity and passion that once existed. If I had never heard of ARTICLES OF FAITH in my life and this was a completely new band, I would not be impressed, and let's face it, few would even care. To the band's benefit, past efforts and reputation will steer listeners' opinions of their new work and carry them through this—lucky for them. (MS)
(Alternative Tentacles)

ASRA / DEFEATIST / TRIAC – split LP

DEFEATIST seems to be one of those bands that nobody is noticing yet I think they have had some great releases. The band is made up of one part KALIBAS and two parts ANODYNE. What you get is pummeling, hardcore-influenced grind. They have a very progressive grindcore sound, but it doesn't loose any brutality by the tracks twisting and turning in all directions. I wasn't familiar with TRIAC, but they have a new fan—wonderful, fast, ripping, brutal grindcore. The vocals are unique in that they are really low in the mix, somewhat high-pitched and not like typical grind vocals. This is a posthumous release for ASRA, who was a great NYC grindcore band. Like the other two bands on this comp, they rip through some extremely fast, heavy and grind. Love this release. (MH)
(Deep Six)

BAD BLOOD REVIVAL / STUPID PARTY – split EP

STUPID PARTY is a Brooklyn band playing noisy garage rock with a touch of SCRATCH ACID (especially the song "Bad Blood"). The singer slurs and sounds like he could be drunk. In fact, the whole band sounds like the type that would be playing a living room or back-room bar, jumping around and falling all over the place. BAD BLOOD REVIVAL, also from Brooklyn, makes me think of some mid-'90s emo band, with their strained/screamed vocals and musical breakdowns on the choruses—at least on the first song. The second is an instrumental and sounds much more garage-y and, well, a bit like STUPID PARTY. (MD)
(Mauled by Tigers)

THE BAD ENGRISH / PONX ATTAX – split CD

Both bands here—Denver's BAD ENGRISH and St. Paul's PONX ATTAX—deliver high-quality street-punk on this split, with the latter really kicking some Mohican arse on their half of the disc. No surprises, outside of the surprise of me liking a song called "Street Punks (in the Street)." Lyrically, this CD all but erases the line separating sincere and parody. I mean, "You don't like us, we don't care / We get drunk and spike our hair / You're fucking laws don't bother me / Because I'm a ponx and disorderly oi!" That song's called "Ponx & Disoi!derly." I half expected Fat Bob to be behind this... Oh well, who cares if these guys have a boner for Wattie when the music is this raging? (CS)
(Joe Pogo)

BANNER PILOT – "Resignation Day" CD

Falling firmly into the Gainesville camp—gruff vocals, hearts worn on sleeve, and a love for LEATHERFACE and DILLINGER FOUR. Not my cup of tea; I find this sound has fallen into a tried, tested and flogged-to-a-pulp formula. It lacks real bite, those killer hooks that I love, and unexpected twists and turns. The "whoa" factor is in the red. LEATHERFACE are possibly the most overrated band in the punk scene. To all those clones: please pick a new idol. (SD)
(Fat Wreck)

BAVARIA BOOTSKIOSK – "Comeback des Jahres" EP

Yes!!! Shitty, snotty, distorted punk with manic, effeminate shrieks masquerading as vocals. Seven songs of retard punk that make the SPITS seem like RUSH. SOCKEYE fans rejoice, your long lost German cousins have been found. This isn't for those with a low idiot rock tolerance, but they only made 300 of them, and I'm sure there are another 299 idiots out there whose musical taste is as shitty as mine. This rules. (WN)
(Shit Attack)

BEER & CABLE – "Kings of the Remote" EP

OK. Beer and cable TV are fun. Very dude-ish hardcore with mosh parts and shit, with songs about...guess what? Watching cable TV and getting drunk. This is actually pretty funny any catchy. "Sweatpants Saturday" is genius. Thanks for sending two! Comes with a brown bag beer cozy and I love the comix. (RO)
(self-released)

BE MY DOPPELGANGER – "No Composure" LP

Ooh, this starts off surprisingly interesting. A messy little DEAN-DIRG-like shit-storm, as fast and tight as a mink's minge, dangerous! So much so, it induces a nice little nervy feeling in my gut. Exciting! But then, something happens—something a little off-putting, like a date, a really cute date, wearing bad shoes when you turn up to meet him. Hmm, a bit of a letdown, but I'll keep an open mind... Though, even by the end of the first song, this promise has petered off into utterly predictable, straightforward and pedestrian pop punk rock. And by the end of the record, well, fuck—it sounds like bloody U2 or something. I mean, it's not bad if you like DEAR LANDLORD, but it just feels like a letdown, like they're playing it way too fucking safe. So much potential, wasted away... Like a hot dude in bad shoes. (GG)
(It's Alive)

BIG BLACK CLOUD – "Dark Age" LP

I don't even know where to begin with this record. It's a huge, swirling mess of garage, punk, noise, psych (a word I use *very* sparingly), howls and yelps. I mean this in a good way. A lot of the songs lock into a riff and the band continues to fuck with it until it goes completely out of control. BIG BLACK CLOUD reminds me what I like best about punk: total freaks spazzing the fuck out and not giving a shit what people think about them, letting the songs swirl into a noisy

mess. Total abandon. True freedom. It gives me the same feel as hearing JOHN DENVER'S AIRPLANE and LESSER KNOWN NEUTRINOS. This is the good shit, my friends. (GH)
(Stank House)

BIG FICTION – "What Luck" LP

These guys play some pretty heavy metallic hardcore in the vain of local dudes SPIRES. I'm not too familiar with this kind of stuff, but this record sounds pretty good to me. I think I'd be more into it if it were a bit faster, though. I like mid-tempo punk, but with this more metal-sounding stuff, I can't help but want to hear it sped up a tad. Bonus points for the screened cardstock covers and the hand numbering. Limited to 300. (BD)
(Kills You)

BLACKBELTS / THE SAFES – split EP

This split EP teams up a couple bands that pretty middle of the road—one is more of a garage band and the other rockabilly from what I can gather... Both are three-pieces that are really tight and good at what they do. The BLACKBELTS play '50s rock'n'roll reminiscent of a less gimmicky STRAY CATS that would most likely be a hit with your local car club guys, and the SAFES play a '60s garage style that might go down well with the Goner Records and In The Red crowd. (ML)
(Wee Rock)

BLACK WINE – "Toronado/Windy"

The new project of an ERG (that isn't Mikey) and two HUNCHBACKS, BLACK WINE sounds nothing like their former bands. Imagine a blender of '80s college rock and *Nuggets*-inspired '60s psych and you get BLACK WINE. While I like the songs, I wish they had a little bit more "oomph" to get them going, because right now I could see a crowd that rocks the Pied Piper look digging this. This record is part of the Art of the Underground Singles Series, so write the band or label because you won't find it in stores. (JF)
(Art of the Underground)

BLAST AND THE DETERGENTS / GHOST HOSPITAL – split EP

Two indie-rock bands with a bit of punkish-ness thrown into the mix. Both have droney songs and singers with laissez-faire styles. BLAST AND THE DETERGENTS' vocalist has a brattier, manic sound while GHOST HOSPITAL's guy is more prettily melodic. Both bands' music is lo-fi and monotonous, but in an appealing way. Blended all together it is a cool concoction. (CK)
(Scotch Tapes)

BLIND TO FAITH / GEHENNA – split EP

BLIND TO FAITH are probably not a familiar name to many readers of *MRR*, but their LP *The Seven Fat Years Are Over* was one of the best of 2009. Featuring members of a diverse array of bands such as RISE AND FALL, AMEN RA, REPROACH, and INSULT, these Dutch acolytes of the Holy Terror Church of the Final Judgment play crushing metallic hardcore reminiscent of INTEGRITY around the era of *Humanity Is the Devil* and *Systems Overload*, with a healthy dose of EYEHATEGOD-esque sludgy stoner doom added to the mix. The flipside also features heavily drug-influenced music, but along with copious amounts of marijuana, some less friendly substances have been added to the mix, bringing heightened awareness, paranoia, violent urges and an almost irrepressible desire to kill. Even in their early straight edge days, GEHENNA was never known to create anything but hostile music, eschewing varsity-jacketed brotherhood for an equal-opportunity hatred of all humans. Long years of drug use, violence, poverty and the vicious cycles of gossip and rumor have driven them even further from the nurturing teat of positive and well-meaning hardcore, and their music become even more arcane and spiteful. The two tracks here take a darker and less approachable turn than the material on their recent split with CALIFORNIA LOVE, and it took me a few listens to really grasp what they were going for. Take the primitive death doom of NECROSCHIZMA or demos-era HELLHAMMER and mix it with the noise-drenched chaos of the GAI or mid-period GISM and you come close to the oppressive, walls-closing-in feeling of these tracks. These aren't songs to scream along to at a hardcore show; this is a blood ritual you've just accidentally stumbled across in your own basement, and you'd better hope you can slowly back up the stairs and out the door before anyone notices you're there. (VX)
(A389 Recordings)

BLOODTYPE – "Dropout" EP

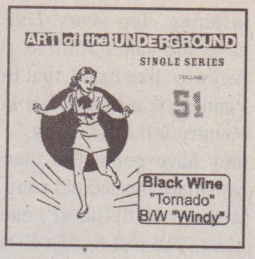
Since last year's retro-NYHC-styled demo, this band has gotten faster, more pissed, and now returns with a 7" of raw hardcore with a heavy youth crew bend and an antisocial vibe. *Dropout* is a mix of new and re-recorded songs, with the new ones being the faster ones, and the older, more youth crew ones, sounding better than ever, benefiting from a raw, piercing recording. "Youth crew played by punks" is a description that I wish fit more bands, and it fits BLOODTYPE to a tee. This would appeal to fans of Cowabunga Records who hate HAVE HEART, as well as people who like SIDE BY SIDE and the first DESPERATE MEASURES 7". I'm moshing. (DG)
(Cowabunga)

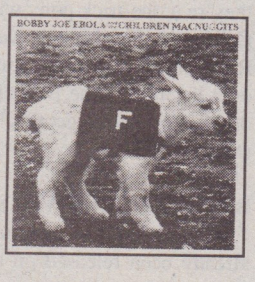
BLOTTO / HARD SKIN – split EP

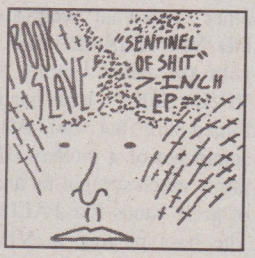
Gypsy Hill's favorite lardy Oi Boys have decided to honor Japan's best tribute label with their latest anthems of punk/skin unity. Snuffy Smiles started many years ago with a multi-band tribute to SNUFF, which turned into a long-running project releasing the best in (mostly) pop-punk from all over the world. The who's-who of great bands that have put out records on Snuffy Smiles would take up more space than I have here, but this is their hundredth release, and it's fitting that it features the best band to grace the label yet. Fat Bob does the vocal duties on the first track about his days working on the building sites of Croydon, while JT the genius delivers yet another ode to his Benny Hill-style libido. BLOTTO are the closest thing Japan has to early SNUFF, and as the band with probably the second-most appearances on the label (number one is certainly J-CHURCH) they are a fitting band to share #100. You know you want this so go on, son, try your luck... (AM)
(Snuffy Smiles)

BOBBY JOE EBOLA AND THE CHILDREN MACNUGGITS – CD

When I first hit the "play" button on the CD player and let the first song's melody flood into my ears, my heart sank. It had been ten years since the mighty BOBBY JOE EBOLA had recorded any new material, and people change a lot over ten years. The songs they created are so personal—a direct representation of their consciousness. The BOBBY JOE EBOLA of the past was miraculous: funny, talented, poetic,







inspiring. Ten years. Did the 1987 RAMONES have the same stuff as the 1977 RAMONES? Anyway, like I said, that first song kicks in and all I can do is grimace. It's kind of like a '90s radio country/folk/rock song. This can't be direction they have gone! But then almost like they read my mind, the second song kicks in and brings the album back to life. It's energetic, fun, interesting, great. The rest of this CD continues on that path, a rollercoaster of an album, sampling numerous styles, genres and moods. These guys are so incredibly talented, they can play anything. To anyone who hasn't experienced this band yet, the closest comparison I can make is to WEEN. These guys were/are the WEEN that floundered in obscurity because they a little too ugly, a little too crazy and a little too out of touch with pop culture. Like FRANK ZAPPA combined with post-breakdown BRIAN WILSON, but performed by those weirdo shut-ins you see at the local comic book shop from time to time. And it turns out, this album is a return-to-form for the band; and my expectations were satisfied. Although a few of the tracks I could do without, this album was fun and put a smile on my face. (FS)
(Silver Sprocket)

THE BODIES – "Angel on the Nine/Open Your Eyes"

This is going to be one of the easiest reviews I've ever had to do. Ever. That's cuz all I have to say about this is that it rocks! The fuckin' BODIES are *so* fuckin' good, and this new single absolutely does not fail to please... Granted they're a one-trick pony with their straight-ahead California beach-punk version of two-minute RAMONES-like punk anthems, but if you've ever listened to the BODIES and like what they do, then you gotta get this 7"... (ML)
(Modern Action)

BOG PEOPLE / VIVID SEKT – split EP

I think all the material on this record has already been released on a recent tour tape, but I'm not entirely sure so maybe I should just shut the fuck up. Both bands share members with other somewhat well known Portland bands like NERVESKADE and ARCTIC FLOWERS, with the latter bearing some resemblance to VIVID SEKT—both bands play anarcho-punk-rooted stuff, but while ARCTIC FLOWERS has somewhat of a modern edge, VIVID SEKT are pretty much straight-up anarcho-punk in the vein of great bands like FALLOUT and the SEARS. The bass playing in VIVID SEKT especially rules! Really tuneful, well-written bass lines. The BOG PEOPLE side is similarly awesome. Their UK82-inspired tunes call to mind many Riot City or No Future bands of yore. The song "Chaos Tribes" sounds like a future classic. Great split. (DB)
(Fear of War)

BOOK SLAVE – "Sentinel of Shit" EP

This is some of the most incredibly discordant music I've ever heard. Super melodic guitars make slow war inside their dissonant harmonies while this guy screamtalks explanations of the relationship between the principles of physics and metaphysical discomfort. Imagine out-of-tune screamo with no drums. That's right, no drums. It's just lovely. A warning, though: don't try to listen to this while you're sailing the seas hung over, you're quite likely to barf. However, if your vestibular system is functioning properly, by all means, crank it. (HD)
(Spicy Soup Productions)

THE BOOM BANG – "Bummer Camp" EP

It's times like these when I believe that the indie/punk scene just discovered the reverb knob and muddled bedroom recordings. This scene is tired and boring to me, but I have to admit that these four guys are pretty good at cranking out this style of garage rock. If you are into TY SEGALL, the BABIES and THEE OH SEES, this is probably the band for you. (GH)
(Guestroom)

BRAINBOMBS – "Singles Compilation" LP

The term "damaged" doesn't even begin to describe these sounds. Sweden's BRAINBOMBS started making tortured avant punk sounds in the mid 1980s, and this collection documents their first singles, along with demo and compilation tracks from 1987—a twisted journey from early NYC no wave into drug-drenched noise-rock assaults ("Anne Frank"—the very definition of the genre) that make KILLDOZER sound like SCREECHING WEASEL. For once, the promo sheet from the label nails the description: "BRAINBOMBS is not some garage fonzie KBD cover band, but a real deal noise pollutor." Also, you've never heard guitars like this before... (WN)
(Load)

BRAINBOMBS – "Urge to Kill" LP

First time on vinyl for this now-infamous band's 1999 album. It's a nine-track haul through a swamp of STOOGES riffs delivered at FLIPPER velocity while a deadpan Swede intones almost cartoonishly depraved and misogynistic lyrics. One or more of those descriptors might set off red flags for some readers, so know what you're getting into here—but I'll just say this is one of those records that achieves such a level of pure, single-minded, hypnotic intensity that all other music, just for a moment, fades into obsolescence... (CS)
(Load)

THE BRISTLES – "Reflections of the Bourgeois Society" LP

The classic Swedish band (best known in the US for "Don't Give Up the Fight" on *MRR*'s *Welcome to 1984* compilation) delivers their first album since their early-'80s origins and reforming in 2008. Featuring largely the same lineup as their second EP, the near 30 intervening years haye scrubbed away a lot of the Oi influences of their early recordings, and the wonderfully inept bashing has been replaced by a solid helping of tightly delivered modern Swedish hardcore—largely precise, well played, rock-riffed and solo-dropped HC with gruff vocals spitting great thoughtful, progressive lyrics ripped out of current events: employment, war, capitalism, etc... These eleven tracks fail to recapture the bombastic clang of their early EPs, but do succeed in gathering impact from refining the speed, delivery and intent. As a fan, that's a tricky bargain. Arguably, bands going into a decent studio and playing their instruments in tune is better, but the charm and power of the early Swedish punk and hardcore greats—including the BRISTLES—is a lot of the immediacy and simplicity—recorded in a milk barn or bowling alley by clueless teenagers wildly banging on instruments. This is something that's seemingly been lost almost entirely in a country where you now can share government run practice space with heavy metal bands and people have made D-beat an algorithm, so it's unfair to single out this other wise really kicking and solid release. In reviewing the band's discography, the sore thumb Ska influenced track towards the end of the LP isn't even that out of place. This is a solid LP—limited to 500 copies on vinyl—that doesn't feel as much as return, but as a continuation of this band's story, and a new strong chapter at that. (KS)
(Switchlight)

IL BUIO – "Il Buka: L'idea Dominante" 12"

This is a debut five-song 12" EP from this Italian post-hardcore/rock band. The recording is top notch, the playing superb, but all I can think of is AT THE DRIVE-IN. Maybe a touch of REFUSED. I'm not saying they sound exactly like AT THE DRIVE-IN, but that band is certainly a big influence on IL BUIO. Maybe it's because I'm listening to this late at night, but my favorite song is the instrumental on the end of side B. It's a pretty, relaxing, little ditty. The rest of the album is a high-energy romp that will keep you awake. Limited to 300 copies on red or blue vinyl. (MD)
(self-released)

BYRDS OF PARADISE – "Omega Man/ Members"

Brooklyn rockers trying to make some catchy/ mysterious rock'n'roll. It the kind of stuff that technically falls under the umbrella of punk, but you can tell it's not intentional. The A-side is a really fun song. It sounds like TOYS THAT KILL if they were trying to write a grunge track. B-side is short and sweet; it's chaotic with a hook. Heavily layered vocals that echo long after the record stopped spinning. All around, an enjoyable slab of wax. (FS)
(Don Giovanni)

CHAINSAW TO THE FACE – "Subconscious Cruelty" EP

In 2008 I was blown away by a split 10" from CHAINSAW TO THE FACE and HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH. I wondered what happened to CHAINSAW TO THE FACE since I didn't hear much from them after that 10". The

wait is over as Cowabunga has released this EP. The band rips through nineteen tracks of blistering fast grindcore and powerviolence. Anytime ten or more songs are on a 7", I feel like you should know what to expect—short, fast and loud! I've always thought there is something to the idea of the entire lyrics to a song being just about a sentence's worth. "Give me a fucking break / Back the fuck down / Get off my back!" is a perfect example from this 7". Get this one. (MH)
(Cowabunga)

CHOOSE YOUR POISON – "Crawl to Nothing" LP

I just saw these guys a few weeks ago when they came through the Bay, and they were drunk as hell. This LP is a hell of a lot better than the band on the verge of a blackout—fast and thrashy punk rock with a lot of crust and stoner grind thrown in. Shares a member with WARTORN, and with these two as examples, the Wisconsin crust scene seems pretty rad. Song titles like "Clocked Out for Life" and "Smoke Weed and Worship Nothing," you can get a good idea of what these dudes are all about. (BL)
(Active Rebellion / Bacontowne / Give Praise)

CIRCLE PIT – "Bruise Constellation" LP

I don't know how much I want to admit this in print, but I think CIRCLE PIT is a great band, and I'll out myself as a fan. I'm almost positive they're homosexual fashion hipsters from Sydney (a mix between Williamsburg and Polk Street in the '70s) but I'm not bothered in the slightest. When I first heard of ROYAL TRUX (to whom CIRCLE PIT is constantly compared and obviously influenced by, but are much more listenable than) I thought it would sound like this (instead of what ROYAL TRUX actually sounds like: JOHN SPENCER BLLLUUUUESSSS EXXXXPPPPLLLOOOSSSIIIOOONNN mixed with *horrible funk rock*). This is the first Oxycontin rock record. I love all drugs, and I recommend you purchase this record immediately, but don't worry if you don't—someone else will. (BB)
(Siltbreeze)

CLASSICS OF LOVE – "World of the Known/Line Through Your Name"

This takes me back to like 1986 or 1987. It was the time when generic hardcore was starting to move into different directions. Some of the bands were getting faster, while others were going in the pop direction. Of course, these weren't the only two options. The A-side here is good, fairly straightforward, up-tempo hardcore. It's solid, if not spectacular. The B-side is a real catchy number that will have you humming along in no time. I like this one quite well. (KK)
(Art of the Underground)

CLOCKCLEANER – "Auf-Wiedersehen" 12"

Auf-Wiedersehen is reportedly the last release from the Philadelphia trio CLOCKCLEANER, and that's sad news as the band retreats deeper into the depths of the sinister goth dance night corners. The first songs on this EP are sullen hip movers, but the fourth deviates into some other world of still darker, '80s-inspired, simple textured sound. Mostly, it's a shame this is not a full-length because there is a comfort in its frigid, detached sound that could lull a person to nightmares. The journey from noise-rock, KBD covering blasters to punctuated, filthy swamp sounds has been largely rewarding for all CLOCKCLEANER listeners both past and present, despite the drastic change in tone the band has maneuvered. There is nothing beautiful on *Auf-Wiedersehen*—this is nasty and grotesque swagger in the best possible way. (AL)
(Load)

CLOUD RAT – LP

Eleven tracks at 45 RPM. This is a three-piece guitar, drums and vocals outfit from Michigan that gets great mileage from their minimalism. With emotive, grinding hardcore reminiscent of the '90s screamo of RORSCHACH/BLEED, CLOUD RAT delivers the type of downtime, meandering, ponder-and-scathe of the aforementioned bands and blasts back with thrashing fast powerviolence blastbeat HC. Harsh female vocals gnaw out and volley very personal, dark, poetic lyrics that work well with the introspective nature of the music. Made with screened, inside-out, reused LP covers, there's something about this '90s style that always seemed very genuine in its devotion to low cost, creative packaging and wholesale prices; it's the expression of ideas over "numbered/limited/colored vinyl" hype. As that decade is finally gaining enough distance, elements that made it a unique time in punk and hardcore start to seem like novel ideas. By applying some of those ideas, musically and artistically to their music, and reformulating them, CLOUD RAT's LP comes up fresh and engaging. Cool! (KS)
(IFB)

COBALT CRANES – "Freak Out" EP

A dirty slap of garage punk, the production fuzzed but not totally blown out (close, though). Taking in the basic, primitive thud of all those obscure one-hit wonders on the *Teenage Shutdown* series, and adding a STOOGES/VELVET UNDERGROUND sonic wail. Side B grooves right in to a garage shoegazer vibe, like SONIC YOUTH without the art school trappings, or SPACEMEN 3 minus the downers. Me like. (SD)
(Frantic)

COMBOMATIX – "Cocktail Scandinavie" EP

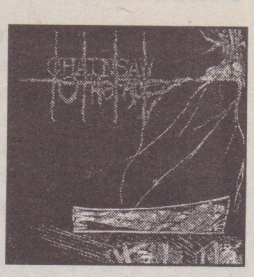
A fun, rockin' duo from Rennes, France, playing catchy, stomping garage tunes with screeching vocals. It's straightforward, high tempo garage punk and I almost never have a problem with that. Especially when it is done right. (CK)
(Frantic City)

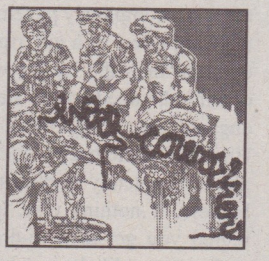
CONFINES – "Withdrawn" EP

Holy smokes! It seems that every few months there's yet another ripping new band from Massachusetts. How this little state has managed to churn out so much hardcore/punk over the last few years I will never understand, but this EP is one of the most memorable things I've heard in some time. The sound is hard to pin down because it doesn't follow any rigid formula, but the hallmarks are shouted vocals and mid-paced, chunky riffs, all topped off with a noise-drenched guitar attack that brings to mind the crazy leads of BLACK FLAG's Greg Ginn. I'm sure this is already receiving plenty of hype, given the many other Boston bands whose members appear here, including BRAIN KILLER, SOCIAL CIRCKLE, CUT THE SHIT, and more, but it's all warranted. This is an insanely catchy, aggressive and unique release. Don't miss out. (JH)
(Side Two)

CONTRAST ATTITUDE / SEE YOU IN HELL – split EP

OK, fine, I'll admit it. I have regressive, simplistic (some would say *boring)* taste. So write off CONTRAST





ATTITUDE as mere DISCLOSE clones if you must, but I'll happily continue backing them as one of the most goddamn exciting bands in hardcore today. Every vocal, every riff, even the goddamn D-beats are delivered with such force and urgency that I don't really see how it matters or not if they're breaking *exciting new ground* every time they put pick to string, I just want them to fucking rage this hard forever. Two songs of flawless D-beat, the second of which features one of the best solos I've heard this year. Fuck you, this is great. On the flip, after a brief intro SEE YOU IN HELL delivers two more tracks of their massive Japanese-hardcore-inspired punk. The first track didn't strike me as being all that great, though I quite liked the central riff and the gang vocals at the end. The second, however, was classic SEE YOU IN HELL—speedy and precise and easily comparable to early NIGHTMARE until the epic bass break and final choruses. Two great bands doing what they do best. (AU)
(Insane Society)

COP DE FONA – "Instint De Venjança" EP

Fuckin Spaniards. Seems like every record to come out of that country over the past couple of years is raging. This band is no exception. They pushed the "fast and raw" button in the studio and let the tape roll. Fast-as-shit US-influenced hardcore sung in Spanish, like KORO or NEON CHRIST or some shit...y'know? Fast. Fans of No Way and Grave Mistake Records take note. Rippin'. (TB)
(Yellow Dog)

COP DE FONA – "Mi Papa" EP

Buzzsaw guitar charges of one-two hardcore punch with blown-out, raw vocals, this Spanish band's eight-song debut frames each track with a quick intro or outro. A small flourish before launching into what's largely blast after blast of PLAGUE/NEGATIVE APPROACH-styled jackhammering, raw and pure impact cut strong and simple. A good balance of the retro '80s hardcore style, delivery, recording and vibrant energy, it's a solid EP. All the info is in Spanish and there is a completely puzzling cartoon drawing on the front cover of a guy ripping his own eyeballs out, and then the back cover features a cartoon of a middle-aged couple stunned to be discovered engaging in cunnilingus on the back. WTF? Hilariously, the back comes as more of an out of place, completely random shock and laugh, which I guess, if nothing else, is a comment on how inured you get to gore-drenched punk covers... or just more likely is what could bizarrely and randomly be ripped out of a friend's sketchbook. (KS)
(self-released)

CORROSION OF CONFORMITY – "Your Tomorrow (Parts 1 and 2)" 45

Here we have the first release from the recently reformed COC lineup that includes all three members who recorded *Animosity*, their classic second LP from 1985. That record marked a shift from hardcore punk to a heavier, better-produced, and slightly more metal sound, and although subsequent releases abandoned their punk roots in favor of cleaner vocals and more complex song structures, *Animosity* was a high point in the metal-punk crossover trend of the mid '80s because it seamlessly blended the best of both genres. While I haven't followed the full-on-metal COC of the last couple of decades, this new record probably isn't much different than what you've come to expect from them as of late—the only significant difference being that Mike Dean is back on bass and vocals. The one song here, somewhat unnecessarily recorded in two slightly different versions, has a strong NWOBHM sound, with sung vocals and lots of mid-paced, chugging riffs. I happen to enjoy it, but if you're seeking a return to the fast and mean COC of the mid '80s, avoid this and stick with the original. (JH)
(Southern Lord)

COWORKERS / INERDS – split EP

INERDS have a lot of powerviolence elements and tempo changes, but with riffs that are more moody than misanthropic. Their decently written songs are made great by the interesting sound that the band went for, including what sounds like distortion on the vocals and a thin but piercing, fuzzy, solid-state guitar tone (think that of REAGAN YOUTH, but harder hitting). The male and female vocalists trade off, with the former doing a SPAZZ/INFEST thing that sounds muffled (though not in a bad way) and the latter makes me think of the singer of WALLS OF JERICHO, of all things. COWORKERS are soulful yet pessimistic, falling somewhere between later BORN AGAINST and Revolution Summer stuff both musically and thematically. Not as much to elaborate on here, but I'm into both bands. (DG)
(Feral Kid)

CRYSTAL MESS – "Worms of Death" LP

A Calgary, Alberta metal band called CRYSTAL MESS, a gnarly hesher skeleton reaper dude or dudette on the cover, songs about zombies, Frankenstein, fuck work and being a perv. Are they talking to me!?! No songs about drugs that I could tell. The first song wasn't as balls-out as the rest, which is weird for a lead off song. My favorites were "Fuck Work," "Touch of Death," "Cannon Fodder" and "Ten Times," but it's all pretty solid stuff throughout. The sound is definite metal-era POISON IDEA especially "Ten Times," but the singer ain't no Jerry A. Sorry. Great fucking record! Stole the sticker and CD cuz where's my reviewer copy?! (RO)
(self-released)

DAWN OF HUMANS – "Dawn of Humans" EP

This is fucking rad. No easy description here; part of the newer NYC crop of hardcore bands, DAWN OF HUMANS takes the crown as far as I'm concerned. The vocalist is just killing it—totally deranged madman-style shit. People throw around GISM and VOID examples like it's nothing, and while these guys don't really sound like either of those bands, the approach seems pretty similar. The artwork and lyrics match the music perfectly. Wish I could describe this better, but whatever, maybe if an American band trying to play KURO got dosed on the way to the studio? (AH)
(Always Restrictions)

DEADMEN – "Possession of the Void" EP

Dirty, heavy, mid-paced stoner/hardcore with sick but sporadic leads. Everything is pegged and the pace creates a MOTÖRHEAD-on-'ludes vibe which is perfect when the fast bits kick in and kick you in the ass. Imagine Germany's the NOW-DENIAL mixing it up with Kentucky's COLISEUM and recording the whole thing through a whiskey-drenched fog in the depths of Georgia. This sounds filthy and dangerous...like it would hurt you. Sometimes getting hurt just makes you tougher. (WN)
(Clandestine Arts)

THE DEMON'S CLAWS – "The Defrosting of..." LP

These boys aren't letting no grass grow under their feet, that's for certain. They seem adept at that tricky business of (to paraphrase Frankie Fix) "progressing without getting progressive." This release is less gritty and gutbucket-blues-ish than previous releases, but has a lot of strange stuff going on to keep you interested. The truth is that I'd have to digest this a while to come up with any kind of halfway informed critical opinion, but I'll go out on a limb and say that this is what the GUN CLUB's *Miami* should have sounded like. (DD)
(In The Red)

DEREK LYN PLASTIC – "Life and Death" EP

I don't know, I really liked the first two EPs that DEREK LYN PLASTIC did on Florida's Dying, but the two recent CDs have left me feeling flat and this EP starts in that same direction. The song "Lost" is sort of a paint-by-numbers garage synth thing, another song "I Got a Cold" almost reminds me of bar rock run through the SCREAMERS in a badly done way. It is just the last song "Die for You" that really grabs me. Is a 7" worth buying for one song? Hmm...if the song is really great, then the answer is yes. This song is just really good, not great. (JF)
(Certified PR / FDH)

DESKONOCIDOS – "En la Oscuridad" LP

Cover of this thing looks like some SISTERS OF MERCY record or some shit. I reviewed a tape of their previous releases a few months ago, I dug it. This LP is better. Still on the darker punk tip, they keep it a little rougher than other bands going for this sound. Vocals are still nice and angry sounding, and quite a few songs are closer to hardcore than any mopey post-punk death rock bullshit. It kind of reminds me of the MOB (UK), only the vocals are actually listenable, lyrically

dark and gloomy, also glad to know I can still read Spanish fairly well. One song is a PARALISIS PERMANENTE cover. I never actively seek this kind of music out, but I'm stoked to have been turned onto this band. (AH)
(Todo Destruido / Trabuc)

DESTRUCTION UNIT – "Eclipse" LP

This latest incarnation of DESTRUCTION UNIT (formerly featuring JAY REATARD and ALICJA TROUT, among others) is still the direction and vision of one Ryan Rousseau but with a new cadre of conspirators. What you get here is what you might expect: morbid garage-synth drone with proggy krautrock tendencies. It's not the direct, catchy synth-pop of DIGITAL LEATHER's *Cameltoe* (another Russeau-related project), it's more like the bleaker JOY DIVISION songs as performed by members of HAWKWIND after a few months of constant listening to NEU. In case you can't tell, I love it. (AM)
(FDH)

THE DIRTY SHAMES – CD

When the first song on this CD started, I was optimistic about what I was about to hear! All the necessary qualities of a good rock'n'roll band seemed to be present on this: good mid-tempo, crunchy guitar riffs and sultry female vocals supplied by an appealing platinum blond! Unfortunately the subsequent songs to follow didn't offer anything more interesting and the promise of a good rock'n'roll album faded and became more of a stale cliché than an exciting experience... The highlight of this CD came in the form of a good rendition of "Teenage Kicks" by the UNDERTONES. (ML)
(Rankoutsider)

D.I.S. – "Critical Failure" LP

While a little online digging told me that the initials stand for "Destroyed In Seconds," the band just goes by D.I.S., and for pretty obvious reasons; the music here is metallic Dis-core in the vein of DISFEAR. Much like that band, the "live in a tin can" recording aesthetic of ANTI-CIMEX and early DISCHARGE are discarded in favor of a fuller, more polished production. It sounds damn good, but I have to say I prefer the mess and chaos of the pioneers and their legions of worshipers in Japan. D.I.S. certainly aren't paving any new ground here, but this is pretty good for what it is. Honestly, though, this is just going to get filed away in my record collection, never to be seen again. (VX)
(Deep Six / Power It Up)

DISCO LEPERS – "Rose Alley Inbreds" CD

A hellish compendium of helium-voiced pub-rocker turds who claim their sound is as if Bobby Soxx and Keith Richards got together and jammed. After writing that press release out, I apologize, friendly readers, that *MRR* does not come with free airplane vomit bags. A truly rotten spectacle. These jerk-offs truly take the name of Bobby Soxx in vain! This sounds like a bad alt-country, punk rockarolla vomitorium, true garbage that bro-dawgs with flame shirts and a 50th rate DEAD BOYS fixation would hoover up faster than cheap speed. Grim! (LG)
(Shattered Debauched Press)

DMC – "Comida Para Gusanos" CD

DMC (A.K.A. DOCTOR MARTIN CLAVO) is a trio from Barcelona, Spain. They play a variety of musical styles on this CD—there are a couple of straight-up hard rock punk songs, a pop song with vocals that remind me of that '80s one-hit wonder PETER SCHILLING, some CLASH-style dub and a few slightly rockabilly-ish garage tunes. It is all sung in Spanish, making the vocals sound more exotic to my ears. Six songs in sixteen minutes are just enough for me. (CK)
(Cultura)

DRAGGING AN OX THROUGH THE WATER – "They're Gonna Send Me to the Dead Mumford Pencil Box Factory" EP

If you think this band's name is some artsy shit, you haven't heard anything yet. Minimalist guitar and electronics (keyboards and drum machine) accompanied by an eerie country-esque vocalist. Not a combination you see around too much. It's different and in an interesting way. And he seems sincere. The lyrics with coinciding chords are printed on the back of the cover so you can play along at home. (CK)
(Stank House)

DRAINLAND – "And So Our Troubles Began" LP

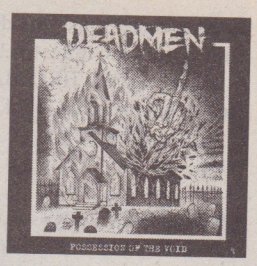
How about a friendly little six-song platter to question your worth on this planet? How about some deliberate riffs and absolutely crushing guitars presented at such volume that the leads soar overhead and melt into the noise that wraps the first side? How about a band from Ireland that takes the KYLESA model and reels it in so that nothing it left but the sheer primitive power? How about choking on DRAINLAND? This fukkn' rules. (WN)
(IFB)

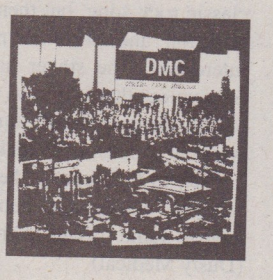
DRAIZE – LP

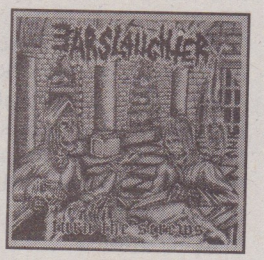
The layout for this record looks exactly like something that would come out on Youth Attack—all black with washed out black-and-white images of undefined somethings. Pollen? Dust? Microscopic organisms? Who knows? This aesthetic seems to be getting more and more common these days, replacing the old tropes for new ones. But I digress; this is a music review, not art criticism. DRAIZE aren't breaking new ground here, but their heavy, down-tuned hardcore is exactly what I like hearing, so no complaints on this end. The bass is very present in the mix—not MAN IS THE BASTARD present, but definitely there and loud. The drumming is very death metal-influenced on some of the songs, riding the high hat for long periods; again nothing I'm opposed to at all, and it works really well with the riffs. The songs alternate between faster parts and *slooooow* ones to excellent effect, only faltering when they fall into a few straight edge-sounding parts that don't fit in with the rest. The lyrics are definitely the weak point here, never rising out of clichés to say anything real. This is still a good record, though. (VX)
(Draize Recordings / Punks Before Profits)

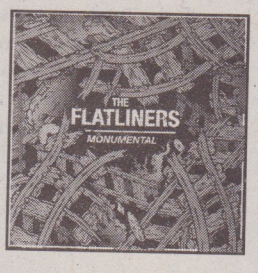
DRIPFED – "No Light at the End of the Tunnel" EP

I'm starting to realize that, generally speaking, there is an inverse relation between the fanciness of a punk record's packaging and the value of its musical content. This EP from Denver's DRIPFED arrived in a hand-sewn, silkscreened cloth bag; inside is a hand-numbered cover and a slab of colored vinyl. Unfortunately, as you may have already gathered, the music is not exactly up to snuff. The first song is pretty decent stenchcore with some doomy parts that work nicely, but on song number two they bring in a sappy acoustic guitar bit that does not fit at all. The third song, starting out the B-side, meanders a bit without going anywhere, and sounds like half-paced thrash. With the final song they return









to the doomier crust sound they started things out with, but it's too little, too late. I'm not saying this is as bad as the HELLBASTARD "comeback" record, but there is a lot of room for improvement to say the least. (VX)
(Less Art)

DRUGS DRAGONS – LP

I started off really torn about this one. The music is so hard rock. Every riff starts off sounding like it was lifted from some well known classic rock song, but then it goes off in another direction and becomes much more musically interesting, The singer has one of those deep, ugly voices that is always inexplicably appealing to me. He growls and squeals in an almost silly way, but somehow makes it sound cool. The more I listen to this record, the more I like it. Nasty, hideous, catchy and completely fascinating. I have to admit it. This is great. (CK)
(Dusty Medical)

ENDLESS DEMISE – "No Concept of Time" EP

Straightforward old-school grindcore. The band consists of ex-EXCRUCIATING TERROR and NAUSEA (LA) members and does sound a bit like the former. There is a slight powerviolence leaning once in a while, but they mostly stick to INSECT WARFARE or PHOBIA style grind. No-frills grind! (MH)
(Sick Thought)

EXCRUCIATING TERROR – "Expression of Pain" LP

Finally, after almost fifteen years, this monster is out on vinyl. This was originally released on CD on Pessimiser Records while I was in high school, and has been a staple ever since. EXCRUCIATING TERROR is hands-down the greatest grind band after the initial explosion in the late '80s. Anyone that is a fan of INSECT WARFARE or IN DISGUST that hasn't heard this is a fucking poser. Period. Coming out of LA in the early '90s, they have done nothing but play the most brutal true grindcore you will ever hear. Total no-bullshit approach. Insane Society has done everyone a huge favor by reissuing this thing. It's crazy, after all these years "snapperheads" still suck, and so do "fuckers that sell that brown dirt weed they call bud." Members currently play in the equally punishing BLOODY PHOENIX and ENDLESS DEMISE. Now, let's get the early EPs and demo reissued. (AH)
(Insane Society)

EX-FAG COP – "Gimme Fag Agenda" EP

Like anyone with a sense of humor, I think EX-FAG COP is a great band name. The music is decent distorted Midwest (almost weird) punk with the B-side outshining the A (who cares?). I think every college town east of Chicago and west of New Jersey has a fag cop in it, and I don't see anything wrong with that at all. (BB)
(Bat Shit)

EXILES FROM CLOWNTOWN – "Around the Corner/Whistling Assassin"

Both of these tracks sound like they got cut from FUGAZI's *Instrument Soundtrack*. In other words, this piece of vinyl is elevator music with distortion. *Shoegaze* (I know! It keeps coming up this month!) sans vocals and that also really goes nowhere at all. Which isn't necessarily a bad thing. (HD)
(Greatdividing)

FICTION ROMANCE – "Le Luxe Ne Connait Pas La Crise" CD

French punk straddling the line between classic '77 style and more modern-sounding stuff like NRA, BAD RELIGION and even the LILLINGTONS (with the vocals). The cover was so horribly pixilated that I could barely make out the blurry black and white pics of the band larking around in the countryside. Everything was going along swimmingly until track 7 "Psychoska"...where they do, well, psychoska I guess. Jesus, Euros! Really? Other than that this is pretty solid. (TB)
(Trauma Social)

THE FINGERS – "Isolation" EP

Rei$$ue of one of the most expen$ive punk record$. What doe$ it $ound like? *$ound$ like money in the bank* and al$o like everything el$e that'$ cool from 1977 (except the FIRM). *$ound$ like* $EX PI$TOL$ *mixed with the* RAMONE$ *played by fourth grader$* (from Pitt$burgh). Three ong, no $leeve. "Work it Out"—great $ong. $ick. (BB)
(Last Laugh)

THE FLATLINERS – "Monumental" EP

OMG! Fat Wreck Chords still release new music?! Reminds me of NERF HERDER if they shitted on HOT WATER MUSIC. Plenty of manly "Woahs!" like AFI came through puberty. It also sounds a bit like BRACKET grew up into a bloke, and is much the same as the kid it used to be, but maybe just a little bit less of a pussy. (GG)
(Fat Wreck)

FLESH LIGHTS – "You're a Stealer/He Got Sent Away"

When I saw the cover with a shirtless guy on a motorcycle and a name like the FLESH LIGHTS, I was prepared for the worst. Really, I expected dumb cock-rock-inspired punk. What I got instead was a some really enjoyable, clean-sounding garage pop punk, which is the best way I can describe bands like the MARKED MEN, RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS and SOMETHING FIERCE. What do all three of those bands have in common? They are all from Texas, as are the FLESH LIGHTS. While this 45 isn't going to set the world on fire, these kids appear young and if they don't break up this is a really solid start. Limited to 300 copies. (JF)
(Trustworthy)

FOGNA – "Merda Come L'Oro" EP

Neat-o! After a long intro that could be favorably compared to the horror film soundtracks of GOBLIN plus a bit of hardcore screaming, FOGNA breaks into some seriously bizarre classic-Italian-hardcore-meets-gloomy-JOY-DIVISION punk. Low production values, off-kilter tunings and an obvious drum machine only add to the weird atmosphere. The last track, "E Brucia Tutto Intorno" is like some kind of amazing WRETCHED-inspired nightmare! I don't usually listen to stuff like this (*is* there anything else like this?) but I would love to hear more. My Italian is non-existent, but based on the art and what I can pick out of the lyric sheet it seems like this duo have a serious problem with the Catholic church. Makes sense. (AU)
(Bat Shit)

FOR WANT OF – "The Orchestrated Decay of Self Sufficiency" EP

This takes me back a decade or so. A four-song debut EP from this four-piece from Austin, Texas. Screamo is the word here. Hardcore is the other word. The songs are fast. The guitar is actually a bit more fancy than a lot of bands in this genre (i.e. more single-note picking and fewer power chords), which adds a lot of dynamics to the songs. ORCHID comes to mind, or a faster HOT CROSS. Fans of COMADRE will probably like this. Ex-members of BRANCH DAVIDIAN and current members of CHEST PAIN, if that mean anything to you. I'm really digging this. (MD)
(Resuscitate)

FULL OF FANCY – "Hermit Love/Marriage"

These New Jersey kids display clear influences from the MUFFS and vocal stylings that lean towards the sweeter side of the SOVIETTES, juxtaposed with a pleasing balance of UNLOVABLES bubblegum and a tiny, even spattering of grit to take this away from being too saccharine. All done in a fairly typical RAMONES-core vein, this, the 50th release in the Art of the Underground Single Series, is a sweet and tuneful little offering. Not bad. (GG)
(Art of the Underground)

GESTAPO KHAZI – "Escalators/The Atomic Kind"

Taking the rain-soaked bleakness of the Pacific Northwest, the doom punk of the land of the dark days (Finland) whilst adding some Southern California death punk roots. This sounds wonderfully old, coming off like a lost treasure that would fetch silly bucks on eBay. Is it KILLING JOKE meets the WIPERS, or is it CRISIS meets the GUN CLUB? Not to worry, as both are winning formulas. The right amount of reverb, with just a slight touch of studio noodling gives this the perfect early-'80s punk rock aesthetic. More, please. (SD)
(Eradicator)

GET RAD – "What the Fuck Happened to Common Sense?" 12"

Sometimes it's hard to come up with different ways to describe a current straight-up hardcore

band without relying on tired clichés and phrases about how they sound traditional yet modern or whatever, but that portrayal totally fits the bill with GET RAD. They are an undeniably modern-sounding band in certain (good) ways, but at the same time the tunes are heavily informed by classic hardcore. I would say that GET RAD sounds at times like MINOR THREAT (or maybe EMBRACE-era MacKaye) if they had come out in '00 instead of '80; at other times I would make the same comparison using BATTALION OF SAINTS. By a more modern sound, I mean a bit heavier in vocals and guitar and even in production, but none of these things are too excessive. And the lyrics on this are cool as hell, which throws this band on a higher rung than most of their contemporaries. This single-sided EP—with nine tracks, though—is just a teaser for an upcoming full-length of different songs. Heck yeah! (BG)
(Underground Communiqué)

GIRLFRIENDS – "Government Seizure/Creep Stuff"

Kicking off with a riff worthy of BILLY CHILDISH himself, GIRLFRIENDS come out of the garage revving, but stutter to a crawl two-thirds of the way through the first song. Must have filled up with kangaroo petrol. From then on, the song gets a bit moody in what sounds like a misguided attempt to ooze sex appeal, until finally reaching a loud and abrupt climax. The flipside plods along repetitively like mid-period FALL. Entertaining stuff. (AM)
(Aurora Seven)

GLASS TEETH – "Rig/Jacob Saved Them All"

GLASS TEETH is really early-'90s-sounding to me—that time when for many bands FUGAZI was one side of the coin, and JESUS LIZARD were the other. Which side were you on? It's clear where GLASS TEETH fell. That *might* be because of the singer's voice; he really has that SCRATCH ACID yowl. I was also vaguely reminded of LIFTER PULLER, which for me is not a good thing, but I think Jeff's vocals and the Yow-isms apparent that can, when used for the power of evil, veer towards LIFTER PULLER. This is a little more *rock* than I like. I mean, it's lo-fi sounding, but it's also somehow so clean and ordered. The information I could find about the band online inferred a wild, unhinged performance, and maybe if that were apparent on this 7" this review would be less ambiguous. I think people from CARDIAC ARREST are involved in this. Definitely interested in what the future holds, not so much what this disc contains however. (LG)
(Problem Solved Industries)

GOVERNMENT ISSUE – "The Fun Just Never Ends" LP

A repress of this excellent GOVERNMENT ISSUE album originally released in 1985 on Fountain of Youth/Dutch East India. This version includes four extra tracks of alternate recordings or mixes, which are interesting, but not essential. I have fond memories of this as it was the first GOVERNMENT ISSUE release I bought and one of the early records in my collection. I distinctly remember jumping around my bedroom to the song "Vanity Fare." "Mad at Myself" and "Fun and Games" are other favorites. That being said, I view this album as a transition record from the still-hardcore leanings of *Joy Ride* to the more refined post-hardcore/alternative rock sound of *GI* (the self-titled album). My one complaint is the sound quality. I listened to the original release and it sounds much cleaner. On this reissue, the guitars sound way in the red and muddy. Maybe the tapes had been sitting in someone's basement for 25 years. If you don't have this, or the CD discography set Dr. Strange put out recently, it's well worth picking up. (MD)
(Dr. Strange)

GRAY GHOST – "Succubus" EP

When hardcore gets this heavy, there is probably another more specialized name for it. What I really like is that the bass just crushes throughout every song like some kind of barbarian war god is playing it through an amp the size of the Pacific Ocean. Reminds me a lot of BURIAL YEAR, NEUROSIS and other doomed-out, sludgy hardcore with absolutely no elements of metalcore or any other hipster bastard strain. It has the heavy presence of metal but the sound comes from the punk side of the fence. If there is a name for this subgenre, somebody tell me. (BL)
(A389 Recordings)

HATEWAVES – "Taste the Beast" 45

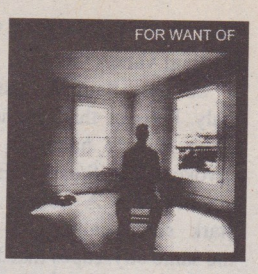
OK, first things first: One of the dudes in HATEWAVES released a record by my old band. Luckily that band broke up so I can be honest—I don't like this. I don't like TRIAC, and I don't like PULLING TEETH, who this band is a side project of. It's not bad, sounding like a mix of HAYMAKER/LEFT FOR DEAD, grind and TERROR, at least during the breakdowns. It's really just not my style, and I don't think it's meant to be some legendary record. It's obviously a side project. Most of the lyrics are on the humorous side of things. Oh yeah, one-sided, three minutes long, most likely part of a pre-order package. Dom has released three of my favorite bands, so he can pretty much put out whatever he wants at this point, and I'll still think his label kicks ass. (AH)
(A389 Recordings)

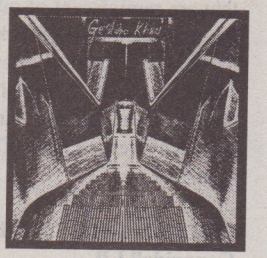
HEAVY CREAM – "Danny" LP

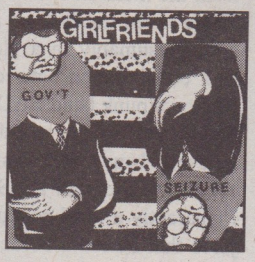
It's funny to read the notes that sometimes come with LPs, particularly the "promo" ones that only we fancy record snob people are lucky enough to see. The PR folks at Infinity Cat would have you believe that this band is the result of JOEY RAMONE humping SUZIE QUATTRO. They use terms like "youth incarnate," "primal beats" and "the color bad." I'm not sure about any of that, but I will tell you that this record just plain fucking rocks. This is driving and deliberate and has some hooks that I just can't resist. Seriously, this is that beautiful combination of being punk and honest combined with pure catchiness. With bands like HEAVY CREAM and the RIVER CITY TANLINES, Nashville is a place where female punks are making a mark. (KK)
(Infinity Cat)

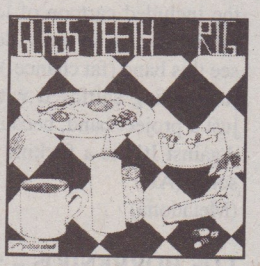
HELL DIVISION – "La Solucion Final" EP

Opening with a song named after DISCHARGE's hometown of Stoke-on-Trent kind of gives you a heads-up as to where this band is coming from. Apparently they believe that the streets there ring with D-beats 24-7, which is probably not true, but on the other hand I've never been so I couldn't tell you for sure. It's a pleasant thought, though. Music-wise this is some excellent, burly modern D-beat that reminds me of the Czech band FESTA DESPERATO. The vocals seem to switch off between a black-metal-influenced screecher and a more traditional yeller. There are some cool breakdowns and metal flourishes that keep this from being strictly traditionalist, so even if you're not into the whole purist D-beat thing there may yet be something here for you. (AU)
(Trabuc)









HIS ELECTRO BLUE VOICE – "Black Veils/ Animal Verses"

Savage, flailing, distorted post-punk from Italy. Parts of this remind me of the VSS—that same sort of hardcore idea transmission that invokes CRISIS/early DEATH IN JUNE, through another lens. A full-on aggressive, trebled-out, stark soundscape, post-apocalyptic, inhabiting the same cityscapes that JOY DIVISION created, but not a stern recitation as some goth-intoned post punk can veer towards. There are sections that are reminiscent of mid-era SPK, particularly the last section of "Black Veils," which has this transcendent quality after the hectic destruction of the first half. "Animal Verses" switches to an almost krautrock-like jam from this incendiary WARSAW-esque intro. Compelling stuff. (LG)
(Batshit)

HOLOCAUSTO POMADA – "Brain Cell Genocide" LP

Total fucking hateful skate-core straight from the mean streets of sunny Mallorca, Spain! These seven tracks were recorded over ten years ago (presumably in a pleasantly drunken haze) as a collaboration between two members of the Mallorca punk band BAD TASTE and Portland's ambassador to the world Kelly H. (who's been in every band ever). This shit is raw, fast and totally in love with POISON IDEA and Pomada (apparently a local concoction of gin and lemon juice that I need a bottle of, *stat*!). Lyrics cover poop, drinking and hating tourists, with a special emphasis on hating the fuck out of tourists, as the included cartoon of local punks puking on a tourist family so aptly demonstrates. I'd like to see this band (fat chance!) but I'd be just as happy just getting shitfaced with 'em. Too bad this is just a project band, because they'd be huge. "I'm Against It!" is a fucking classic snotty hardcore song. (AU)
(Metadona)

LOS HORRENDOS – "El Agujero Negro De Los Horrendos" CD

From Argentina, these guys do their tribute to the RAMONES and the MISFITS. Sung in native tongue, this is mostly for locals and fans of LITTLE STEVEN's garage radio show. (RL)
(self-released)

INSUBORDINATES – LP

These fellows may be from New York, but everything about this record vehemently oozes Southern California. The vocals are bratty but growled; the music is a spastic descendent of the ADOLESENTS. It's all layered with a fair amount of surf punk influence and stoner ethos. This is a fun album. Kind of goofy, in a way, but a great time if you're in a good mood. (FS)
(Cowabunga)

INSURGENTS – "Fad Cash" EP

This thing starts to rage from the first burst of feedback, but it's not until the second song hits that it fully heats up, and goddamn if this isn't some of the most disturbed, sinister shit I've heard in at least a couple of years. These songs almost listen as if they're on the wrong speed, and they're rowdy and aggressive as all hell, invoking all the right good/bad feelings. Musically and production-wise, think EXCLAIM meets STREET TRASH meets the MECHT MENSCH song "Acceptance." Blast this shit and distort the world, because this is music well worth losing your hearing over. (DG)
(Distort / Pederast Prophet)

INSURRECT – "Fucking Infinity" LP

This Cleveland thrash band was around from about 2004-08 and this seven-song LP was released back in 2007. The reissue is pretty much a repress on a different label. This form of thrash has always made me very happy. It's thrash at its beginnings, with some obvious IRON MAIDEN influences but at the same time with modern hardcore influences. "Celestial Message," for example, is a classic thrash track that is equal parts *Ride the Lightning* and IRON MAIDEN. The next track, "Widowmaker," has more of a techie hardcore sound but still sticks to thrash—all headbanging fun for sure. One of the guitar players, Alex, went on to SKELETONWITCH and that pure metal thrash is all over this record. (MH)
(Big Purple)

JEFF THE BROTHERHOOD – "Heavy Days" LP

First off, this is a two-piece—two brothers to be precise (who the fuck is Jeff?)—that manages to sound as big as an aircraft carrier piled to the rafters with fucked-up, stoned-out, jamming psych punks. Mix it up with some vintage stoner grooves, classic power pop, '60s freakbeat and some of the sweet, sweet melody of later BEACH BOYS. A hook at every turn, with riffs that ooze out of that three-stringed guitar, backed up by a drummer that combines the flamboyancy of Keith Moon with the heavyweight pounding of Geezer Butler. Catch them while you can, 'cause this family duo is about to blow right up. Maximum rock'n'roll and maximum reviewer's recommendation. (SD)
(Infinity Cat)

JOE HEBERT BAND – "I Don't Wanna Be a Preppy/First Date"

OK, I'll admit it, I'm pissed Brace got the FINGERS and I got JOE HEBERT BAND. If you're gonna pick just one of these Last Laugh jobbies this month, I'd def go with the FINGERS. That said, in terms of sheer lo-fi '70s retardation (1981, natch), JOE HEBERT BAND is hard to beat. Distorto trash punk bubbling over with fuzzed-out learners permit guitar, in this love/hate monody to Providence's notorious preppy girl population. Long sweated amongst the greasiest of comb-over collectros, original copies of this Rhode Island giga-rarity have exchanged hands for sums well into four digits. Now you can get your paws on this nearly identical reissue (duh, label says Last Laugh, har har) for something like five bucks. *Do it*. (GB)
(Last Laugh)

K-HOLES – "Swamp Fires/Werewolf with a Tan" EP

The aptly named K-HOLES look to be part of the East Coast hipster youth explosion, featuring a member of GOLDEN TRIANGLE and an ex-member of BLACK LIPS, but this is a different sound than one you might expect. Not at all poppy party sounds, both songs are foreboding, swampy and angst-ridden. Some GUN CLUB and SCIENTISTS cues are present without taking themselves too seriously. I love the brooding. Prior to this release they put out a split cassette with the BLACK LIPS, and an upcoming LP on Hozac is in the works. (AL)
(11th Hour)

KNAVES GRAVE – "I Don't Wanna Be Yr AARP/Shitty Sunrise" EP

It is really difficult to find the words to characterize this 7" accurately. It's a little bit glammy power-pop, a little bit hair metal, and a lot bit shoegazey. OK, so... fast, anthemic, snobby shoegaze. Do you read me? It's like if DURAN DURAN lived on a commune with BRILLIANT COLORS, ROXY MUSIC and the STONE ROSES, and nobody knew whose baby was whose, but all the babies were named KNAVES GRAVE. (HD)
(Army of Bad Luck)

KRANG – "The Bog of Eternal Stenchcore" EP

Naming a band after the psychotic disembodied brain from *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* is one of those things that a crust band shouldn't be able to get away with, but after giving the record a spin, I'm willing to let it pass. And the *Labyrinth* pun in the title... Well, despite being a little goofy, this band delivers some great music to roll your dreads to. Stenchy, crusty, brutal jams with lots of snarl and some surprisingly poetic lyrics. They sound like they would be pretty great live. Proof that you can't judge a 7" by it's cover. Well, actually the cover is pretty cool, too. (BL)
(self-released)

KREIGSHÖG – LP

Clogged arteries of distortion, rampant waves like a distant, severe dream of *Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say Nothing* vomited in flood like torrents until you're no longer able to stay above water. The first four tracks of this Tokyo band's debut LP basically don't allow you to catch a breath and figure out what's going on. By the time the Rainy/Bones-styled riffs pull your head out of the madness, you're lost in the rest of the album's absolutely brutal assault. Everyone gets the guitars and drums in the "Dis-" sound, but so few get the bass, which puts this into another class and totally kicks ass. It's buried under wild slathering vocals, wall-of-distortion guitar riffs and locked-in solid drumming, and provides grounding for

everything else to just wail and become overwhelming. So many bands have copied, aped and paid tribute to the KURO blown-out school in the last few years, but so few have added much to the style. While similarities also point to classic Japanese bands DISCLOSE and FRAMTID, KREGISHÖG takes the noisy and noiser style to a new severe level. Lyrics question war, the US role in world peace, and are in Japanese, English and a combination of both. Nice gatefold packaging; one of the more instantly classic epic Japanese releases in recent memory. Mandatory. (KS)
(La Vida Es Mus / H:G Fact)

LAPINPOLTHAJAT – LP

This band has been playing in Lappi, Finland for over a decade and has one previous EP release. Well, kids, here are ten new tracks that are long overdue. What the hell is holding you guys up? Yes, they sound like early APPENDIX and LAMA, and while I am always wary when people only compare bands of a certain country with bands of that same country (I suspect because of the language), the sound is distinctly Finnish. The recording quality is clear, as are the instruments. There are driving beats, but there is also melody. The vocals on this record are awesome. There are speaking parts over the music, raspy singing/yelling and group choruses with some tough but sorta heartbreaking harmonizing—all in Finnish. The songs are catchy and mid tempo with good riffage and straightforward drumming and guitars. There are a few amazing bass parts, with some "diddling" and scale climbing. It sounds like these guys took their time in writing these tracks; nothing sounds rushed, but there is no loss in impact or urgency. The more I listen to this, the more it moves me and the more I like it, not because I already love Finnish HC or that this record didn't mesmerize me the first time, but that it sound so old school without worship. These dudes love what they are playing; it is who they are, it reflects their culture and you can hear it in every note. I love it. I am ordering it when I am done typing this review. *Kippis* on a job well done, punks. (MB)
(Hohnie / Roku / Heat Wave / Kamaset Levyt)

LIQUOR STORE – "Trash Sandwich/Free Pizza"

Go no further! This is the record of the month (both sides, despite "Trash Sandwich" being the "plug side"), sez I. Completely brilliant idiocy that sounds as though it was written and recorded in fifteen minutes of pure, white-hot inspiration. What does it sound like? It sounds like the combined seraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominions, and the rest of the angelic host if they were in *Playboy*'s all-star jazz and pop band. It sounds like a song from the *Baby Stooges* cartoon (which was produced by Ross Bagdasarian [*Sr.*, motherfucker] and used Williamson-era STOOGES as the model for the infant cartoon characters) when GARY GLITTER was writing the songs. (DD)
(Almost Ready)

LOMA PRIETA – "Life/Less" 12"

San Francisco's premier post-hardcore/screamo/whatever-you-want-to-call-them band is back with a new 12" of blasting, chaotic hot mess. This is easily twice as heavy as anything these gentlemen have produced to date, and it's pretty damn good, too. I find it very difficult to write about bands playing in these styles for sheer lack of descriptive prowess on my part, so forgive me if this is somehow both brief and meandering. LOMA PRIETA plays a style that is not my usual cup of tea, with a lot more upbeat and melodic parts than I'm used to hearing in my music these days; normally, soft parts with singing make me throw up in my mouth, but these guys and their comrades-in-arms DROWNING WITH OUR ANCHORS can pull it off without even making me gag—an impressive feat, I assure you. Fortunately, they balance out the more saccharine side of things with a vicious and brutal controlled chaos that counterbalances it quite nicely. I'm glad to see that, rather than stagnating, LOMA PRIETA is pushing forward to test the limits of their style, to take their songwriting farther rather than just resting on their laurels. If you ever look back with fondness on the halcyon days of Ebullition, or if the departure of FUNERAL DINER left a gaping void in your soul, this record just might be the remedy. (VX)
(Discos Huelga / React With Protest)

LOSE THE TUDE – "Generation Gaps" EP

Feeling cynical and wary about modern music? Think everything is just rehashing old sounds? Well, LOSE THE TUDE is on the scene to help remedy the situation. These dudes throw down swift and snotty hardcore, but at the same time there are such variances in style thrown in that you really couldn't pinpoint them in any category. The songs lie somewhere between humor and conviction and give just as many nods to FUGAZI as they do the CIRCLE JERKS. The lyrics are sometimes significant and occasionally bizarre, but always shouted with a peculiar cynical earnestness. There might be a bit too much of the shouted dual vocals for my taste, but everything else going on here—the guitar work especially—makes up for that. I can't make up my mind if I really like this or will never listen to it again; I've already played the record like eight times this weekend, though—does that mean something? (BG)
(Sacred Plague)

LUNAR OUTPOST – "Everything We Know Is Wrong" CD

"Finnish four piece punktrashgarageorgangrinding band" they says, and who am I to naysay? The organ is a large part of what gives it an '80s garage sound à la the CYNICS, but all the pieces are pretty much there. (DD)
(Subsystem Request)

THE MAKAI – "Embracing the Shroud of a Blackened Sky" LP

I've been a fan of this band since I saw them at their first show years ago in a living room, and have always liked the way they draw on a lot of different influences within the same song. It makes for some awesome, frenetic metal with lots of changes coming out of nowhere and tripping up the heshers trying to dance to it. On this record, the band's sound has evolved away from the crusty death metal of earlier days toward more of a doom sound with lots of builds and changes over the course of a single song which spans both sides of the LP with a quiet droning part right before you flip the disc. It is still crusty and on the faster side of doom, but it is a significant enough departure from earlier releases that it will surprise fans that haven't seen them live for the last year or so. This change in style coincides perfectly with my metal listening habits lately so I loved it. If you don't like it then fuck you. (BL)
(Halo of Flies)

DAN MELCHIOR UND DAS MENACE – "Visionary Pangs" LP

I know I've heard plenty from Mr. MELCHIOR in the past, but nothing of his has ever made a lasting impression on

me before this slab of SYD BARRETT redolent home (at least it sounds like) recordings that veer between dark psych-ish noisy and monastically contemplative (jeez, get a load of those fancy ass adverbs and adjectives). I'm a believer. (DD)
(S-S)

DAN MELCHIOR UND DAS MENACE / PHEROMOANS – split EP

More strong, off-beat tunes from the PHEROMOANS—the UK kids most privy to their countrymen's historical DIY aesthetic. "Slime Days" enters the A-side with steady purpose to wiggle with a beer in hand at the house party; good groovy feelings after they played out all their DESPERATE BICYCLES and PRIMITVE CALCULATORS. The latter are especially stoked on "Relaxed Opel Dawn" unafraid to sacrifice the pop tune to the weird-gods, intermixing found audio recordings and dashing aside rhythmic continuity. "God's Gone Mad" wraps up the little modest EP with a KIM FOWLEY-like fuck up on '50s bops, surfy-leads and storybook lyrics warning of how "Jesus died for my pranks and now I face the Russian tanks." MELCHIOR's offering to the split effort is a typically schizo New Zealand-like laid-back jangle tune that switches to Guitar Center-wank riffs without warning. If you can stomach experimental leads throughout, you might be rewarded with the weird "Baron Saturday"-period the PRETTY THINGS vibe with minor-screeching organs tying it all up surprising well. (JS)
(Savoury Days)

MERMAIDS – "Holiday/Whirlpool"

Good rough-around-the-edges pop that's too shimmery to be "garage" or even "surf"—for which their recent review in the *New York Times* quizzically grab-bagged genres. The sound is also a little too big and bold for a "bedroom" feel either, so I guess blown-out jangle thump might get you closer to the heart. No surprise these guys are from the South as it's got a good rush to it that seems to come naturally to the region's bands. Some serious shredder guitar amidst the *Flintstones* caveman rock beat. A one-two punch, and there seems to be an LP out soon, too. (JS)
(Pretty Ambitious)

THE MIDWEST BEAT – "At the Gates" LP

Taking a big cue from the mid-'60s British invasion à la the HOLLIES, the KINKS and the BEATLES (to name a few) whilst injecting the Midwest flavor of the REPLACEMENTS and the MORDERN MACHINES. Not afraid to add a bit of country influence, which lends it a slight, REIGNING SOUND feels. Light and breezy, but certainly no throwaway, *At the Gates* is a record that takes repeated listens before you really do realize the quality of the songwriting. Its got the good ol' meat and potatoes working class ethic, but instead of worshipping at the alter of SPRINGSTEEN, this foursome lays their offerings firmly at the mop-top altar of mid-'60s England. If you enjoyed fellow Midwesterners JAIL, then you will certainly lap this up. Excellent. (SD)
(Dusty Medical)

MILLENIAL REIGN – "Bones, Dust, Nothing" EP

The first thing that struck me about the record is the vocals—they're buried in the mix. With this Holy Terror metallic hardcore style, I think the one thing that bands tend not to get right are the vocals—both Dwid (*Those Who Fear Tomorrow* era) and HUMAN FURNACE (*The Promise* era) had/have beastly vocals with a lot of attitude that are pretty close to inimitable. MILLENIAL REIGN has the distortion in the vocals, but the attitude and nasty, evil quality is missing. Then again, it's hard to tell because the vocals sound buried. The next thing I noticed is that the first song, "I Start Fires with My Mind," doesn't fit very well with the rest. It's too melodic. It sounds soft in comparison. The music of this EP is pretty cool, but not really that memorable. There are plenty of chunky riffs with punkish, almost D-beat-style parts. The lyrics are fairly interesting. They're kind of like new age posi-core lyrics. I dig the social critique and references to spirituality, but it could definitely stand to go deeper. This record could be sick, brutal and fucked up but instead it's just an average metallic hardcore record. (DB)
(A389 Recordings)

LA MISERIA DU TU ROSTRO – "Savia" LP

When I first saw this record, I was turned off by the artwork. I still don't like it, but I was wrong about it as it's actually pretty ripping. It's a little too epic, melodi-crust for me, but it stands apart and above from many bands in the same genre. Hailing from Chile, LA MISERIA DU TU ROSTRO are definitely modern hardcore/metalcore, but instead of relying too heavily on mosh-y SLAYER-inspired breakdowns, it sounds like they've taken some cues from AT THE GATES, VOIVOD or MORBID ANGEL while generally playing pretty fast. Don't get me wrong—this is still modern metallic hardcore, but there may be shreds of influence from the aforementioned bands. There are some moments when they remind me of a '90s metallic HC band like ASCENSION and others when the riffs have a really cool, subtle melody. Sometimes, however, there are a few too many emo-sounding octave chords, but overall I'd say the riffs are ripping. The vocals are scream-y, which isn't my favorite style, but it matches the music well. They need to be higher in the mix though. Again, It's little too epic for me, but overall a pretty cool fucking record! Strong musical performances, strong parts and strong transitions between parts. Solid. (DB)
(Corrosion Cerebral / Depraved and Devilish / Inhumano)

MOCK / RAPID CITY – split EP

First up we have one song from MOCK, a band from Berlin, Germany. This reminds me of some of the more recent offerings from Dischord. It's a bit on the slow side, the vocals are a bit drab, but the song takes some twist and turns, such that at almost six minutes long, it doesn't get stale. RAPID CITY is from New Brunswick, New Jersey and contributes two songs, though one is a short instrumental. I think they would fit nicely on the No Idea roster of bands alongside TWELVE HOUR TURN and STRIKEFORCE DIABLEO—a little melody, a little dissonance, with sung/spoken vocals. RAPID CITY has released an LP and I plan to search it out. Blue vinyl. (MD)
(Love/Hate)

MODERN ACTION – "Molotov Solution" CD

Punk for punk's sake, no frills no spills, just showertime chorus after showertime chorus, unapologetically simple but by no means played by simple folks. I miss the aggro-pop of those early Sonoma bands (minus the rent-a-thug crowds), I miss the BODIES, the RANDOMS and the early heydays of the SWINGIN' UTTERS. MODERN ACTION has managed to fill my wine country pines with hit after hit of rough-and-ready '77-influenced punk rock. No filler; any one of these songs could be a single and that is saying something. Think the first two BAD RELIGION LPs, the AUTHORITIES, the ADVERTS and the DAMNED, and that would put you smack bang on the money. Love it. (SD)
(Modern Action)

MODERN WARFARE – "Nothing Left for Me" EP

There have been heated arguments over the years between obsessive punks over which MODERN WARFARE EP was better—the first self-titled KBD punk classic debut or the brilliant hardcore follow-up with the famous Krishna slaughter cover art (the same artwork on the mandatory ANTIDOTE EP, of course). Well, although they both absolutely destroy and are freakin' essential, this second EP, now legitimately reissued by the Australian zine *Penderast Prophet*, probably takes the cake. This is one of those flawless early '80s records that just epitomizes what perfect hardcore punk music is all about—speed mixed with melody, fantastic lyrics and three-chord simplicity—one of those records you would throw on when trying to demonstrate to some sorry outsider just why you love this music so much. Have I made my point clear that this goddamn record is indispensable? Well, now's your chance to grab a copy if you can't afford to shell out outrageous amounts for the original. (BG)
(Pederast Prophet)

MOSCOW MOSCOW MOSCOW – "Fans of Stalin Show Yer Bottom" EP

This is some pretty catchy Russian-themed two-piece (guitar/drum) trashy sounding rock. The info sheet thing that came with it says they're a surf-punk band, but I only hear a very slight surf influence in one of the songs. Out of five tracks, three are instrumentals. On the two others, the guy

sings one with a snotty voice, but it's hard to tell who sings lead on the other—they are both there yet without the snotty vibe. One question though: with the whole Russian thing going on here, why the yellow vinyl? I guess I would've gone with red. Oh well. (BD)
(Eradicator)

MOTHER – "Through This Disappearing Land (Part I and II)" 45

This is not doing it for me. Side A is one track of slow, heavy hardcore/sludge, but some of the vocals make me think of '90s "alternative" rock. Blech. The B-side features a moody acoustic instrumental that I find a lot more interesting, like the soundtrack to some long-forgotten art-house Western. I'm going to keep this for the acoustic track alone, but if the upcoming LP is more along the lines of the first track then I'll probably pass it up. (VX)
(Insane Society)

NEGATIVE LIFESTYLE – "In a Crowd" EP

In a Crowd is the debut five-song EP of thoroughly amazing switchblade-core from Sweden that falls somewhere between early-'80s hardcore and nihilistic leather jacket punk. It's fast and sloppy, but not shitty; it's hardcore from the garage; it's the music made by those loser kids down the street who aren't going anywhere in life. Killer RUDIMENTARY-PENI-style bass lines and manic trashcan drumming dominate while the snottily screamed vocals spit out lyrics of hopelessness and anxiety to such fine tunes as "Same Walls," "Hangover Anxiety" and "Brainwashed." These dudes are yet another example of the extraordinary new wave of bands like SCHOOL JERKS and REGULATIONS who are carrying on the tradition of real hardcore punk. Awesome. (BG)
(Bat Shit)

NEW LABOR – "Sex Ray Spex" EP

Quirky, hyperspastic jazzcore-punk. Don't hear much of this kind of thing these days, although I believe it's still a popular genre in Germany and parts of Eastern Europe. Think VICTIMS FAMILY, later SONS OF ISHMAEL or TH'INBRED, YOUR MOTHER, STIKKY, etc... One minute it's free jazz, then polka, then a pop-punk refrain, then a metal breakdown, all within a minute-and-a-half song. Not for everyone, but nostalgic for some I'm sure. (AM)
(self-released)

NIGHTGAUN – "Hopeful Helpless" EP

I can't quite make it out in the band photo, but I believe the bassist is wearing a shoelace around his head. That already gave me a pretty clear idea of what to expect out of these Arizona punks: six tracks of pretty killer hardcore with heavy Japanese and Finnish influences. I'm hearing GAUZE, KAAOS, maybe a little DISORDER... The bass is pretty high in the mix, helps take the edge off the ultra distorted guitar and prevents this from being some disposable noise punk shit. The vocals are great, totally raging with just the right amount of effects on them. Glad to see there's still an AZ hardcore scene, haven't heard much since the Fetus/Catchphraze Records days. (AH)
(Primitive Future, no info)

NO CHANCE FOR CHANGE – "Not This Way" EP

One of two one-sided 7" I got this month. It seems like a lot of people are doing the one sided-thing lately. I don't get it. Musically this band is doing a pretty decent stripped-down '82 USHC thing, with a slightly off-putting bouncy Oi influence to it, mainly in the way-too-loud bass lines. The vocalist seems a little bored; actually the whole thing is just kind of low energy, and the lyrics seem confused with one song seeming to be anti violence, and the other one encouraging people to be violent. Pretty middle of the road record, really—maybe next time. (AH)
(Crapoulet / Don't Trust You / Eatshitbuydie / Negative Youth / Rude Kids Crew)

NOIA – "Necessary Extinction" CD

A fukkn' bulldozer of Swedish metal-crust. Fans of HELLSHOCK and METALLICA take note and start taping up your ass, because that pathetic puckered poophole is about to get blown the fukk to smithereens. (WN)
(Plague Island)

NOMAD – "Kogeki Kaishi" EP

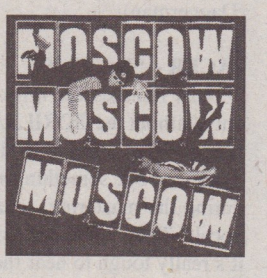
More good distort-core from NYC? Goddamn. Giving PERDITION a run for their money in the drunken, charged-hair D-beat department, NOMAD come out swinging with a sick EP's worth of DESTINO FINAL-style reverb vocals, crazy wah-pedal solos and glorious fuzz and noise. Taking their cues from the early DISCHARGE material and the sloppier end of early Swedish and Finnish D-beat, there's nothing fancy or complex about this record, just six fucking banging tracks of bottle-breaking, fight-starting, smoking-cigarettes-behind-the-high-school raw fucking *punk*. I assume a fight to the death or a joint tour with PERDITION is imminent. Get this shit, it's good. (AU)
(Vinyl Bloodbath)

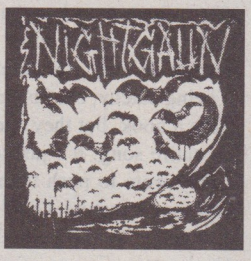
NO PROBLEM – "Your Eyes" EP

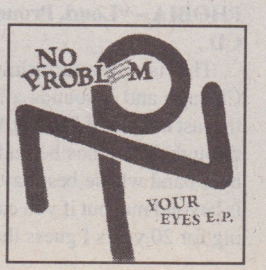
Someone needs to come up with a way to describe hardcore that is emotional without being emo. NO PROBLEM seems to fit that bill pretty accurately. They play fast HC with youth crew backups that make me envision a bunch of hardcore dudes doing the circle pit thing and being really into it. I was never really a fan of TEAR IT UP, but I'd be willing to bet their fans would dig this record. (BD)
(Handsome Dan)

OI! THE ARRASE – "Discografia 1996–2002" 2xCD

Good lord! Two CDs, 42 tracks and nearly two hours of music from these Spanish bootboys is a little more then I can handle! In all fairness, I did listen to the entirety of both CDs while at work and overall, as much as the musicianship and talent is more then competent, nothing really grabbed my attention on this unfortunately—other then the interesting selection of some cover songs like "We're Not Gonna Take It" by TWISTED SISTER, although sung in Spanish and titled "Somos de Mallorca." In addition to that cover, I recognized Spanish-sung versions of other songs by the likes of RED ALERT and the CRACK, I think, so at least the influences that this band draws upon are top-notch. With an aggressive sound full of chanting back-ups and gang choruses and requisite songs with titles such as "Punks y Skins," "Boot Boys," "Skinhead" and "Dr. Martins," you pretty much know what to expect and if that's your jam, then I'm sure this will appeal to you. I would recommend this if you're a fan of OI! THE ARRASE or other similar-sounding Spanish street-punk bands. This is the *complete* discography of this six-year era including some live recordings and multiple versions of many of the songs... (ML)
(Arrase)







THE OUTDOORSMEN – "To the Men of the Outdoors, Love Is a Beautiful Wave" EP

I like this band much better live. The music is louder, the singer is usually drunk and I can't understand any of the lyrics. The music on this record is nice. It's jangly and upbeat garage pop. Singer Chad has a cool sounding voice. Although I know rock lyrics are supposed to be stupid, these ones are cringe-worthy. You don't hear many songs these days where the singer declares he isn't a poseur. Or maybe just I don't. (CK)
(Daggerman)

PACER – "No. 1" 10"

This reminds me a lot of KID DYNAMITE, only without the GORILLA BISCUITS influence. It's got the same melodic hardcore/pop thing going on, but something must have gone wrong during the mastering, 'cuz I can hardly hear the vocals. They come through on the choruses, but it's really tough to hear them the rest of the time. If you were a fan of KID D or any of their other offshoot bands, you will love this record. (BD)
(Chunksaah)

PAHAA VERTA / YDINPERHE – split EP

Three songs of ripping fastcore from each of these Helsinki rippers. All raw and high-end heavy, but not packed with piercing noise—no bullshit hardcore from both bands. PAHAA VERTA's last track is probably the best song I heard during this month's onslaught of records (it was a very hardcore heavy month, as you might notice from the reviews), with an essential riff that will not leave my head for days. YDINPERHE is slightly dirtier, perhaps slightly drunker, slightly slower, and every bit as awesome…trading speed for hooks is often a very good idea. Fuck me if I ever have to pronounce either bands' name, but this split fukkn' kills. (WN)
(self-released)

THE PERENNIALS – "My Side of the Mountain" EP

This record is three songs of very simplistic garage-pop from Indianapolis. Certainly a lot of '60s influence and perhaps a touch of country. With the harmonizing back-up vocals and repetitious song structure, they come very close to being catchy, but just miss the mark. They can make a hook, but they can't hold you on through the entire song. It's just too repetitive. Although if they were to push themselves and experiment with song structure, I could see these kids crafting an excellent pop song in the future. (FS)
(Eradicator)

PHOBIA – "Loud, Proud, and Grind as Fuck" CD

This is a live recording from a 2008 show in Chicago and it sounds a hell of a lot better than the last couple of PHOBIA sets that I had to suffer through. The ethos behind releasing a live record by a band whose best days are clearly in the past is beyond me, but if you can keep a grind band going for 20 years I guess that's what you do. PHOBIA fans will probably like this CD but I'm over it and it just makes me wish that the fucking PLF/IN DISGUST split would finally come out so I'd have something more interesting to listen to. (BL)
(Deep Six)

PINK HOUSES – LP

I didn't think it was possible to reference both DEFIANCE OHIO and C/Z Records in the same review, but it's here and it's actually pretty good, especially considering how much I goddamn hate the Plan-It-X sound. You have earnest, somewhat sing-songy vocals over music that's heavy and wandering in a late-'80s Northwest or AmRep way, but it doesn't seem off. Sometimes, certain riffs sound like they could also be used in some basement pop punk song, but most of the time they're way more interesting and innovative. There's a good flow, variety and consistency of songs on here, and I'm also really digging the scuzzy bass tone on this thing. (DG)
(Mandible)

PLEXI 3 – "Calculated Romance" EP

I've been fooled by this new DMR label before. I immediately assume that it's Douchemaster, but it turns out there is another DMR, Dusty Medical Records. And if my memory serves me—and there is not guarantee that it does—I happen to like this new DMR just as much as my old, trusty one. This is solid, female-fronted pop-punk/new wave/power-pop, whatever you'd like to call it. It's got the catchiness of the band LUSH, only it's got a ton more guitar, bass and drums. Not terribly original, but it's so fucking catchy that I can't help myself. (KK)
(Dusty Medical)

PROTESTANT – "Judgements" LP

Milwaukee's PROTESTANT have been going strong for at least six or seven years now, and with this latest LP they show no signs of relenting. While their earliest releases (some demos and a split 7" with RHINO CHARGE) tended toward the faster and more chaotic side of hardcore, over the course of two more splits, a couple of EPs and two prior LPs, they have changed their sound pretty substantially. On this, their third full-length, PROTESTANT are playing some really solid mid-paced crust mixed with faster hardcore/punk parts and seriously epic tunes in the vein of early TRAGEDY or SCHIFOSI. I've liked every record these guys have come out with so far, and this one is definitely no exception. If you're on the market for crusty hardcore played with passion and intensity, this just might be the record you're looking for. (VX)
(Halo of Flies)

PULLING TEETH / SHIN TO SHIN – split 45

Two-song split with Baltimore's PULLING TEETH, who yank a metallic riff-fest out of grimy distortion. Splitting open from a bombastic intro to fast, riffed hardcore that descends deeper into metallic territory with searing *Reign in Blood* SLAYER-styled guitar soloing and squeals. The debut track by SHIN TO SHIN, featuring the former guitarist of INTEGRITY/IN COLD BLOOD, is more straightforward thick hardcore based around a simple and solid riff, with gruff, hollowed out vocals howled over the churn. Each band's track liberally chum buckets riffs, solos and metallic pound over the fervor, making for a solid split. Download code, camouflage colored vinyl, cockroach infested cover—you're ready for the apocalypse. (KS)
(A389 Recordings)

PUNCH – "Push Pull" LP

I was a huge fan of PUNCH's youth crew powerviolence sound on their last LP, and this one continues in a similar vein, though maybe with more of a 2000's youth crew feel, and is definitely more grind influenced in the fast parts. Meghan's intelligent, non-cliché personal/political lyrics are excellent as usual, and the recording is big yet unpolished, which works well. It's good, but I don't like it as much as the last LP, as I feel like most of these songs listen more like collection of riffs (albeit great ones) and lack the cohesion or song structure that would make them more memorable and, dare I say, accessible. That said, this is more my own preference than an inherent flaw of this record. (DG)
(625 Thrash / Discos Huelga)

PUNK LUREX OK – "1994-2003" LP

As the title indicates, this release compiles some of the songs that Finland's PUNK LUREX OK put out, mostly in the '90s. The tracks are not organized in any particular manner, nor is there information as to which songs were on which records. There is a discography, a list of band members, lyrics in Finnish and explanations in English. The band, made up of two ladies and two dudes, plays mostly mid-tempo catchy punk songs, with a few double-time hardcore tracks. What distinguishes them is the beautiful singing and sweet melodic harmonies—when the two women sing together it really is smooth and flawless. The production, though hardly raw, is just rough enough to keep this sounding like a punk record. The songs are really good, perfect for listening to over and over as you meander about town or work on whatever. There is a lineup listed for 2009, so perhaps we'll hear more from these kids soon. For people like me who missed their earlier output, this thing is a winner. (JM)
(Kamaset Levyt)

THE QUATERMASS – CD

Fast, bluesy rawk'n'roll punk with bar-rock guitar leads and nicked MOTÖRHEAD riffs. Owes a lot to shit like ZEKE or the HELLACOPTERS, I'd imagine. For the style, it's actually really well done: the production is just right, not too overblown and clean. For almost any style of music, the vocals can make or break a band, and the QUATERMASS fall this side of getting it right: no fake redneck shit, and some excellent female backups. (AM)
(Bugulu)

RETCONNED – "404-9669/High and Rising"

Having been a project since the late '90s, one-man band RETCONNED has put out many releases (and a slew of those were on Stickfigure), but this is the first I've heard of him, which is sort of both surprising and a shame, since this is the sort of sound that in the early part of the century would have been placed on the new release wall beside LONG HIND LEGS and T CELLS. It's a sound that many may have shelved, sassy vocals and all. Fortunately for the artist behind RETCONNED, so much time has passed since those sounds were in vogue that this is almost refreshing and a welcome change from all that is now. (AL)
(Army of Bad Luck)

RIGHT IDEA – "Our Way" CD

I freakin' loved straight edge hardcore in the late '80s largely because it was a continuance of the classic early '80s period, a revival in a way of the spirit and sound following the generally horrendous era of the mid '80s (when so many bands tried to "branch out" from punk and play shitty crossover metal or dreadful indie rock). I'm talking about bands like NO FOR AN ANSWER, YOUTH OF TODAY, STRAIGHT AHEAD and, well, you know—the good ones. Of course that period was brief and eventually a bunch of shitty, second-rate suburban bands or jock-ish militancy ruined it and straight edge hardcore got a deservedly unfavorable reputation. I mention all this because RIGHT IDEA is one of those exceptional contemporary bands that captures the characteristic sound and approach of those legendary groups and yet does not fall into imitative and inauthentic revival territory. But one thing I could never stomach, and it's found here as well, is the whole youth crew shouted chorus. Excluding that minor annoyance, the tracks on this CD, a collection of EPs and unreleased studio sessions from 2007 to the present, are fast and furious and just outright terrific. I'm totally digging it. And unlike many collections of this nature, there are hardly any repeated tracks, making this release all the more worthwhile. Check this out. (BG)
(Refuse)

RIGHT IDEA – "Right Way" EP

This band hails from Cleveland and plays positive hardcore that brings all the classics to mind: NO FOR AN ANSWER, YOUTH OF TODAY, CHAIN OF STRENGTH, etc. The overall sound definitely leans toward the melodic. Some of the octave chord leads in particular bring *Start Today*-era GORILLA BISCUITS to mind. Fortunately, however, as much as I will always love (and hate) that record, RIGHT IDEA doesn't take inspiration from its late-'80s youth crew production values or even song-writing approach. Instead they opt for an early version of the same style that has more in common with *Break Down the Walls* than *Start Today*. In other words, it's less produced, devoid of metallic leanings, and just generally more punk sounding. All this combined makes the melody work better than it might otherwise. Dig the songs, the lyrics, the message! The high-gloss sleeve is an interesting choice. Can't tell if I like that! Overall, this is a good record that, while not attempting to be very original, is chock-full of hooks and energy. (DB)
(Refuse)

RIVAL MOB – "Hardcore for Hardcore" EP

One of my few regrets this year was missing RIVAL MOB destroy Chaos In Tejas while I got loaded with my friends. This EP isn't making me feel any better about it. It is an almost perfect extension of bands like MENTAL and RIGHTEOUS JAMS mixed with straight-up SXE-in-your-face hardcore. Like a garage FLOORPUNCH or something. The recording is über raw yet still has a ton of punch; in fact, while the songs themselves are short stabs of pent-up rage, it's the recording that makes this record stand apart. This is one of my favorite records of the year…*soooooo rawwwwwww*. The lyrics are pretty typical SXE fare…music is blinding. (TB)
(Six Feet Under)

RIVER CITY REBELS – "Done with Love" LP

When I mentioned to an acquaintance who knows this band that I was reviewing their new album for *MRR*, he referenced BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN—and I'll be damned but I can't get that out of my head now that I'm listening to this... I don't want to get on my soapbox and question what this album is doing being reviewed in a punk magazine, but in my opinion this is stretching the definition of punk. Some people love The Boss, others hate him. Personally, I'm pretty indifferent, but other artists I think of when listening to this are JOHN COUGAR and COWBOY JUNKIES. Not very "punk" stuff… But in all fairness, this also reminds me a little bit of DOGS D'AMOUR at times which is a guilty pleasure of mine, so this isn't all that bad. But it's definitely far more on the "rock" side of punk rock, that's for sure! (ML)
(Mod House)

SÄRKYNEET – "Huono Nainen" EP

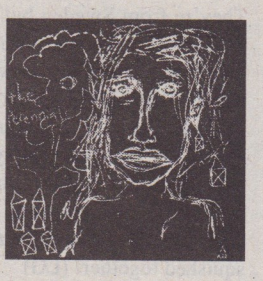
Oh man… This is not an easy one to peg down. Partly because I think the band is from Finland and singing in Finnish and partly because it's kind of weird and kind of cool—which makes me confused, but like it at the same time! I can't even really think of how to describe it or what to compare it to? Maybe a less artsy SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES due to the female vocals and the fact that the music is more straightforward and poppier with simple and catchy guitar hooks, almost like how CURE or SMITHS songs are. I think that's the best I can do. Neither a thumbs-up nor a thumbs-down, just a suggestion that people with more adventurous musical tastes should check this one out! (ML)
(Combat Rock Industry)

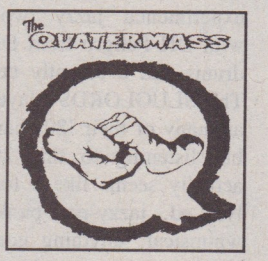
SECRET PROSTITUES – "Nevermind the KBD This Is ADD" LP

Wow. Mind blown. What the fuck is this? Handmade cover. Hardly any info. Sounds Finnish. I mean *reallly* sounds Finnish. Not like Finnish hardcore, but like Finnish KBD stuff—EPPU NORMALI, early LAMA. The recording, vocals, etc. are right on the money…catchier than head lice at kids camp. This is fan-fuckin-tastic. Further detective work pins them down in Houston, Texas. Really? Texas? Fuck. OK. Record of the month. (TB)
(Bad Hair Life)

SEX CHURCH – "Six Songs by Sex Church" LP

If you ask me, a Church of Sex would have a very different soundtrack. But, as imagined by these four Vancouverites(?), orgiastic priests would get down to a droning mix of JESUS AND MARY CHAIN, the WIPERS and VELVET UNDERGROUND. Layer upon layer of jangling reverb guitars bury melodies in a dense fog of smoke and fuzz. It's definitely "of the moment," but done surprisingly well. A couple of the longer songs verge on the self-indulgent





(not repulsively so), but on the whole it's a great release. (AM)
(Convulsive)

SLÖA KNIVAR – "Hemmakvälls Massakern" EP

Rock'n'roll hardcore with an evil gremlin singing over the top. Patricia has the most insane voice ever—it's clearly a ninth wonder of the world. Like a less screechy "Standing in Front of Poseur." Think evil children in horror movies! They're from Sweden but they would not be out of place at a Huntington Beach hardcore show in '82. Well, somewhere between that musical ideal and TURBONEGRO! Lyrics are in Swedish and English, and the ones I could read were funny and ridiculous, especially "Mayhem Personified." The banality of one aspect of the punk ideal expressed in a most savage fashion. The cover art is a raw and brutal, like *Beavis and Butthead* and Pettibon squished together! (LG)
(Ken Rock)

SLÖA KNIVAR – "Ingen Klass Ingen Stil" LP

Fucking killer!!! Infuckingsane female *Exorcist* Linda Blair vocals. They actually sound a lot like fellow Swedish band LOST WORLD (thanks Mariam). Ripping songs in a raunchy rock'n'roll-meets-hardcore vein. A song about ANTI-CIMEX! More songs about loser sellout aging punx and loving being dirty (like, not taking a shower). The rest of the songs are in Swedish so I don't know what the fuck they're saying. Eat some meatballs, piss on a dog and buy this record! (RO)
(Scrammel)

SLUGLORDS – "Sluglords Forever" CD

A 22-song collection of this largely unheralded early-1980s San Francisco trio, formed by one of the guitarists of BAD POSTURE. The SLUGLORDS existed from 1983-1986 and this CD collects a remastered version of their only release—the ten-song *Trails of Slime* 12" EP—with additional live tracks of largely unreleased songs of various sound quality, an experimental jazzy two-song studio session with DH Peligro from DEAD KENNEDYS on drums and a recently completed instrumental. The SLUGLORDS played as fast and furious as many of their '80s hardcore contemporaries, but listening to this 25-plus years later, it actually seems like a forerunner of the goofy lyric-ed, jazzy-post-punk-prog. The roots of whimsical "anything goes" hyper tangents by good musicians gone berserk that would offshoot and firmly root a few years later in the '80s Bay Area bands like VICTIMS FAMILY, RHYTHM PIGS, SCHLONG and even PRIMUS, as well as in the circa-1987 frantic stop-start hardcore of TH'INBRED and RAPED TEENAGERS. Their drummer was later in the similarly complex MORALLY BANKRUPT and did time in MDC. There's an element of the complexity and musical diversity that later MDC songs took to incorporate the increasingly longer lyrics (the track "My World" at a point totally sounds like something off of say MDC's *Hey Cop, If I Had a Face Like Yours* or *Metal Devil Cokes*). This CD is a pretty fascinating timepiece of a band that seemingly influenced the direction of the local Bay Area scene, despite seemingly—from a quick internet search—being perpetually stuck near the bottom of the bill at The Farm. If you like any of the above referenced bands or like your hardcore with a side of cartoon themes and jazzy bits thrown in for good measure, grab this immediately as it's a remains stellar, unpredictable and fun listen. (KS)
(self-released)

SNUFF FILM – EP

Another prime example of hardcore bands (in this case, members of ECOLI and MIGRAINE) that are trading in straightforward playing for an experimental approach… a fusion if you will. I can't help but think of RUDIMENTARY PENI when they released *Cacophony*. These two sides have their aggressive hardcore punk roots, but definitely blur the lines one would expect from bands with a history in a particular genre. A bit off the map in a cool/interesting way. (MS)
(self-released, no info)

SONS OF ISHMAEL – "Hayseed Hardcore" LP

The term "classic" is thrown around liberally these days to describe every no-mark band from the past… I'd have to say though, the *Hayseed Hardcore* EP is "classic." Originally released as a 7" in 1985, this LP features that EP along with other tracks recorded that same year. This band had their own distinctly "Canadian" sound (think DAYGLO ABORTIONS), but were definitely influenced by bands like AOD, etc…brisk hardcore with a slight metal influence. The band did an LP after this, which was great, too. Nice reissue and well worth checkin' out if you don't have the OG. (TB)
(Schizophrenic)

SOPORS – "Golden Era" LP

This past summer when I was in North Carolina, my friend Morgan couldn't stop listening to SOPORS. He explained. "They're so fucking blown out and catchy." Now, I see he was correct and I am a fucking fool for not paying attention sooner. SOPORS are a band of young San Francisco punks that follow in the long tradition of lo-fi Bay Area pop (like 50 MILLION, LOS RABBIS, TOMMY LASORDA, BANANAS and DORY TOURETTE), but manage to fuck it up enough (in a *really* good way) to sidestep any direct comparisons. The recording is rough, slightly out of tune and distorted but it works to their advantage. My only complaint is that they didn't send a reviewer copy, which means I can't take this LP home and blast it all night in my room. This is easily my favorite record of the month! (GH)
(Mongo Bongo Top Ten Hits)

SPAT – "Consumers Suck" CD

Aha! Punk is alive and kicking in Edinburgh, apparently. More early ENGLISH DOGS than AOA, this debut disc doesn't add anything original to the punk canon. And some of the lyrics are particularly confused—not to say penned by a child with the mind of a pebble, but then again, the EXPLOITED were hardly the poets of a generation. Lots of pictures of the band wowing the kids outdoors. If you can avoid the lyric sheet, this is decent enough. (RK)
(self-released)

SPAWN ATOMIC – "PowerPlant" CD

Decent enough *Walk Among Us*-era MISFITS tribute from this newer SF band. They've got the style (catchy choruses, woah-ohs, horror-themed lyrics) and look (fake blood and facepaint) down pat, though if I wanna listen to the MISFITS, I'll…well, listen to the MISFITS. If these guys deviate from the formula at all, it's towards the aggressive end—some of the riffs approach *Earth AD* heaviness. All in all, probably more exciting than what Jerry Only's peddling these days. (CS)
(self-released)

STALAG 13 – "In Control" LP

GOOOOOOoooooooooooo! Fuk'n rad hellz yeah! They reissued the STALAG 13 album. About time? I'm not sure, but this was one of the first '80s hardcore LPs I ever bothered to track down both for skate content and early SXE content. I always found it shocking this band was from Southern California; def one of the first to preach the SXE gospel on the West Coast way back in 1984. But let's be frank, this would probably be just another forgotten Nardcore album if it wasn't for the eternally iconic yellow Jaime Hernandez cover art to really bring it over the top. This is one of the greats for mid-'80s US hardcore, and set the standard for all West Coast and worldwide edge-core to follow. If you haven't heard it, grab this full-on legit reissue that finally puts an end to the years of countless dodgy Euro bootalikes, and tacks on an extra four tracks never available elsewhere. (GB)
(Dr. Strange / Puke N Vomit)

STICKS AND STONES – "Nineteen Eighty Seven" 12"

One-sided 12" reissue of this Jersey band's first demo—six tracks of rough, mid-tempo melodic punk. The recording was done in a proper studio, so sound quality's pretty high. A couple of these songs would later be rerecorded and appear on STICKS AND STONES' early EPs, but here the band sounds fairly straightforward, distinguished mainly by the woah-oh vocal delivery. Apparently this demo earned them an offer to record for 7 SECONDS' Positive Force label, and it's not too surprising. Though lacking an insert of any kind, the record is otherwise packaged well, and is a cool artifact for fans of the band or early BOUNCING SOULS. (CS)
(Gunner / Chunksaah)

THE SUGAR STEMS – "The Sweet Sounds of..." LP

This has one of the best album covers I've seen in some time. The insert is also pretty amazing. What about the music? Well, if you're a fan of female-fronted pop-punk that is catchy as hell, you will lap this up, as I did. If you like bands like the BABY SHAKES and SUZY Y LOS QUATTRO, you will want to find this one. I love this and continue to be impressed with releases on this relatively new (to me) label. (KK)
(Dusty Medical)

THE SUGAR STEMS – "The Sweet Sounds of..." CD

So, looking at the name of this band, and then the title of this album, what springs to mind? A baby pink bathtub full bubblegum balls? A delicious sugar cube to ease the pain of having one of your baby teeth pulled? A still wobbly legged fawn, surrounded in puppies and kittens, frolicking? A poke in the fucking eye with a sugar cane? Once I managed to crawl out from the molasses slime tank, this is actually fairly decent. Imagine the GOODNIGHT LOVING with the prettiest of pretty pop lady vox, or REIGNING SOUND, wrinkled like prunes after being caught in a freak rain shower of simple syrup. Not really my cup of tea throughout, but still quite good in parts. (GG)
(Dream On)

SYMBOL SIX – "Monsters Eleven" CD

Yep, it's the same SYMBOL SIX from those halcyon days of SoCal hardcore. (By the way, the Poshboy online discography makes for great reading, with informational nuggets from a point of view you rarely get from your punk histories: "For its part, Posh Boy was thrilled to add new copyrights to its music publishing division" *and! and! and!* did you know that Doug Moody of Mystic Records worked for Mike Curb in the '60s? Guess that's where he learned how the biz works—gotta love the continuity of marginal music industry hustlers. Now back to our previously scheduled review.) They're all grown up and rockin' like the big dogs. *Woof Woof*! If you wonder what they've been up to, wonder no more, sojourner! Interestingly, the artwork is reminiscent of *Doom* (the '90s computer game, not the book that contained the Legal Code of Alfred the Great—a tip o' the topper to Layla for pointing this out), making this a release to span the decades! (DD)
(Symbol Six Music)

TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS – "Shut Up and Bleed" LP

TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS are such an important band. They are, undeniably, the quintessential no wave sound. As a matter of fact, just the other day there was a discussion about just this concept: you can't play guitar in a no wave band unless you do it with a broken bottle and a dead cat, just like the lovely LYDIA LUNCH. Hear me now! TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS encapsulate the simplest, most minimal, harshest rendition of societal disillusionment. They were only a band for two years, but the recordings from this time will forever serve as a gateway from casual party punk to seriously violent criticism of shit life in general. This band is so rad that people keep releasing and re-releasing it over and over again in different combinations. First, in 1995 *Everything* was released, then, in 2006, *Live at Max's Kansas City*. And now, this collection, which is mostly tracks that have already been released as singles and on previous collections, with the exception of pre-12" versions of "The Closet," "Less of Me" and "My Eyes." Highly recommended. (HD)
(Cherry Red Phonograph)

THE TIMEBOMBS – "Mumbling" 10"

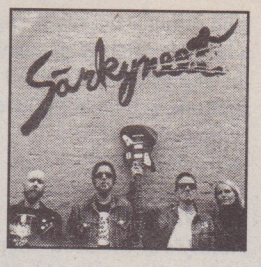
With this record, the TIMEBOMBS continue treading the same dystopian path as on their prior LP, this time laying down three songs on one side of a 10" that twist and turn and fly by and don't let up until the record abruptly ends. What they pulled off here is pretty fucking ambitious, especially when the songs are this unpredictable and without discernible structure or breaks, but they nailed it with potent, raging riffs, interesting segues that distinguish the gapless songs from each other, shrill, tense vocals that are distorted to a crispy cackle, a dense, hazy, wall-of-sound recording with a creepy warmth to it. The first two songs are relentless fast hardcore, and the third slows down enough to expose intricacies such as what sounds like subtle modulation in the guitar tone, before slowing down further to a doom pace and adding back-masked drums and other noise to the aural fog. The second side of the record is the A-side reversed, and most of the time this kind of thing equals pretentious garbage, but here it actually makes for an interesting listen, given the nuances of the songs and production, and even how some of the riffs sound almost the same when played backwards. Sadly, neither side contains any hidden Satanic messages. (DG)
(Cowabunga)

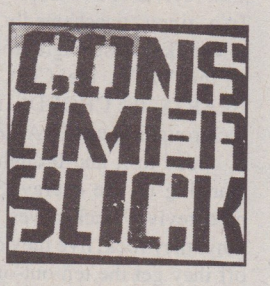
THE TIMES – "Pop Goes Art" LP

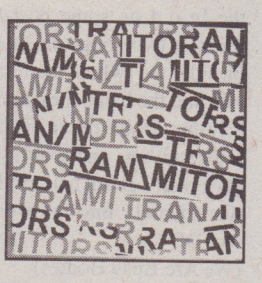
A long-ago reissued CD comes full circle back to wax. Welcome to another door in the house of Dan Treacy and all his little stone-paths down to the TELEVISION PERSONALITIES, O-LEVEL with fellow member Ed Ball, and BIFF BANG POW! member and Creation Records' mastermind Alan McGee contributing as well. Each of those biographical references in early '80s British DIY mixed with some weird fascination with the JAM has you square above the feel of this record. The songs vary greatly in quality; some hark to the genius whacking snares and catchy mess of guitars that came to define Treacy, Ball and McGee's other creative enterprises. The best songs also carry their usual childlike lyricism and cockney delivery to new ground in great UK post-punk constructions like "Picture Gallery" and "I Helped Patrick McGoohan Escape." More than a few tracks (the lot of side B) will strain those without membership to the Church of Treacy—generously described as power-pop without a drop of bells or whistles—sparse contributions to radio hits for those who couldn't be bothered to turn on the radio, epic riffs with no stadiums to fill, perplexing production and studio mixes (the "stereo" element feels as awkward as early BEATLES dipping their toes in to the two-speaker possibilities). All said and done this is an essential little item for those who also know where Syd Barrett lives. (JS)
(Cherry Red Productions)

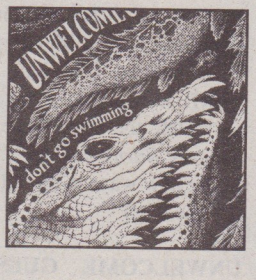
TOUCH ME, SATAN – "Festival of Lights" EP

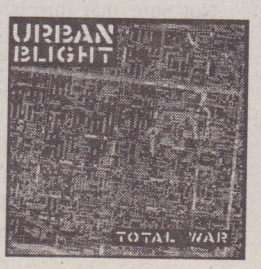
A pretty kick-ass pop-punk record from some Seattle punks. Apparently their first release, and it's got some pretty solid stuff. The songs are more or less upbeat, but not cheerful. Somewhat dark lyrics, mostly dealing with personal and social environment issues. The best three songs are all packed into the A-side. That side is killer; fast, raw, trashy pop-punk in the vein of THIS IS MY FIST. The B-side is still rad, but has a bit more herky-jerky guitar riffs, and the lyrics are spit-out rather than sung. Which is fine—it sounds











kind of tuff—but the strength of this band comes when the guitar is unrelenting and the lyrics are fucking belted up. A good record, and I bet their next one will be even better. Looking forward to hearing more. (FS)
(self-released)

TRANZMITORS – "Sunday Morning/ Jimmy's at the Mod Shop"

Best-dressed band in the world, doing the '79 mod revival sound almost as well as they dress. Two zippy, unashamedly poptastic tracks that sound like a lost single from a bygone era. Think of the VIP'S, the CIRCLES, early PURPLE HEARTS, the CHORDS, all given a slight punk rock roughing up. TRANZMITORS have nailed it, added to it and brought it to a new level by cranking up the energy. Side B is the best '79 mod revival track never recorded in 1979. On vinyl they rock, live they destroy and to top it all off they get the ten-out-of-ten good guys award (I will even forgive the CHELSEA FC tattoo). (SD)
(Meaty Beaty)

TV BUDDHAS – LP

Another STOOGES-sounding record that's generally (well, half) good—I'm hitting some gold this month! In this instance, it's the Williamson/ Ashton dual-guitar-era (a neat trick, since all this racket is being made by three people) with attendant rawk-ness that's a bit hard for me to take on half of the six songs (especially when the singer does the sort of Jim Morrison imitation that the Ig did on some post-*Raw Power* stuff). But the first two songs on side one and the last song on side two (where the femme in the band hits the mic and the band does some noodling that's kinda arty but kinda reminiscent of some proto punk) are good 'uns and worth your time and attention. Half really good, half kinda eh, but the cover puts this squarely into the worth buying zone. So do so. (DD)
(We Are Busy Bodies)

TYVEK – "Nothing Fits" CD

This is TYVEK at their most traditional punk sounding. Like a Messthetics-unearthed cassette of ham-fisted Cleveland teenagers interpreting WIRE live at the Roxy. For me, they've yet to match the excellence demonstrated on the *Summer Burns* double-7", but at least they keep trying new ways to do old things. (AM)
(In The Red)

UNWELCOME GUESTS – "Don't Go Swimming" CD

Not sure that this is really fodder for this fine mag, though it works for me just fine. For those of you lucky to be familiar with the bestest Canadian alternative rock/college rock (I'm thinking, of course, of the WEAKERTHANS, and the LOWEST OF THE LOW), this record will sound familiar. The wife thinks this sounds more like later-period HÜSKER DÜ, but I'm sticking strictly north of the border. They're definitely in the same league as the aforementioned gods, but you get the idea... (RK)
(Kiss of Death)

URBAN BLIGHT – "Total War" EP

Straight outta Toronto, URBAN BLIGHT delivers five new blown-out tracks that contain a combination of some of my favorite sounds: traditional NYHC, Japanese HC, Midwest HC and a smattering of a li'l straight edge and a li'l Oi in there. It may seem like lots of possibly conflicting styles, but this is a good record. The recording quality is fuzz out with feedback-drenched guitars. There is a good balance of catchy three-chord riffs mixed with some deliciously noisy solos that are less wanky and more shrill and offending. Love it. The drums and bass are relentlessly pounding and the impact they have makes you move. I hear the ABUSED in their songwriting, but also a slower KNIFE FIGHT, especially in those gravely, raw and rough vocals. I love that this EP is not filled with mysterious lyrics or artwork (although I like that shit too). This is straight up "dude" HC that sounds to me like the Midwest style of being less concerned with impressing the bros and more concerned about turning out some hard, aggressive music. They are pissed and aren't fucking around. This record delivers what I expect from any self-respecting HC dude or gal... Go hard or go home. The cover is CRASS-style with the whole thing folding out to a poster. I wonder what the next cover will be... Maybe splattercore lettering over a skateboarding scene? (MB)
(Static Shock)

VAASKA – "Ruido Hasta la Muerte" LP

Second release by VAASKA and definitely what I have come to expect from this Texas band, but I am hit with a couple of surprises. First of all the sound is great! The guitar work is prominent and leads my ears into every track. We're given the aggressive and driving songwriting and then there are moments that are melodic, but only for moments. Everything, down to the vocals, is clear and pounds at your brain. This is straight-up killer shit, most definitely *punk!* (MS)
(540)

VEINS – "04/16/2007" EP

I have been putting off reviewing this; for some reason writing about it is blood-from-a-stone difficult. I think VEINS is my favorite Mark McCoy band—turns out having Berdan singing rather than him is the solution. Berdan's voice is so deranged and vengeful, the exact formula that is required in order to make a hardcore 45 undeniable. Total oblivion—half bratty, half psycho, but in no way whiney vocal sounds scowled out over riff-heavy, energetic hardcore. It's got the aggro breakdown-fueled sound of Boston, but minus the macho bro-isms, like a room full of kids losing their shit. Positively negative. Of course the record has the typische Youth Attack graphic style, and features members of bands you already know about if you follow the doings of that label; I believe half American, half Dutch? It must be weird to run a label where a large percentage of the kids that buy your releases are just thinking about future profits. Buy! Sell! Trade! MP3 blog! At any rate, even these tired inexpressive words have been totally impossible to get out of my useless brain, but hopefully I have delivered the message that this is worth investigation even if at this point in time that means downloading it from one of those newfangled blogs. (LG)
(Youth Attack)

VENGANZA – "Tus Heroes No Son Los Mios" EP

Southern California's VENGANZA pounds out a twelve-song disc of raging US-based Latino hardcore. This is fast and furious with lyrics that cut and shed light on this band's frustration with the never-ending tension of the border and the politics that surround it. If I am not mistaken, this band comes from Orange County—that in itself can be interesting and fucked at the same time. This is their first vinyl release and if you are looking for musical references think, FRONTERORISMO, MUGRE and even SIN ORDEN at times. (MS)
(Emma Navajas, no info)

VERONICA FALLS – "Beachy Head/Staying Here"

It feels a little silly to review this single after it has already made such an atomic splash abroad, but spreading the word even further never hurt. I feel more inspired by VERONICA FALLS than any other band in the UK underground pop universe right now. This is their second single on Brooklyn's Captured Tracks and the kids from PROPER ORNAMENTS, SEXY KIDS and their own Germs of Youth Records out-do themselves on the biggest (but not last) hit to date, "Beachy Head." All rolling snares and graveyard coos coax Roxanne's dreamy call out into the open, throwing you down into the waves to boogie hard with the beat generation. I always dig on VERONICA FALLS' fearless resistance to make totally un-cute pop, driving forward with the speedy spirit of the JESUS AND MARY CHAIN albeit singing along the whole time. The B-side is cool-down lullaby like some sleepy combination of BLACK TAMBOURINE and the GREAT UNWASHED. (JS)
(Captured Tracks)

VRGNS – "Manimals" LP

I've been staring blankly at this screen for ten minutes trying to figure out what I want to write about this album and I just can't figure it out. The music is fast and punk, but it leaves me feeling nothing. It reminds me of being at the Fest in Gainesville and trying to get drunk enough to enjoy any of the bands. Then I just feel cheated. I guess that is what I am trying to say. This music is fast, punk and angry, but it just reminds me of being at the Fest and getting really bored. There. (GH)
(Kiss of Death)

WASTED – "Modern World Is Dead" EP

I had no idea this band was still around. It's a welcome return as I've always been a big fan. They took anthemic street-punk and added some Scandi flavor (think hints of the VICIOUS, RANDY, etc.). Since the singer has done time in the band I WALK THE LINE (who sound like a punk CARS mixed with JOHNNY CASH) the melody has crossed over to this band. It's sorta like a Finnish UK SUBS or the FITS. Well worth yer duckets. (TB)
(Combat Rock Industry)

WHITE SHIT – "Carry Me" EP

KARP meets WRANGLER BRUTES. Not surprising as WHITE SHIT consists of members of WRANGLER BRUTES, KARP, SKULL KONTROL and BIG BUSINESS. This follows their recent LP, which I haven't heard. I had pretty high expectations for this and they weren't quite met. This is pretty straightforward rock/hardcore. It fact, it makes me think of a '70s Detroit garage rock band, sped up and mixed with modern hardcore. (MD)
(Post Present Medium)

WICCANS – "Teenage Cults" EP

The vocals on this are bringing to mind some Midwest burliness—we're talkin' PITBOSS or John Brannon territory. They are so prominent it's hard to pay attention to much else that's happening on here. Seriously fucking aggro—I feel like I am at hardcore bootcamp, a drill sergeant barking down my throat. The music is melodic hardcore. I bet they get compared to FUCKED UP a lot, but I am hearing the TEMPLARS in terms of the melody and song construction. It's that sort of triumphant rock'n'roll hardcore sound that FUCKED UP perfected, but it also brings to mind the classic French Oi that the TEMPLARS were so shaped by. I looked at the cover of this and the weedy mullet dirtbag drawing made me think I was in for some ironic bubbledumb garage… Boy was I off base. These fucks are from Denton, Texas, and if Bruce Roehrs (RIP) were around this woulda been in his top ten, no fuckin' question. This is not my thing, so to speak, but it made for an enjoyable listen. Not sure I would ever pull it out of the racks again however… The vocals are pretty incredible though. (LG)
(Pass Judgement)

WLOCHATY – "Wbrew Wszystkiemu" LP

Long-running (since 1987) Polish punks are back with another LP, and a way more polished sound that leans more towards melodic hardcore than the UK anarcho mixed with Polish '80s punk that made up their first records—think CONFLICT going in the direction of PROPAGANDHI. In the interest of full disclosure, there are a few ska parts that might turn folks off, but when you feed me a song as good as "Miepokoj," I'll sit through as many ska breaks as you like. The recording is absolutely massive, as should be expected from WŁOCHATY by now, with guitars filling every ounce of space, and I'm left with the distinct feeling that these dudes are probably far more professional in their approach to punk that I might think, but they keep cranking out the records 20+ years (and almost as many members) into their existence, so no complaints from me. (WN)
(Pasazer)

WRATHCOBRA – "Fang and Tail" LP

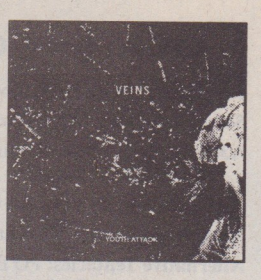
People keep telling me about the Pittsburgh scene but up 'til now I remained disdainful of the new crust-punk mecca. After giving this record a spin I am ready to admit that there might be something going on there. These guys play some kind of hybrid of D-beat and youth crew-ish hardcore that sounds like if Scandinavian bands like SKITSYSTEM or WOLFBRIGADE listened to a lot of CARRY ON and SET IT STRAIGHT and decided to throw in some breakdowns and somewhat melodic guitar leads. It seems like a wild idea but it definitely works on this record. The music is tough and pissed but still catchy, and the lyrics rail against what a depressingly hopeless pile of shit the world is. All of these are some of my favorite things. (BL)
(Cobra Cabana, no info)

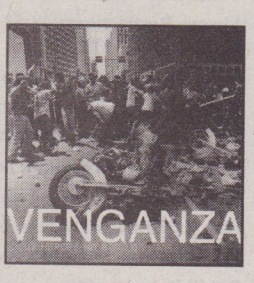
YDINPERHE – "Hyvinvointikakarat" EP

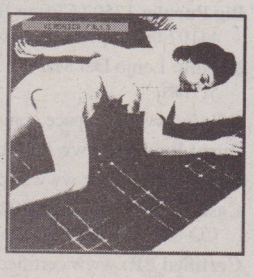
Once again proving that you can't judge a book by its cover, this EP, with its adorable cartoon fire engine cover, is packed with rough and slightly sloppy old-school hardcore. The band is Finnish, but there's not so much of a classic Finnish hardcore sound here as that universal "let's play as fast as we can 'cuz we're pissed off" vibe that all great hardcore from everywhere gives off. I like the trade-offs between the male and female vocalists quite a bit. At the end of the day though, this is classic (if a bit generic) hardcore punk. Could have come out in the early '80s, or the '90s, or (as it obviously did) just now. This is solid meat and potatoes hardcore for the kids. Not essential, but what the fuck is? Check it out if you want, you won't be disappointed. (AU)
(Bad Hair Life)

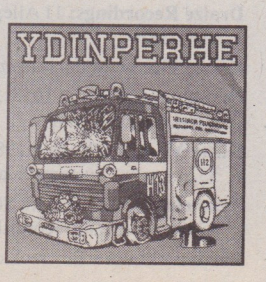
V/A "Brutales Matanzas" – LP

Seriously… This record floors me. It's so fucking amazingly good. No shit. This is a comp featuring punk bands from Mexico and Peru. The bands here are MASTURBATOR, LOS MONJO, LOS MARGARITOS, KILLER CASSETTES, TRES AL HILO, LOS NASSIS, RATAS DEL VATICANO, MORBO, INSERVIBLES and CRIMEN. Every song is good, and most are downright amazing punk songs. The style is *all* punk (literally only one slight metallic/crusty moment), from GERMS inspired to good Oi-ish street-punk to garage-y to HC to all-good-sounds-of-punk… all fucking punk as fuck. Most of it is sorta blown out and while there are variations in recording style (including one live track by MORBO that rips), the quality is great and consistent, capturing each track well without over-production. One of the things that stand out is the vocals of each band are unique but all good—no shit, *all* the vocal styles are great! WTF? I would list exceptional songs, but every song is good in its own right, man. If you like punk, there is a track on this record for you… it's nuts. The cover is black, white and red, and screen-printed. The insert is a double-sided photocopied page with pics of each band, their origin, their track titles and a song quote. If you like good, honest punk or simply have little to no idea what's going on in Mexico or Peru punk scenes, buy this. Punk has been thriving for *decades* in *lindo* Mexico and Peru, so consider this record an opportunity to be turned on to great punk that has been forgotten about while most of the punk world has been turning their heads to Japan, Scandinavia and Europe. Buy this and support scenes that *need* to put out more records. Actually, you better get it quick cuz there are only 300. The best comp of the year. (MB)
(Cintas Pepe)









CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO

11th Hour: www.11-hour.com

540: timmythetexasturd@gmail.com

A389: PO Box 12058, Baltimore, MD 21281, www.a389records.com

Active Rebellion: www.activerebellion.com

Almost Ready: www.almostreadyrecords.com

Alternative Tentacles: PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092, www.alternativetentacles.com

Always Restrictions: 48-53 44th St. Apt. 3C, Queens, NY 11377

Antisociety: antisocietyrecords@yahoo.co.uk

Army of Bad Luck: www.armyofbadluck.com

Arrase: arraserecords@hotmail.com

Art of the Underground: artoftheunderground.com

Aurora Seven: www.aurora7.com

Bad Hair Life: www.myspace.com/badhairlife

Bacon Towne: www.bacontownerecords.com

Bat Shit: badshit@live.com

Beer & Cable: www.myspace.com/beerandcable

Big Purple: 12592 Clifton Blvd, Lakewood, OH 44107 bigpurplerecords@gmail.com

Bugulu: Lonjo Del Mar 20, Palma De Mallorca, SPAIN

Il Buio: www.myspace.com/ilbuioregnasovrano

Burnt Bridges: www.burntbridgesrecords.com

Captured Tracks: www.capturedtracks.com

Cash Cow Production: 3025 East 16th Ave Denver, CO 80206; www.cashcowproduction.com

Certified PR: www.certifiedprrecords.com

Cherry Red Phonograph: Power Road Studios, 114 Power Road, London, ENGLAND W4 5PY

Chunksaah: PO Box 977, Asbury Park, NJ 07712, www.chunksaah.com

Cintas Pepe: cintaspepe@gmail.com

Clandestine Arts: clandestinearts.blogspot.com

Combat Rock Industry: PO Box 65, 11101 Riihimaki, FINLAND

Convulsive: convulsiverecords@gmail.com

Cop De Fona: www.myspace.com/copdefona

Corrosion Cerebral: www.myspace.com/corrosioncerebral

Cowabunga: 311 Stearn Dr., Genoa, IL 60135, www.cowabungarecords.com

Crapoulet: crapoulet.fr

Crystal Mess: www.myspace.com/crystalmessband

Cultura: www.doctormartinclavo.com

Daggerman: 57 Sycamore Street, San Francisco, CA 94110, www.daggermanrecords.com

Deep Six: PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510-6911, www.deepsixrecords.com

Depraved and Devilish: www.punkdeluxe.net

Discos Huelga: discoshuelga.bigcartel.com

Don Giovanni: www.dongiovannirecords.com

Draize Recordings: 11 Alleghany St. #1, Boston, MA 02120

Dream On: www.dor11.com

Dr. Strange: PO Box 1058, Alta Loma, CA 90701, www.rarepunk.com

Dusty Medical: PO Box 1981, Milwaukee, WI 53201, www.dustymedical.com

Eradicator: 522 West 4th St., Bloomington, IN 47404, eradicatorrecords.bigcartel.com

Fat Wreck: www.fatwreck.com

FDH: 829 W. Ritner St., Philadelphia, PA 19148, www.fdhmusic.com

Fear of War: fearofwarrecords@yahoo.com

Feral Kid: feralkidrecords.com

Frantic: www.cobaltcranes.com

Frantic City: 31 rue Arvède Barine, 17000 La Rochelle, FRANCE, franticcity.free.fr

Give Praise: www.givepraiserecords.com

Guestroom: 125 E. Main Street, Norman, OK 73071, guestroomrecords@gmail.com

Gunner: PO Box 10 58 24, 28058 Bremen, GERMANY, www.gunnerrecords.com

Greatdividing: www.greatdividing.com

Halo of Flies: www.haloofflies records.com

Handsome Dan: 3244 31A Ave SE Calgary, AB, CANADA T2B OH9, handsomedanrecords.com

Heat Wave: kakkatikkari@gmail.com

HG Fact: www.interq.or.jp./japan/hgfact

Hohnie: www.hoehnierecords.de

Los Horrendos: www.myspace.com/loshorrendos

IFB: 4447 St. Clair Ave., Ft. Myers, FL 33903, www.ifbrecords.com

Infinity Cat: PO Box 50623, Nashville, TN 37205

Inhumano: www.inhumanorecords.org

Insane Society: PO Box 18, 50401 Novy Bydzov, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.insanesociety.net

Insurgents: PO Box 292, Northcote, VIC, 3070, AUSTRALIA

In The Red: PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050, www.intheredrecords.com

It's Alive: www.itsaliverecords.com

Joe Pogo: PO Box 281, East Syracuse, NY 13057, www.joepogorecords.com

Kamaset Levyt: Iisakintie 18, 37560 Lempaala, FINLAND, www.punkinfinland.net/kamanen

Ken Rock: www.myspace.com/kenrockrecords

Kills You: 2212 Falcon Hill Dr, Austin, TX 78745, www.killsyourecords.com

Kiss Of Death: www.kissofdeathrecords.com

Krang: www.myspace.com/krangcrustards

Last Laugh: 313 President St. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11231, www.lastlaughrecords.com

La Vida Es Mus: www.lavidaesmus.com

Less Art: PO Box 2963, Denver, CO 80201

Load: PO Box 35, Providence, RI 02901, www.loadrecords.com

Love/Hate: www.myspace.com/ilovetohaterecords

Mandible: 102 Ryerson St. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11205, www.mandiblerecords.com

Mauled By Tigers: www.mauledbytigers.com

Meaty Beaty: myspace.com/meatybeatyrecords

Metadona: www.metadonarecords.com

Modern Action: PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476, www.modernactionrecords.com

Mod House: www.modhouseprod.com

Mongo Bongo: www.mondovision.tv/mongobongo/

New Labor: www.thenewlabor.com

Pahaa Verta: pahaaverta@gmail.com

Pasazer: PO Box 42, 39-201 Debica 3, POLAND, www.pasazer.pl

Pass Judgement: www.passjudgement.com

Pederast Prophet: PO Box 292, Northcote, Victoria 3070, AUSTRALIA, copsforfertilizer@gmail.com

Plague Island: www.plagueisland.com

Pretty Ambitious: www.prettyambitiousrecords.com

Problem Solved Industries: 4135 Eichelberger, Saint Louis, MO 63116, ftrou666@gmail.com

Post Present Medium: postpresentmedium.com

Power It Up: www.power-it-up.de

Puke N Vomit: PO Box 3435 Fullerton, CA 92834, www.pukenvomitrecords.com

Punks Before Profits: www.punksbeforeprofits.org

Rankoutsider: www.rankoutsiderrecords.com

React with Protest: www.reactwithprotest.org

Refuse: PO Box 7, 02-792 Warszawa 78, POLAND, refuserecords.prv.pl

Resuscitate: www.myspace.com/resuscitaterecords

Roku: moguli@rokurecords.com

Sacred Plague: www.sacredplague.com

Savoury Days: www.savourydays.blogspot.com

Sick Thought: www.myspace.com/16908066

Six Feet Under: www.sixfeetunderrecords.com

Schizophrenic: 17 W. 4th St, Hamilton, Ontario, L9C 3M2, CANADA

Scotch Tapes: www.scotchtapes.ca

Scrammel: www.scrammelrecords.se

Shattered Debauched Press: PO Box 59643, London SE22 2AP, ENGLAND

Shit Attack: www.myspace.com/shitattackrecords

Side Two: sidextwo@gmail.com

Siltbreeze: www.siltbreeze.com

Silver Sprocket: www.silversprocket.net

Sluglords: sluglords@comcast.net

Snuffy Smiles: 12-A Kamikousaicho, Shichiku, Kita-Ku, Kyoto 603-8117, JAPAN

Southern Lord: PO Box 291967, Los Angeles, CA 90029, www.southernlord.com

Spat: www.myspace.com/spatpunk

Spawn Atomic: www.myspace.com/spawnatomic

Spicy Soup: myspace.com/spicysoupproductionsct

S-S: www.s-srecords.com

Stank House: www.stankhouserecords.com

Static Shock: www.staticshockrecords.com

Subsystem Request: www.lunaroutpostmusic.net

Switchlight: Badvägen 7 A, 264 34 Klippan, SWEDEN, switchlightrecords.blogspot.com

Symbol Six Music: www.symbolsix.com

Todo Destruido: www.myspace.com/tododestruido

Touch Me Satan: touchmesatan@hotmail.com

Trabuc: www.nodo50.org/trabucrecords

Trauma Social: www.trauma-social.org

Trustworthy: PO Box 4491, Austin, TX 78765

Underground Communiqué: www.myspace.com/undergroundcommuniquerecords

Vendetta: Marchlewskistrasse 107, 10243 Berlin, GERMANY

Vinyl Bloodbath: 171 Vernon Ave, Brooklyn, NY, 11206, freeurairwaves@aol.com

We are Busy Bodies: www.wearebusybodies.com

Wee Rock: PO Box 333, Springfield, MO 65801, www.weerockrecords.com

Wrong Foot: wrongfootrecordings.com

Ydinperhe: c/o Vilja Joensuu, Hämeentie 6 C 34, 00530 Helsinki, FINLAND

Yellow Dog: www.yellowdog.de

Youth Attack: www.ihateyouthattack.com

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Robert Collins, Dan Goetz and Brad Lambert.

THE ASOUND – Heavy psychedelic stoner grooves that appear to have been weaned as much on KYUSS/QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE as on SABBATH and BLUE CHEER. Solid. (Robert) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics, $3 ppd, Tsuguri Records, 2847 Doc Pugh Rd., Connelly Springs, NC 28612)

BLANCHE DEVEREAUX – Aggro riot grrrl style punk band named after my favorite Golden Girl with songs about feminism, lame dudes, and having to put up with bullshit. It's not breaking a lot of new ground or reinventing anything, but it is fun and solid. I would not mind being in this band at all. According to the liner notes three out of four members sing which I like way more than multi-tracking vocals in the studio and probably makes the live show a lot of fun. Wish I knew where they were from so I could see them play. (Brad) (7-song tape, lyrics included, devereauxlicious@gmail.com)

CONSTANT DOUBT – Noisy chaotic and crushing hardcore/sludge hybrid from New Jersey. The recording quality makes this a trying listen, but gives it a haunting edge as well — alternately very fast and painfully slow. Not sure how well they would translate to a professional recording, but I endorse this presentation. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, no lyrics, $2 ppd, 154 W. Tomlin Station Rd., Mickleton, NJ 08056)

CÜLO – Chicago mutants have upped the ante on this second tape, burly and ferocious hardcore punk — the kind of shit the Midwest is known for. Fast as shit and in your face... the B-side is their killer *Nukke Abuse* single — get amongst this shit now. (Robert) (14-song cassette, no lyrics, myspace.com/iunfriendedtom)

CUM STAIN – Syrupy sweet but terminally fukk'd garage pop...like the SPITS and HUNX AND HIS PUNX listening to BUDDY HOLLY records. The logo is a cartoon cock and balls and most of the tunes are about nasty fukkin', so what's not to like? (Robert) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Burger Records, 654 S. State College Blvd, Fullerton, CA 92831)

DARK COUNTRY – The opening 35 seconds or so of the first song is the sound of rain which made me fondly reminisce about the end of GO IT ALONE's *The Only Blood Between Us*, before a short few strums of acoustic guitar dashed that memory against my dread of having to review some sort of folk punk record. But never fear, after that red herring, the electric guitars come in and break into a lively few songs on the faster side of mid-tempo hardcore. I don't know if the rain part is coloring my opinion excessively but I hear a lot of GO IT ALONE style hardcore in there, but with fewer breakdowns and a more aggressively fast guitar style that reminds me of MOTORHEAD. I like it quite a bit. (Brad) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/darkcountrypdx)

DIRTBAG LOVE AFFAIR – Mid tempo plodding schlock that begs DANZIG comparisons, but comes off like cock rock. Sorry. (9-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/dirtbagloveaffair)

A DISCO FOR FERNS – I got really excited when the first song came on since I already knew this band is a two-piece and all I heard in the way of instrumentation was bass and drums. I get excited about bands with no guitar, but then the second song hit which features the guitar instead of bass and I felt a little betrayed. The songs are split about down the middle between the bass or guitar playing, both of which play mid tempo garage punk on the kookier side with vocals that enjoy being a little offensive and explore topics like frat dudes, getting back at "The Man," and what sounds like a condemnation of traveler kids. Fun and sometimes pretty funny, I'm glad to see Texas bands still aren't bashful about being a little weird. (Brad) (20-song CD-R, no lyrics, 8up Records, PO Box 465, Pilot Knob, MO 63663, myspace.com/anticapitalrecords)

A DISCO FOR FERNS – I was hesitant to continue listening to this after the first song's rapping and lyrics like "cue the footage of OJ's white bloody bitch," but I continued and things got a little better, though not much. The second song has semi-witty lyrics and listens like a cross between FLIPPER and RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, and is one of the better songs on here. The third song cops a MISFITS riff and includes the line "I remember your vagina, little cunt in Carolina." The two good songs on here are also on the *8up Tapes Comp* reviewed below, and are thankfully sans stupid/dodgy lyrics, but I can't handle the rest of it. (Dan) (8-song cassette, no lyrics included, 11777 Brazos Way Lindale TX 78771)

ENABLER – First things first: this Milwaukee-based band gets points for covering the BEASTIE BOYS track "Heart Attack Man;" you know, the hardcore song on *Ill Communication*. Don't pretend like you don't know. Kind of an odd choice, though, as their style is less in the chaotic '80s vein and more of a modern metallic thing, reminding me a lot of TRAP THEM and similar bands, incorporating grind and crust influences into the mix along with some Swedish melodies. This EP (entitled *War Begins with You*, and also available on 7") is pretty good; nothing that really blows me away, but I'm not tossing it into the free bin either. (xYosefx) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, Sacred Plague Records, Kaleb Keefer, 7746 Whitehall Circle E, West Chester, OH 45069, sacredplague.com, sacredplague@gmail.com, www.enablermke@gmail.com)

GRITA O MUERE / TROPIEZO – Fuck yes, this split kicks ass. GRITA O MUERE from Colombia opens it up playing fast and thrashy hardcore with super-pissed screamy vocals. Only one of the songs clocks in at more than a minute long and that is only because of the sample at the beginning of the into. If somebody asked me what good South American hardcore sounded like I would reference this band. Puerto Rico's TROPIEZO is a little bit slower with a more melodic hardcore style. Vocals are shouted coherently instead of screamed and the guitars have a bit more of a rock feel that you get with bands that listen to American hardcore. Both bands are excellent. (Brad) (9-song CD-R, lyrics included, discosdehoy@yahoo.com, myspace.com/gritaomuerehc, myspace.com/tropiezo)

HUMP YARD – Fun, scummy punk from this Philly via New Orleans band of train hoppers. This sounds pretty much exactly like what that description would imply, but think dreamy pop-punk meets gruff, irreverent hardcore with riffs that sometimes have an Oi flavor, and other times have a dissonant HUSKER DU or DIE KREUZEN flavor to them. I hope they tour. (Dan) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, no contact info)

JOINT DAMAGE – This band has members of LOGIC PROBLEM and describe themselves as being halfway between the

GISM style and the WIPERS style, and they've come up with a relatively unique sound by recording songs with the melodic sensibilities of the latter (and I also think Midwestern hardcore and KBD stuff), disaffected vocals, and production values of the former. Awesome. Now do a 7". (Dan) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, disdisdistort.com)

KROMOSOM – I generally avoid playing the ex-members game, but when members of two of my favorite Aussie bands of the past decade (SCHIFOSI and PISSCHRIST) join forces, I get a bit excited. This demo tape features the first recordings of said band, and I have to say I'm relieved that this kicks as much ass as it does. Seven songs of Japan/Scandinavia-loving no-frills noise-drenched hardcore punk attack that'll make you want to charge your hair, dig that bullet belt out of the back of your closet, and get in a pointless fight with one of your friends, beating each other bloody until you're both laughing hysterically. (xYosefx) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, Hardcore Victim, Yeap, 464 A Smit St., Collingwood, VIC, Australia 3066, dbeat_holocaust@yahoo.com)

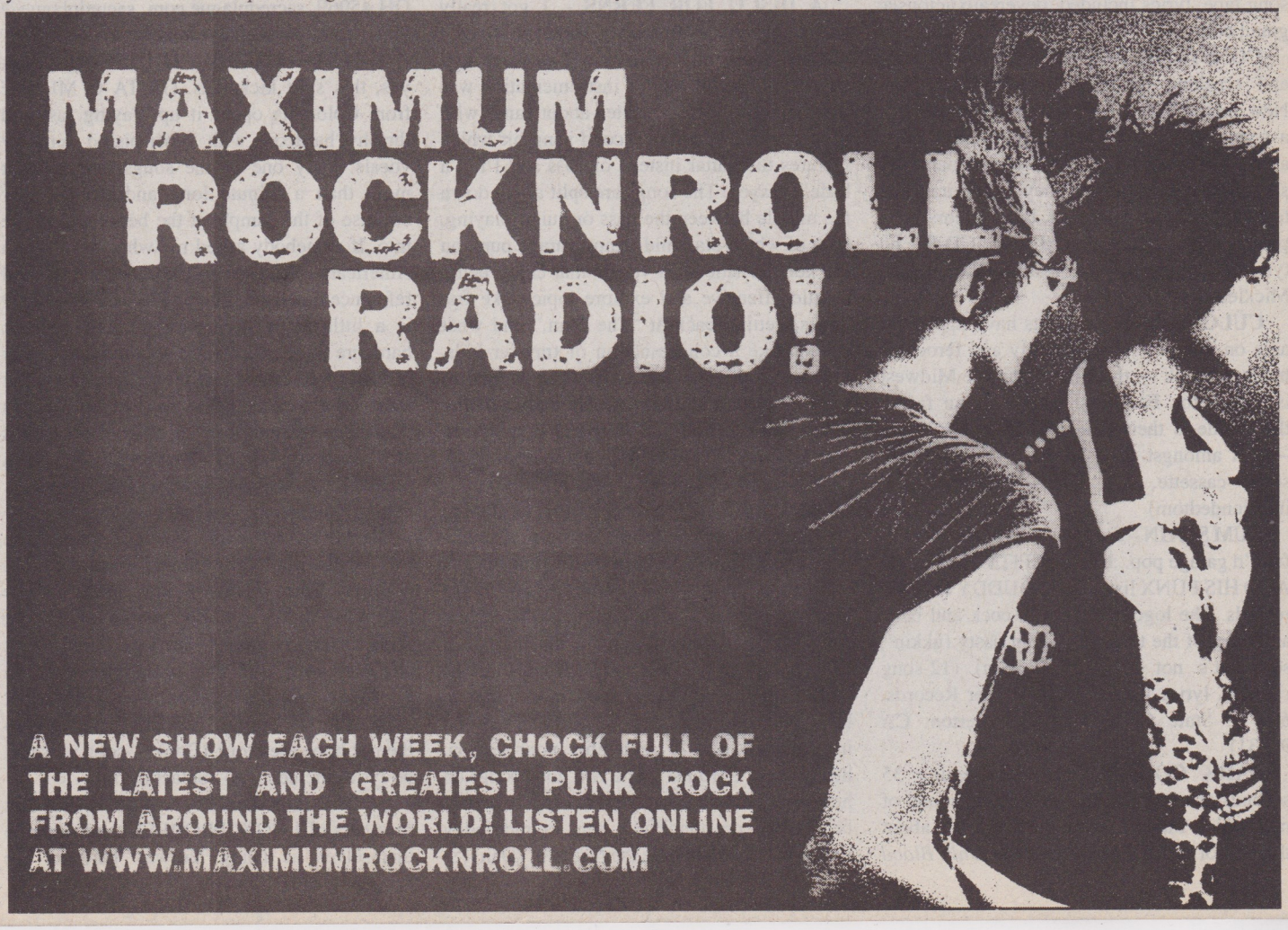
PASMATERS – I don't even know what language they speak in Croatia but these guys sound pissed and the cover has a crazy looking punk woman crushing a swastika and a dollar symbol in her fist with a squatter sign in the background so you can make an educated guess as to what the songs are about. The record is 17 blistering hardcore tracks and at the end is kind of a mid tempo sing-a-long gang vocal song that is the most melodic thing on the disc. When I listen to it I get a vision of pissed dudes soaked in beer running around in a circle pushing each other. (Brad) (18-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/pasmatershc)

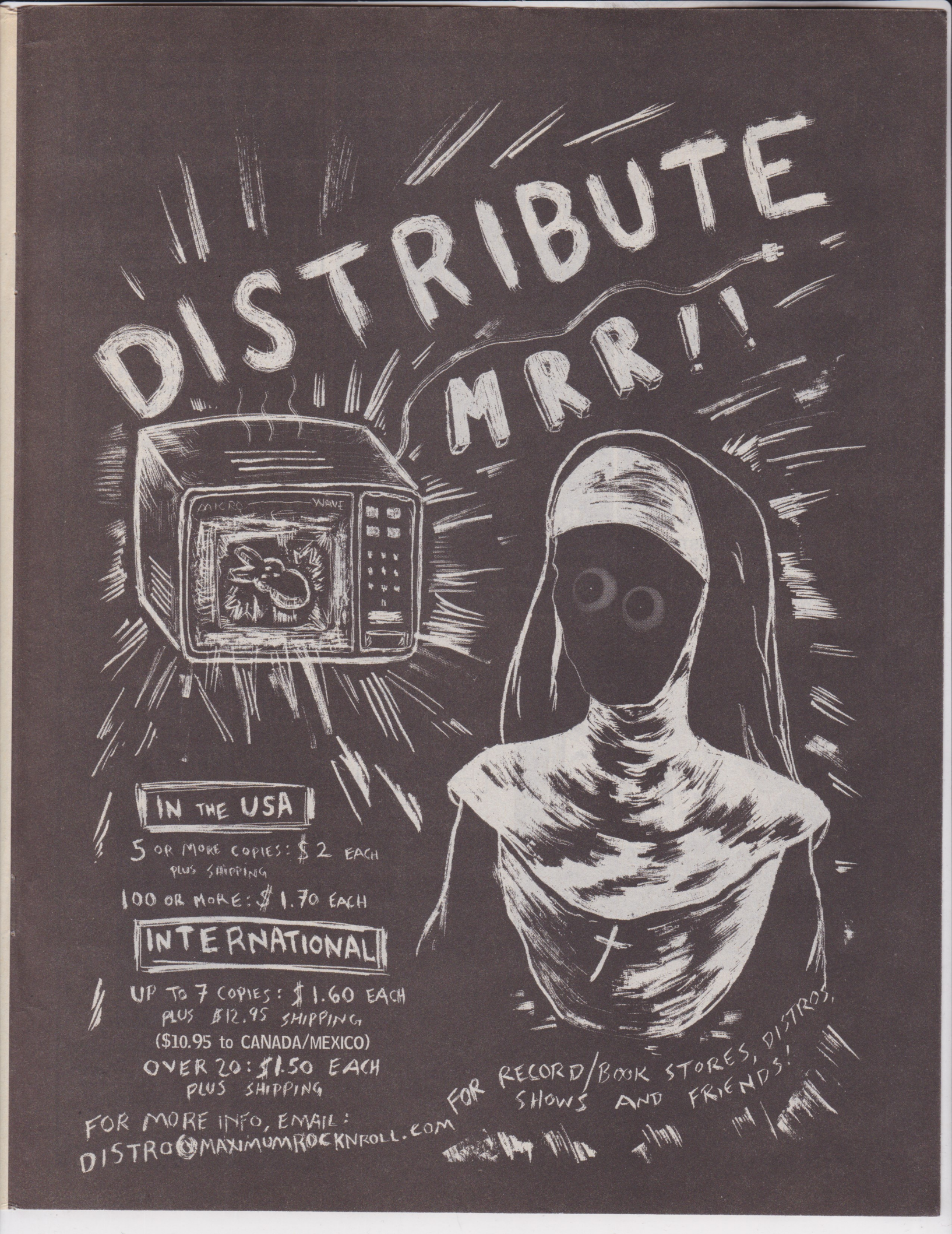
SHARED ARMS – It seems so cheap to compare a melodic hardcore band from Canada to PROPAGANDHI, but everything from the vocals to the guitar picking to the song structure justifies the comparison. Perhaps this leans more in the commercial direction (despite the über-DIY presentation), but fans of Winnipeg's finest anarchist pop punk metalheads will surely dig this as well. (Robert) (12-song CD-R, lyrics included, tragicomedyrecords.com)

YOUNG ADULTS – This is totally not the kind of band that I enjoy listening to, but I can see how people like my sister might really like them. There are elements of punk in there that make some of the songs faster and a bit more aggressive sounding, which I like more than the slower spacey stuff. I'm not sure but this is the kind of music that I think about when people talk about the subgenre of shoegaze. Kind of like those FUGAZI songs that I thought I was too punk to listen to back in the '90s with delayed vocal effects. Actually as I get to the end of the record this band has started to grow on me a bit more. Either they are breaking me down or the stuff toward the end is just better. (Brad) (13-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/youngadultsband)

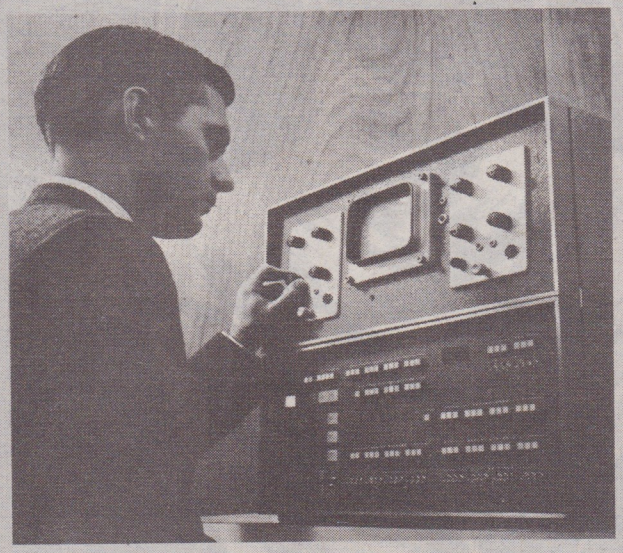
V/A – "Crack Rock City" – A 20 plus band compilation from Michigan featuring bands that don't tend to fall too far from the band that the comp was quite possibly named after. CITIZEN'S PLAGUE, ATG, and DEATH INVADES EARTH are the winners, most of the content here is street punk, catchy crusty shit, or suburban teenage alcohol fueled frustration with big punk aspirations. (Robert) (41-track CD-R, no lyrics, Class Struggle Records: www.mmc-nhc.tk)

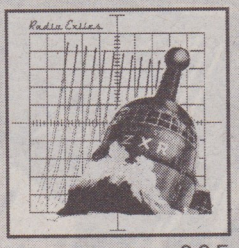
V/A – "8up Tapes Comp" #1 – A cool comp featuring two songs each from the DEAD PAWNS, PART TIME CROOKS, A DISCO FOR FERNS, the UNPATRIOTICS, STEREO ATOMICO, and SNOTLOCK, who I believe are all from the Dallas/Denton area. Most of the bands play speedy melodic punk with a definite small-town urgency and feel, but everything on here is different enough that if these bands all played a show together, I wouldn't get bored. (12-song cassette, no lyrics included, 11777 Brazos Way Lindale TX 78771)



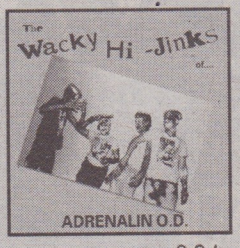

DISTRIBUTE MRR!!
MICRO WAVE
IN THE USA
5 OR MORE COPIES: $2 EACH
PLUS SHIPPING
100 OR MORE: $1.70 EACH
INTERNATIONAL
UP TO 7 COPIES: $1.60 EACH
PLUS $12.95 SHIPPING
($10.95 to CANADA/MEXICO)
OVER 20: $1.50 EACH
PLUS SHIPPING
FOR MORE INFO, EMAIL:
DISTRO@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM
FOR RECORD/BOOK STORES, DISTROS, SHOWS AND FRIENDS!

WWW.PSYCHICVOLT.COM FALL 2010





PSYCH-005



PSYCH-004

... Debut 45 by Radio Exiles & reissue of Adrenalin O.D.'s first LP on limited edition pink vinyl. Available now.

PSYCHIC VOLT

Also Available:

PSYCH-003 **STICKS & STONES** *WORLD TO BE SAVED...* 7"
PSYCH-002 **MIRRORS & WIRES** *SLEIGHT OF HAND* 7"
PSYCH-001 **THE SIRS** *TIGHT LINES...* 7"

PSYCHIC VOLT RECORDS • NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ

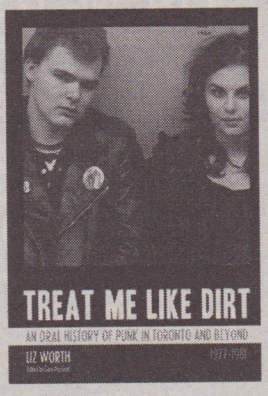
TREAT ME LIKE DIRT AN ORAL HISTORY OF PUNK IN TORONTO AND BEYOND 1977 1981 LIZ WORTH EDITED BY GARY PIG GOLD

This is the finest oral history of one punk scene I've ever seen. Given how little is generally known about what happened on the shores of Lake Ontario simultaneously to The Ramones, Sex Pistols, Saints, Weirdos, Avengers, etc., and how vital the big four (to New Yorkers then), The Viletones, Teenage Head, Diodes, and B-Girls were, **this book is actually more indispensable in telling a largely lost narrative.** (It also reinforces how 1977 punk's creative cultural freedom assault and visceral expression threatened just by existing, including a archetypal account of bouncers beating punks with pool cues for the transgression of dressing/thinking/acting differently!)

For this writer, reading of dimly recalled acts such as The Dishes, Ugly, Scenics, Simple Saucer, The Curse, Poles, etc., as well as the original Diodes-run 1977 Crash 'n' Burn club - and the bands' CBGB trips I do recall - had me staying up nights for weeks.

- JACK RABID, The Big Take Over

VILETONES, DIODES, B-GIRLS, TEENAGE HEAD, CURSE, POLES, FORGOTTEN REBELS, SIMPLY SAUCER, UGLY, ETC...



3rd Printing! Many prev unreleased photos $39.99 each (postage included). **384 pages**

Bongo Beat Records, 2049 Melrose, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H4V 2T1
paypal: ralph@bongobeat.com
WWW.BONGOBEAT.COM

ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

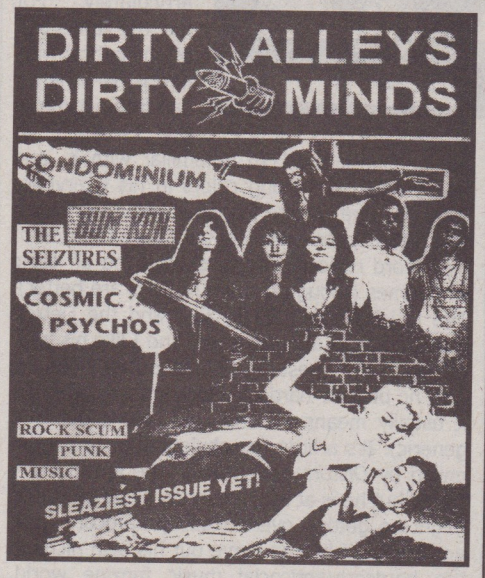
Reviews by:

(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(BB) Bryony Beynon
(TB) Tim Brooks
(EC) E.Conner
(DG) Dan Goetz
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(BG) Bob Goldie
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(JM) Jeff Mason
(CR) Casey Ress
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(DS) Dionne Stevens
(VX) XYosefX

BASALT: A LOVE STORY / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 16 pgs
This is not a punk rock 'zine, it is, as advertised, a love story. This is a prosaically written perzine about the author's girlfriend moving to another town and using the geologic history of central Oregon as a metaphor for experiencing a long distance relationship. It seems to have worked out OK for them, but I kept getting that feeling I experience every time I go up to the Eugene area to visit the weirdo Oregonian branch of my family. There is just something different about people from Oregon. Every 'zine is a bit self-indulgent so I can't really give the guy shit and the writing and photography are good, but it just seems too general. There isn't much that makes me care about these people. And this might be the first 'zine I've ever read that had a bibliography, which comes off as unnecessarily snooty. (BL)
PO Box 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405

BROKE ASS #1 /?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 26 pgs
Found this fine gem in my bathroom—took to it immediately. There's some scientific experimentation about drinking alone, tales of job hating, onesie comics, weed freak-outs, even a B-list food mascot centerfold! It has just the right balance of crudely hand drawn playful bullshit to quiet, drunken reflection. Or whatever. There are some serious philosophical moments of solipsistic highness, as well as comical punkery. What exactly am I reading? Is this person celebrating the punk lifestyle or pointing out how ridiculous we are? I think it wins either way. (JB)
towerofswine@hotmail.com

DIRTY ALLEYS DIRTY MINDS / RATCHARGE #21 / 3 euros, $4ppd
8.5 x 11 – copied – 28 pgs
Order this so you can see how it's done. A great split zine. (marred only by the inclusion of the line "mysterious faggot hardcore." Really? You can't demonstrate your distaste for an internet based paypal genre of music without also asserting your homophobia?) Both zines are perfect examples of how to write about music with a distinct and compelling voice. Being a fan and writing about a sound without being an insipid, sentimental fool. I think this is one of the best zines I have read this year. *Dirty Alleys...* contains interviews with hardcore miscreants Condominium, Colorado's own Bum Kon and Australians the Seizures. There are writings and reviews on various subjects and sounds (including the aforementioned comment) that round out this half of the zine. His writing style is claustrophobic and cynical, and makes for a compelling read. *Ratcharge* is one of the best zines out there, no question. It's put together like a top ten, which is a construction I really



like obviously... Alex's drawings and writing are so cool and funny, seriously unserious, an examination into what is what. There are interviews with Mexico's most frantic, Los Inservibles, and XYX plus the blown out garage huffin' Frenchies Fleurs... Seriously, this is easily the best zine I have read in such an epic amount, it doesn't matter who the interviews are with or what the dudes think about different sounds. The writing and tone contained within both sides of this split is such a cut above that you would be a total fool to ignore it. (LG)
Alex Simon / 11 Rue Chalopin / 69007 Lyon / France
Ratcharge.blogspot.com

EVIL MINDED #6 / $1 + one stamp or four stamps US, $2 overseas
8.5 x 11 – copied – 12 pgs
Totally rad aesthetic here. Cut and paste looking, tiny print (=more content), cool illustrated cover, photos... It is so great that there are more and more timeless, ugly-ass punk zines appearing recently. In terms of content, Burial (Germany) and Paco of La Vida Es Un Mus, Demo Tape Records, etc. are interviewed. These are decent enough, and Paco provides discographies for his labels. The editor wrote a longish piece on various music formats and how to maximize one's return in terms of sound quality, durability, and price. While don't agree with all of his conclusions, he knows a lot more about this issue than me, though I do have a bunch of 20+ year old cassettes that sound fine. There are no ads and two pages of reviews. This reads almost as good as it looks, and my life would be better if I had every issue. He has posted his previous issues online. (JM)
Thomas Mayhugh / 2964 Winter Garden / Unit D / Lexington, KY 40517 /
zine4musicaldestruction@hotmail.com

FEEDBACK #8 / $2 ppd
5.5 x 7 – copied – 32 pgs
Comix have been a passion of mine since I started reading superhero adventure stories when I was four, and they continued to inspire me as I discovered Daniel Clowes, R. Crumb, and Los Bros. Hernandez in the early '90s. A few years later I discovered punk rock, which became one of the other great driving forces in my life. So, needless to say, I have an inordinate fondness for comix by and about punx. *Feedback*, by John Isaacson—and a note to the readers is in order here: John is a friend of mine, so any illusion of impartiality here should be tossed out the window—is a very cool project. John, like many of us, goes to a lot of shows, ranging from DIY basement gigs to arena rock concerts. Also like a lot of other punx, John keeps a show diary, a great way of helping yourself to remember what band you saw where and when. Being an artist, John keeps his show diary in comic form, and he has kindly been sharing it with the rest of the world in the pages of this zine. I have to say that it's

a real kick to see illustrated versions of bands and people I know, and to see someone else's impressions of show I attended, but I think even not knowing any of the bands one could still find a lot of pleasure in these little snippets of punk life. This issue differs a bit from the previous seven, in that there are a few comix drawn based on others' show reports, instead of just John's own experiences. I'd find it hard to think of a better way to spend too measly bucks than to get yourself a copy of *Feedback*. (VX)
John Isaacson / 3613 SE 10th Ave / Portland, OR 97202 / feedbackcomics.blogspot.com / lastgasp.com / microcosmpublishing.com

FREEDOM GOES, FREEDOM COMES: A REFLECTION ON PROTEST 10 YEARS AFTER SEATTLE / $3 ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 83 pgs
A man's journey through the trials and tribulations of the mythical WTO protest of Seattle 1999. We get a play by play of a personal experience of being apart of a historical event that changed the way people thought about mass demonstrations and globalization politics for the next decade. This personal narrative supplies you with a thorough back story to the authors political growth leading up to his time in the sun being on of the faceless thousands that dissented in the streets that week. His skirmishes with the police, PTSD, and tear gas side effects are detailed with in these pages. An emotional and informing read. (EC)
PO BOX 7525 / Ann Arbor, MI 48107/ reddjosh@hotmail.com

IZU GIROA #17 / 2 euros or trade
8.5 x 12 – copied – 52 pgs
I don't read even the least bit of Euskara (the Basque language), so I can't comment on any of the writing in this zine. I can say that it includes interviews with Adolescents, Jonny Gerriwelt, Demons, Never Surrender, Civil Victim, Mostros, and B.C. Bombs, as well as zine and record reviews, concert write-ups, and photos. Pretty much your standard hardcore/punk zine, only by Basques, for Basques. So if you're Euskara-fluent, pick it up. (VX)
PO Box 10216 / 48007 Bilbao / Basque Country (Spain) / izugiroa@hotmail.com

LIFE FAIL #! / pay what you can / trades
10cm x 15cm – copied – 92 pgs
Obscurity can be beautiful. If your band has never been to Halifax then you should probably stick your ass in the van and make the drive sometime soon. There, you will meet all your new best friends. If this small contributor based magazine is any indication of the good time you'll have, I think you're set. Darby Crash will speak to you in an acid and hard cider fueled night of terror and you will turn your big-ass-man band shirt into a slutty tank top. You will eat samosas and spinach lasagna while mapping out the forces of the universe. Listen to your higher than hell new best friend bitch at you about how know-it-all atheists are more annoying than religious freaks and then remind him the next day that he was wrong. Watch a dark shitty teen movie from the '80s complain about your shitty job and talk about how cool it would be if COCKSPARRER played your local basement show space. Go there! *Now!* (EC)
2086 Creighton St Apt 2 / Halifax, NS / Canada B3K 3R4 / rosie-davis@hotmail.com

LIMITED READERSHIP #1 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 27 pgs
Excellent first issue of this zine that's along the same lines as *Distort*, *No Thanks*, *Fuck Everything*, *Hey Ronnie*, *Mindless Mutant*, and other current full-size cut-and-paste zines that write about hardcore and other antisocial music authoritatively and articulately. For me, the litmus test of any critical writing is whether it can interest me in the subject at hand, especially if I'm unfamiliar with it, and Rob passes with flying colors in his interviews with Vee Dee, Waste Management, Mob Rules, and NASA Space Universe, but falls a bit short in his record reviews due to getting too off topic sometimes (though his film reviews are better). The articles about Really Red and the Detroit Hardcore book are also good, and I like his pondering of the question "what the fuck does 'no frils, no bullshit' hardcore really mean?" (for me, it usually means I'll find said record dull and generic). It's a little too obvious that he's influenced by *Distort*, especially in the introductory piece, but he is at least covering some stuff that might be getting overlooked by hardcore fans, and I think if he can carve out his own niche in the hardcore/antisocial music fanzine world, subsequent issues will only get better. (DG)
limitedreadership@hotmail.co.uk

MORGENMUFFEL #18 August 2010 / $3 US, World, 1.5 pounds UK, 2 euros Europe, free to prisoners
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 24 pgs
Another installment of this UK comic and writing zine delivering personal stories about author and her various adventures as a zine writer and activist. The comic parts cover a trip to France for the 20th birthday of the Fanzinotheque and the personal account of the UN Climate talks in Copenhagen in December 2009. And there is the story of the Anarchist social center the Cowley Club. I am a little torn here... I like honesty of the stories, but I found myself rolling my eyes a few times. I guess zines this personal allow for the idiosyncrasies of the writer to be out in the open. Some things about the writer are endearing for friends, some are annoying to the stranger. I have to say that I admire this activist's desire to have fun and be passionate, and engaged in the movement in which she belongs. While I am always weary of activist zines, this one is a good read because it's about real situations and people having fun while making a difference. I also dig the artwork and comics layout.
(MB)
PO Box 74 / Brighton BN1 4ZQ UK / morgenmuffel@yahoo.com.uk

NUTS! #5 / $1.50
16 x 11.5 – newsprint – 24 pgs
Nuts! is my favorite American zine... This is the summer edition, there's an interview with Bay Area C86'd typical Girls Brilliant Colors, Gainesville's St Dad, plus the Spits! This zine is usually more Olympia focused, but this one must be the summer tour edition. It's visually awesome, with lots of psycho art including an excellent comic that depicts the potential hazards of the health food lifestyle, pizza is the remedy bad trippers! In general, I like the Oly mutant focused issues, but I guess the mutants just submitted art this time round? I like the fact that this is a music zine that doesn't look or read like anything else being produced nowadays. True weirdo read... There is a pin up of Candice from Necro Hippies that would look good on your bedroom wall... (LG)
PO Box 7302 / Olympia, WA 98507

PINS AND NEEDLES / $?
5.5 x 8 – copied – 32pgs
Pins and Needles is a weird combination of '90s style per-zine (without all the teenage angst, definitely with the emo soundtrack though—Falling Forward anyone??!!) and a blog. It's sort of a monologue on life: shitty local record stores, corporate job existentialism, reality TV and bad pop rock emo. I personally was not that enraptured by the writing, it came across as a stand up comedy routine somehow?? Just some guy musing on life! I actually like per-zines, well some of them, but I guess there has to be something more compelling about the writing or subject matter. This isn't a shitty zine by any means; it's just sort of *there*. Would probably make a bus ride or visit to the toilet slightly less dull, but I don't think I would go out of my way to read it. (LG)
Pins and Needles / 168 Washington St / Keyport NJ 07735

PUKER NATION #1 / free
8.5 x 7 – copied – 10 pgs
Remember what it was like to be a teenage weirdo, discovering Rocky Horror Picture Show for the first time and getting your first glimpses at life beyond the suburbs? If not, *Puker Nation* will remind you in a hurry. In her first fanzine, the author covers DIY stenciling, profiles the Lunachicks (!), and barely manages to contain her enthusiasm for certain transvestites from

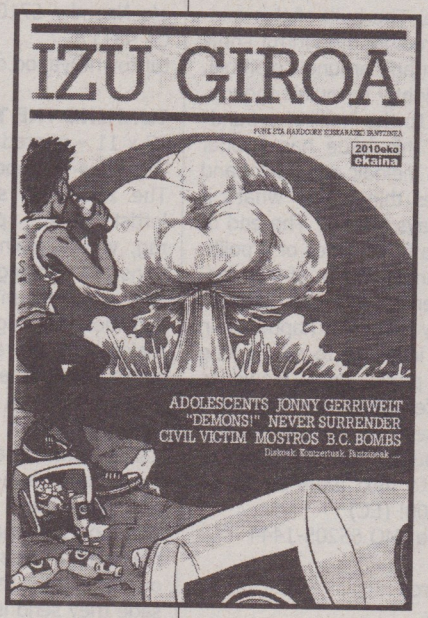
Transylvania. At a brief ten pages, this zine is a fast and exuberant read, but is only available in Ottawa for the time being. Which is probably okay—there's not a lot to sink your teeth into yet with this one. If *Puker Nation* continues on its current trajectory, I anticipate that future installments will find the author discovering Crass, Food Not Bombs, and *The Perks of Being a Wallflower*. (JH)
punker.nation@live.com

PERSEVERANCIA #4 / trade
8.25 x 5.75 – copied – 20 pgs
Perseverancia is a short but sweet zine out of Germany, written in English, with an international focus on hardcore. One of the highlights of this issue is the interview with Brian Peterson, who recently put out a well-received book on '90s hardcore called *Burning Fight*. Although rather short in length, Peterson's intellectual take on hardcore in this interview is inspiring and engaging and definitely makes me want to track down a copy of his book. The bands featured in this issue are Municipal Waste, Billy de Kid (Columbia) and Peruvian bands Desarme, Demencia, and Plug Plug. Although Desarme is a proper interview, the other bands are covered more in a write-up form similar to a press release, which is sort of strange; actually, the Municipal Waste write-up is sort of done as a reflective gig review, which is pretty cool. The rest of the pages are filled with record, book, zine and movie reviews, as well as some decent artwork and photos, together making this a worthy endeavor. (BG)
www.myspace.com/perseveranciafanzine

PLASTIC BOMB #72 / 3.5 Euro Germany, 3.7 Europe
8.25 x 11.75 – printed – 80 pgs – German
As always, this stalwart is filled with writing, with ads and photos occupying less space. There are reports from some European fests, an Upright Citizens US tour diary from 1985, and interviews with Social Circkle, the Restarts, Antitainment, Useless zine, and some older washed-up losers still cashing in. A photo of Slime shows them taking a bow in front of a stadium crowd like one would find on a '70s live double LP. There are tour listings (Spermbirds with Youth of Today???), plenty of reviews, and some articles and columns, which I was too ignorant to understand even the tiniest bit of. From what I can discern, this zine is a mix of cool and corny shit. It comes with a comp CD. (JM)
Postfach 100205 / D-47002 Duisburg / Germany / www.plastic-bomb.de

PROOF I EXIST #12 / $2
5x8 – copied – 44 pgs
Personal zines are touch and go with me as then are a direct artery into the author. If I don't connect with the writer, then I don't give two shits about reading about their trials and tribulations. I don't wanna know about your fuckin' train hopping and vegan potlucks. I dug into *Proof I Exist* with some trepidation but found myself instantly engaged by Billy's writing. This issue tells the story of his move from Chicago to New Mexico. He packs up his shit and his dog and heads into the unknown; to towns he knows no-one and just picks up life there. Billy's informal, easy writing style draws you in, and you know what? It makes you give a fuck about where he ends up. I'm about to stuff some money in an envelope to get the other issues I haven't read. That's about as good a recommendation as I can give. (TB)
Billy / 318c Frost Road / Sandia Park, NM 87047

RAZORCAKE #58 / $4
8.5 X 11 – printed – 116 pgs
You know that episode of *South Park* where Cartman is super pissed that everyone always thinks he must like *Family Guy?* And in an angry tirade he says, "Do you have any idea what it's like, everywhere I go people say, hey Cartmen, you must like *Family Guy* right? Your sense of humor is just like *Family Guy*. Well, I am nothing like *Family Guy*!" I can totally equate that episode to my experience with *Razorcake*. I tend to be fond of a fair amount of pop punk; way more so than your average *MRR* shitworker, but reading *Razorcake* is like watching someone fold up a map the wrong way. It's *so* close to being done correctly, you could just follow the creases, but it's getting all messed up. *Razorcake* is so right on with so many things: it's a non-profit punk fanzine, their coverage is almost entirely independent music, and they take no money from major labels or major corporations. But the agony is in the details. It's the celebration of having an apolitical mentality in punk. Its boring columns and "record reviews" that more often describe the reviewer than the record. It's their indifference to having ads that suggest buying an album through iTunes. Its top fives about food and "what they did last summer." And its interviews with Johnny Rotten and three part *Tiltwheel* interviews. I even like *Tiltwheel*, but that's just going too far. But all in all, I can't slam them for their ethics, only their content, and its not like we need another magazine too like *MRR*. *Razorcake* does its own thing. They make a columns-interviews-reviews style punk fanzine for kids who like to be silly, party, have a fun time and listen to catchy music they can bounce to. I've got a lot of respect for *Razorcake;* in fact I read every issue. Even when it's agony, I read it front to back, so I guess they must be doing something right. (FS)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042



RIGOR MORTIS #3 / $3.5 US, $5 Canada and Mexico, $6 World
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 68 pgs
I know this is a music magazine, but I'd like to think that as punks, we have vast interests and when punks can come together and have more in common than just music, bringing the same DIY values to other passions, that is something... This zine is a great example. What I lack in collector passion and academic connection to records, like some of the crazy folks around here, I make up for in horror movie fanaticism and theory. Yes, I am a geek and this zine rules oh so hard. It covers classic and modern horror, but think slow zombies, funny yet scary, creative horror like *Brain Dead* and less torture scare junk. Among the rad content, the largest articles are "The Evolution of Creature Features and the Societies that Spawned them," that starts from the earliest creature films of the 1920s and takes us through each decade to the present tracking the history of great benchmark creature films and their subsequent revelations about the eras in which they were made, a *killer* article covering the Nazi Zombie sub-genre and a touching memorial piece about author Z.A. Recht, a fallen brother. There are book, comics, movie, magazine and academic paper reviews. *Academic Paper reviews!* I love it! The artwork is badass, seriously of the highest quality, as is the writing. *Rigor Mortis* is my new favorite zine. If you are into horror or even want to see a great example of a zine that brings passion and academia to the geekiest degree and still keeping it cool, this is the zine for you! Get it!
(MB)
PO Box 11064 / Baltimore, MD 21212
www.leekinginc.com / zombie@leekinginc.com

SUGAR AND HEARTSTRINGS #4 / $3 US, $4 elsewhere
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 20 pgs
Sugar and Heartstrings is a sweet, introspective look at gender, community, and rave culture. Beginning with "When I was born, I was declared a boy," Amina gives us a narrative of growing up genderqueer in Centralia, WA. She flows between childhood stories and complex gender discussions with grace. Using old school ID cards and hand-drawn comics for punctuation, Amina details the roadblocks and victories on her path to identifying as a transgirl. Midway through, she switches gears, talking about life as a musician and DJ and bridging the disconnect between her radical anarchist community and her beloved rave culture. The zine ends with a section called "Monsters," a reflection on internalized hatred, oppression, and forgiveness. It feels like something that was cathartic to write, but maybe loses something in translation—with lots of oblique references to past relationship scenarios, it's harder to follow. However, her familiar hippie-speak of self-work, healing, and support went straight to my heart.

Her stories are funny and painful, and more than a little wistful. It makes for a thoughtful take on personal identity and growth. (JB)
Amina Foxdye / 504 NE Going St / Portland, OR 97211
aminafoxdye@gmail.com

TOINEN VAITOEHTO #228 / ? 1
8.25 x 5.75 – printed – 32 pgs – Finnish
Toinen Vaitoehto is a solid effort, one that reveals a concern for quality graphic layout and depth while retaining a total DIY aesthetic at the same time. Following the standard format of reviews and band interviews, with this issue featuring the bands Lebenden Toten and Käpykaarti, some squat listings, gig reviews, and other interesting tidbits. Though written in a language I cannot decipher, it's visually obvious that a lot of time and passion is put into this publication, which undoubtedly is a vital resource for the punks in Finland. Very impressive. (BG)
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland / tv@punkinfinland.net

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #101 / $2 PPD
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 44 pgs
There are eighteen years and one hundred and one issues of effort here. The bulk of this middle-aged fan zine is incredibly thoughtful show reviews of happenings in and around Colombia, MO. They seem to be slightly formulaic though, always including insight to the "milling around" after the bands done. This issue has a brief interview with Brooklyn's melodic pop punk band Little Lungs that inquires things like "what's it like to be a man that plays music?" The end of the zine is capped with a few articles of a political bent exploring the innate racism of that faddish new political movement the Tea Baggers and a look at the military leaks that happened in the summer. It's really inspiring to see a long running small town punk zine. However, although the author refers to "we" often he is using it in the royal sense. The secret to his success maybe? Colombia punks, help this dude out and submit something to next issue so "they" can make it to issue #200! (EC)
PO BOX 1444 / Colombia, MO 65205-1444

TRUST #143 / 2.50 Euros
8x10 – printed – 68 pgs
How does Germany have two of the best fanzines in the world? (*Trust* and *Ox*). And written in German! Curse you English education... can't speak a goddamn lick. As with *Ox*, I'm sure any German speakers already subscribe. As always, super slick looking, plenty of book and music reviews, news, interviews with the Freeze, Yes Men, Laura Veirs, Godless etc. If you speak German you should own this. (TB)
Postfach / 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TUFF TOWN #3 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pages
A smart, cynical zine that, if I had to sum up the general theme, is about feeling crazy and misunderstood by your (possibly) well-meaning but oblivious activist peers that at least claim to care about the same things as you, but don't understand that the feeling is different when you're affected by something and they aren't. I'm sure a lot of people who have become disillusioned with that culture can empathize with her discussion of things such as people who have mastered the jargon and signifiers of being an activist or an "ally," but at best don't really understand what they're talking about and at worst are using such a persona to mask their own shitty behavior. She also talks about her own transition from self-righteous "political" teenager to realizing that the world's problems are more complex and can't be reduced to protest slogans, and realizing that just because someone's politics aren't always on their lips or their sleeves doesn't mean they're apathetic. So much of what she writes about resonates with me, and why I'm highly distrustful of activist types, even if I agree with them on many things. (DG)
c/o Naomi / 5710 Hollister Ave #252 / Goleta, CA 93117
tufftown@yahoo.com

TURNING THE TIDE Vol 23 Number 4 / $?
17 x 11 – printed – 8 pgs
This was a good read. The zine is a strongly leftist leaning political rag, whose main intentions are to bring dialog and action to anti-racist activities. Although anti-racist activities are the zine's focus, they have articles on a fairly diverse range of political topics including anti-war movement, anti-fascist, and Haiti relief efforts. And one thing that makes this zine so memorable is that the message they send is one of building community they want, rather than tearing down what they don't want. There is plenty talk about the negatives for sure, but the zine's ambition is to get you motivated, rather than just angry. I also appreciated the discussion and self criticism included with in the pages. But most of all I liked the "Street Stories" section, which is like a blotter of anti-racist / anti-fascist activities around the USA. Real fun, easy read, very inspiring. (FS)
PO Box 1055 / Culver City CA 90232
www.antiracist.org

WELCOME TO FLAVOR COUNTRY #21 / $?
5.5 x 4.25 – copied – 38 pgs
I recognize the title of this zine but don't recall ever reading it, but thought "Oh yeah, this zine. This is great." Not sure where I got that impression. Maybe because the cover looks like the title sequence for True Blood, with big letters that look like signs over a swamp. It looks pretty amazing. The intro clearly states that this issue is sort of a kitchen sink, all the writing that never made it into any other issue, sort of odds and ends. Basically it's some journal-y dribbling that maybe should have stayed in the journal. Maybe I just don't like it because the first section is rumination on how Christianity shaped his life (fine by me, just boring) and that spirituality still has some relevance despite the organized part of religion. I would care more if it were *specific* about how religion is useful instead of an empty claim that doesn't explain what he's talking about. The rest reads like "fiction", written like conversations with girls. Parts are intriguing but overall it seems like the purpose of this writing is to help the writer understand why his relationships don't work. I still have a feeling that other issues of this magazine are pretty good I just didn't "jive" with this one. (JB)
Kurt Morris / 14 Woodlawn St. #2 / Boston, MA 02130

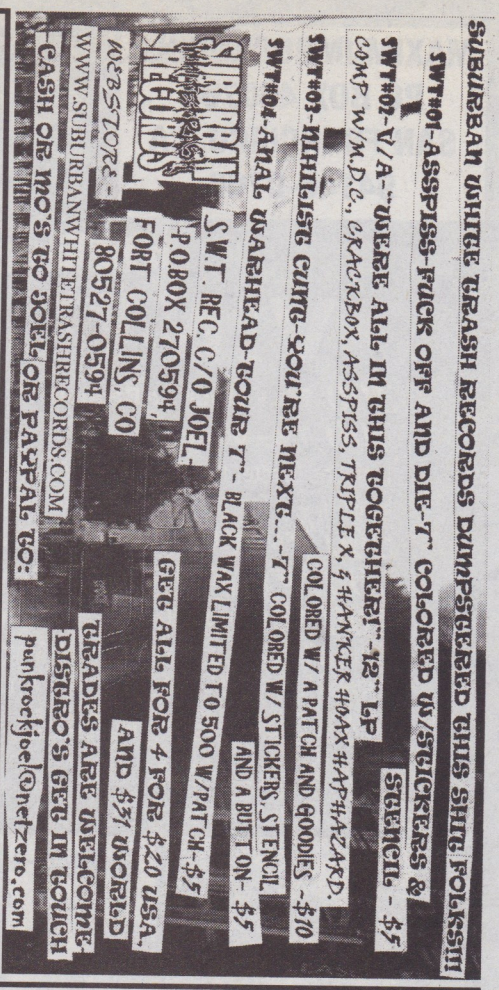
WHEN WE'RE YOUNG, WE'RE INVINCIBLE #6 / $?
8.25 x 11.75 – copied – 16 pgs
On the first page, the author of this fanzine admits that there is no theme and they just threw some band interviews and 'zine reviews together with a tour diary and the result is an unpolished DIY punk-as-fuck 'zine that doesn't give a shit about being slick or aesthetically pleasing. I like the attitude, I like the name and I think I would like the bands described within if I had heard of them before. It is always interesting when someone halfway around the world (in this case Australia) turns me on to American bands. The high point is the Insurgents tour review since I had actually heard of them but have never read anything about the group, although I'm not sure where exactly they toured other then playing Melbourne. This ambiguity and some slang I'm not familiar with rubbed me a little raw at times, but I'd imagine that these things are more clear to people who live down there. Or maybe the author just doesn't give a fuck, whoever s/he is didn't include any contact info either. (BL)
escapexboard.blogspot.com

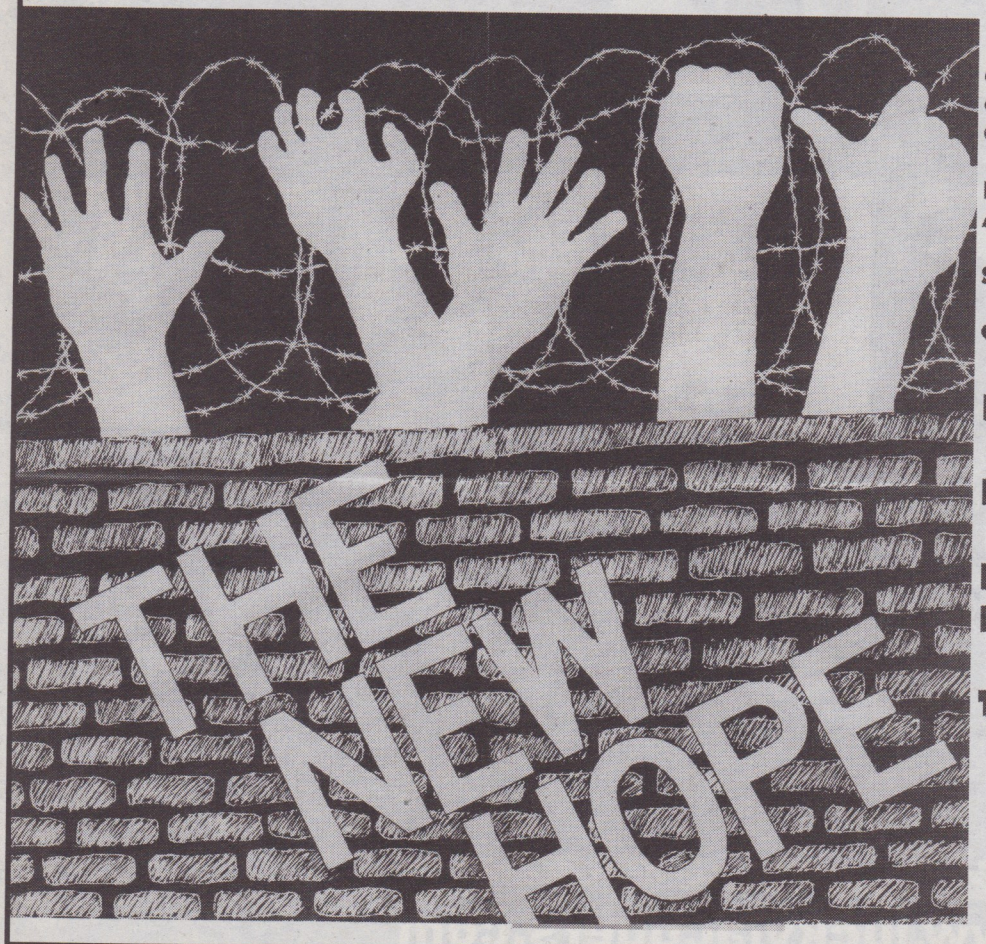
ABC NO RIO SATURDAY
MATINEE
THREE PM ALL AGES
SEVEN DOLLARS

NO BOOZE
NO DRUGS
NO STUPIDITY

ONE FIVE SIX
RIVINGTON STREET
LES NYC

SHOW INFO AND
BOOKING QUERIES:
WWW.ABCNORIO.ORG/PUNK





CLASSIC 1983
CLEVELAND HARDCORE
COMP

REISSUED WITH
AN ENTIRE LP OF EXTRAS

STRICTLY LIMITED TO 500

CRAZY COLORED WAX

FREE DOWNLOAD CODE!

NEW LINER NOTES

IT'LL BE ALL SOLD OUT
BY TIME YOU READ THIS

TRY ANYWAYS!

SMOG VEIL
RECORDS

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94146-0760

PRESORTED STANDARD
US POSTAGE PAID
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
PERMIT No. 728

VINYL & CD Mastering

LUCKY

300 **7"s - Stock or Random Mix Color** *$684*
300 **7"s - Black** *$662*
Includes Master Lacquers Flat Cut, Masters Shipping, Plating, 4-5 Tests, B&W Center Art, White Paper Sleeves

500 **7"s - 400 Black, 100 Color** *$710*
500 **10"s - 400 Black, 100 Color** *$1149*
500 **12"s - 400 Black, 100 Color** *$1099*
Includes Master Lacquers Flat Cut, Masters Shipping, Plating, 4 Tests, 2-Color Center Art, White Paper Sleeves

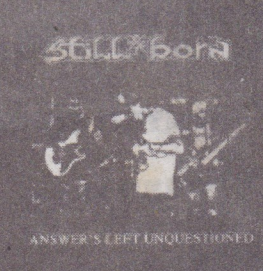
NEW!! Digital Downloads!!! 500 Codes = $30
1000 Codes = $55

Vinyl & CD Mastering

Most Full Length CDs = $350 / LP PreMaster = $350 / 7" Premaster = $120 / 12" Lacquer Masters = $150 / Side / 7" Lacquer Masters = $75 / Side

Transcription & Restoration

Old Demos, Rare Vinyl, Damaged Tape... take the scrathes out while enhancing the audio, not destroying it.



NEW ADDRESS!!! Lucky Lacquers
630 S. Whitney Way #142
Madison, WI 53711

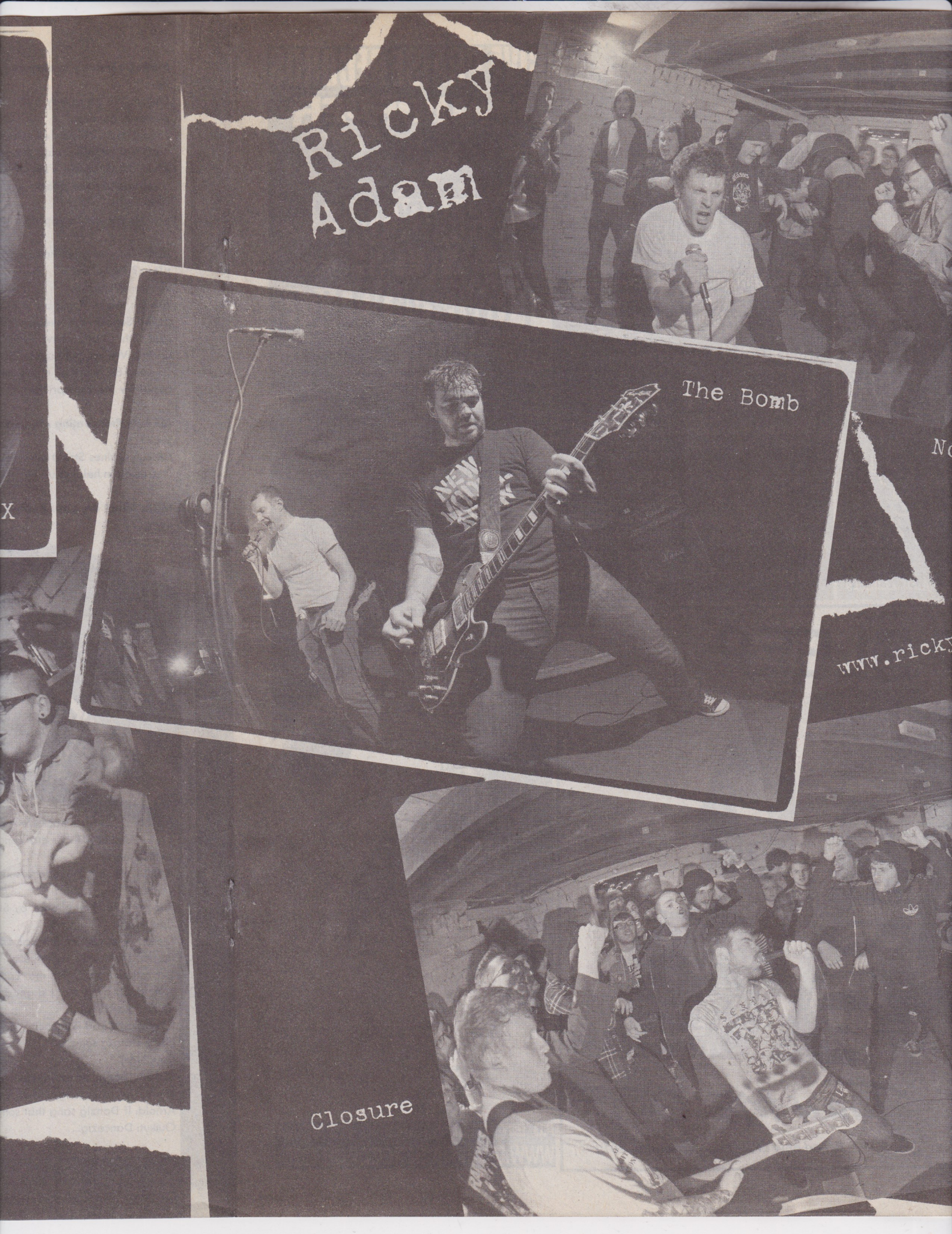
Quality Vinyl & CD Mastering

(206) 467-3006
orders@luckylacquers.com
Email for Order Forms

Get a Reference Lacquer, so you know how your music will sound on vinyl before you pay for Metal Plates and Test Presses!

Recent Jobs include The Spits, The Vaccines, The Dirtbombs, Davilla 666, Mickey, Women, Strange Attractor, S.O.S., Demob, Cycotic Youth, Kevin Seconds, Kleenex / Lilliput, Born With Out A Face, Defiance, Ohio, Stoned At Heart, The Thermals, Psycho, Lackey Die, Woven Bones, Stillborn (N.Y.H.C.), MDC, Dead Mechanical, RF7, Sloppy Seconds, Agent 86, Turkish Techno, The Queers, Shang-A-Lang, The Arrivals, Max Levine Ensemble, For The Win, Mustard Plug, Grave Babies, Teeth, Vox Inferne, The Energy, Disorder, Hairdos On Fire, Bomb The Music Industry, Potential Johns, Career Suicide, Tranzmitors, Airfix Kits, Coconut Coolouts, Panther Piss, Hot Water Music, The Reactionaries, Big D & The Kids Table, Brunt Of It, Beatdown, The Oblivians, Know Your Saints, Fifteen, Abrupt, Horse Feathers, Big Soda, Volcanic Slut, Fugue, Campo-Formio, HellKontroll, Dirty Marquee, Black Orphan, The Defektors, Ovoids, Sharp Ends, Ale Mania, Beaters, Spirit Photography, Audacity, No Reaction, The Blacktop Cadence, Apache, Epic Debauchery, Sean Cole, Nightbringer, Bobby Joe Ebola & The Children McNugets, American Cheeseburger, Worlds, Bare Wires, Neon Hole, Unholy Grave, Murder-Suicide Pact, Culo, Skeleton Party, Religious SS Disorder, Deep Shit, Pezz ...

www.luckylacquers.com


Ricky
Adam
The Bomb
www.ricky
Closure